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Social Shanghai

A MAGAZINE
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
"After Many Years"	6
A Popular Skipper on the China Coast	17
A Woman's "No"	23
A Man's Experience of the first year of Married Life	27
A Tale of the Saddle Islands	49
An Intercepted Letter	62
A Shanghai Marriage	162
An Interesting Jumping Competition	254
A Hongkong Wedding	290
A.D.C. "The Yeomen of The Guard"	299
Announcements of Births, Marriages, and Deaths	351
China (poem)	61
Christmas (poem)	253
Cinderella's Younger Sister	329
Editorial Notes and Comments	240, 352
Farewell to Sergeant-Major Gunda Singh, S.M.C.	80
J. C. Ferguson, Ph. D.	132
First Love or Last?	230
Further Memoirs of Chubblock Holes	338
Garden Notes	28, 76, 129, 222, 257, 320
Is there too much sport in Shanghai?	208
Inspection of the Volunteer Corps by Lord Kitchener	183
Jiu-Jitsu from Tommy Atkins' Point of View	30
Justice Bourne, C.M.G.	102
Kuling	25, 110, 115
Leaves from an Old Diary	32, 100, 133, 202
Loongwo, S.S.	75
Literary Jottings	165
Lines on the Old Year (poem)	344
Mokanshan	43
Maria's Windfall, by <i>Dolly Oliver</i>	141
My "Call of the East" (poem)	161
Men of Note in China :—	
J. C. Ferguson, Ph. D.	132
Justice Bourne, C.M.G.	102
Taotai Jême Tien-yow	343

CONTENTS

11

Notes for Everybody	19, 91, 149, 219, 271
Official Opening of the new Headquarters of the Shanghai-Nanking Railway	3
Our Young Folks' Corner	21, 94, 136, 204, 247, 314	
Our Monthly Dairy	63, 112, 175, 239, 295, 328	
Obituaries	327
Our Canine Friends	336
Pointed Pars from the Press of China	70, 126, 213	
Police Sports	193
Poems:—						
China	61
Christmas	253
Lines on the old year	344
My "Call of the East"	161
The Tennis Girl	26
The Harvest of the Sea	46
Trees of the Earth	153
Social Sidelights	15, 170, 184
Some School Howlers	16
Social Notes	58, 105, 172, 233, 292, 345	
Stories:—						
"After many Years"	6
A Woman's "No"	23
A Man's Experience of the first year of Married Life	27
A Tale of the Saddle Islands	49
A Shanghai Marriage	162
Cinderella's Younger Sister	329
First Love or Last?	230
Further Memoirs of Chubblock Holes	338
Maria's Windfall, by <i>Dolly Oliver</i>	141
The Hermit and the Wise little girl	12
Tung Tze	73
Too Late	89
The Griffin's Progress	167
The Cozy Corner	11
The Hermit and the Wise little girl	12
The Tennis Girl (poem)	26
To the Dear Homeland	33, 96, 145, 215, 243, 323	
The Harvest of the Sea (poem)	46

CONTENTS



A GROUP OF GERMAN SAILORS



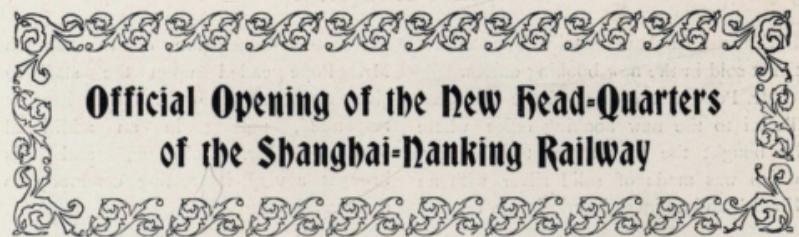
THE BUFFET

Opening of the New Shanghai-Nanking Railway



OFFICIAL CEREMONY—SHANGHAI-NANKING RAILWAY

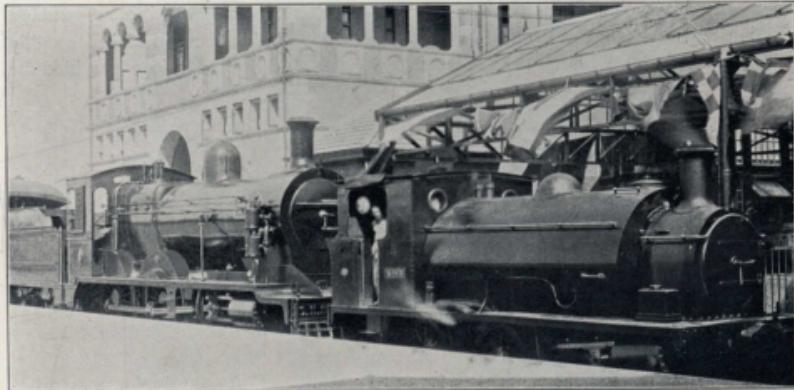
Official Opening of the New Head-Quarters of the Shanghai-Nanking Railway

N Saturday, July 17th, the new head-quarters of the Shanghai-Nanking Railway were formally opened, and a largely attended, and altogether successful, reception was given by the general manager and staff by way of honouring the occasion. An ornamental arch bearing the word "Welcome" and the date 1909 in colours marked the gateway, and the covered yard of the new building was gay with bunting. A large number of guests, both Chinese and foreign, attended, and were welcomed with fusillades of bombs and crackers, while the Town Band enlivened the occasion with a selection of popular airs.

Guests were welcomed by the General Manager, Mr. A. W. U. Pope, C.I.E., and his staff who did everything possible to

make their visit pleasant and interesting. The opening ceremony took place about noon, and on a platform erected for the principal guests and senior members of the staff sat the Shanghai Taotai, Taotai C. L. Wong, Sir Pelham Warren, Messrs. D. Landale, A. W. U. Pope, A. H. Collinson, H. E. R. Hunter, E. R. Morriss and Yen Tsze-king, Vice-Chairman of the Chinese Chamber of Commerce.

In the absence of H. E. Shen Kung-pao the Shanghai Taotai presided and invited Mr. Landale to speak. Mr. Landale responded in suitable congratulatory terms, his speech being translated into Chinese by Mr. Boyce Kup. Taotai C. L. Wong, managing director of the Shanghai-Nanking Railway, then made an interesting speech in English, which he concluded by asking



OLD AND NEW STYLE OF LOCOMOTIVE

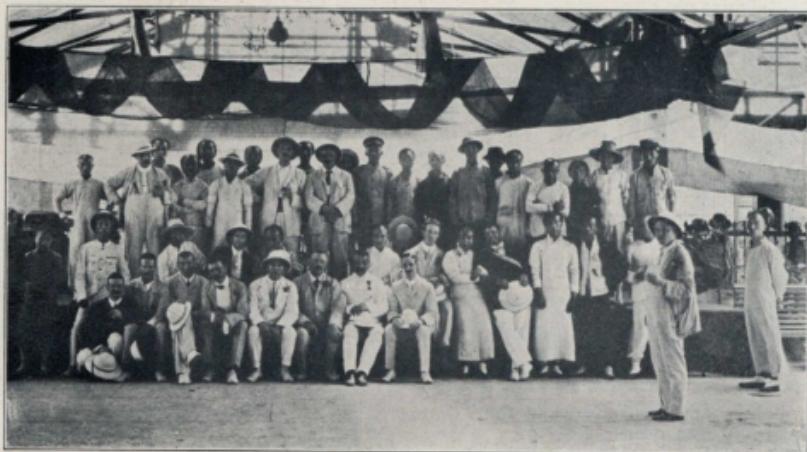
The small engine is the first engine that came on the Shanghai-Nanking line; a little construction pug tank engine capable of shunting 4 or 5 trucks at 10 miles an hour. The big one is one of the four wheel coupled bogie engines with 6-ft. 10½-in. driving wheel of the latest and best English pattern built by the North British Engine Works capable of hauling 600 tons at 50 miles an hour.

SOCIAL SHANGHAI

H.E. the Shanghai Taotai to buy the first ticket sold in the new booking offices.

Mr. Pope then conducted the Shanghai Taotai to the new booking office where he bought the first ticket to Nanking, which was made of solid silver with an English and Chinese inscription in relief.

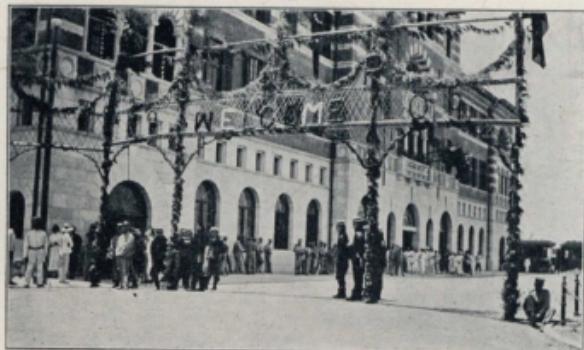
At the conclusion of this speech Mr. Pope called upon the staff to give three cheers, to which they heartily responded, putting in an additional one for Mr. Collinson, and this brought a very interesting ceremony to a close.



SOME OF THE OFFICIALS

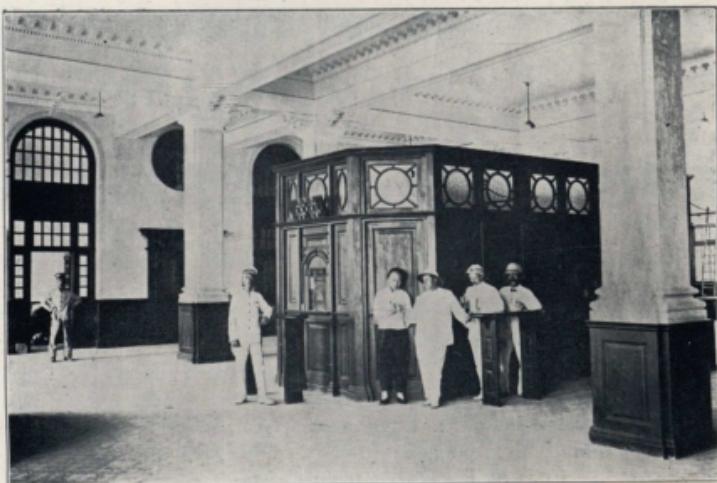
After this ceremony was over Yen Tszeking made an interesting speech which was translated into English, and in which he congratulated all concerned in the construction and management of the Railway and concluded by wishing the railway unbounded success.

The refreshment buffets were under the management of Messrs. W. L. Gerrard & Co. and were kept very busy. Councillors, clerks, merchants, and Chinese assembled at these hospitable counters and thoroughly appreciated the good things provided for their delectation.



THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH





THE NEW BOOKING OFFICE

Here the Shanghai Taotai purchased the first ticket, which was made of solid silver



PRIVATE BAR—SHANGHAI-NANKING RAILWAY



WOMAN

WHAT mighty ills have not been done by woman?
 Who was't betrayed the Capitol! A woman!
 Who lost Mark Antony the world? A woman!
 Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!



"AFTER MANY YEARS"

By S. W.

THE man's head was bent closely down over a pile of carefully-assorted papers. His mind was concentrated upon his task, and for quite an hour he scarcely moved.

He had come back to England, returned there after long absence in China, only two months ago, with one fixed purpose in his mind.

When this errand was accomplished he had vague ideas as to his future plans. At first, and before he landed, he had considered it not unlikely that he should soon return to Shanghai. But a tender light took some of the sternness from his eyes as he thought of it now—thought of the woman he loved.

He would see her that very day, ask of her the question which would decide his own future, his own fate. Yet he would attend to this other purpose first—this errand of retribution.

He glanced at the papers once more, most of them prospectuses of companies which he knew quite well to be worthless—companies that would yet be eagerly taken up by a public whose money would be inevitably lost to them.

A grim smile played round his mouth as his eyes rested upon the name of Darlington Escot, printed in prominent capitals at the head of these prospectuses—Darlington Escot, under which alias he had recently discovered the man who in the past had robbed him, affecting to play the part of a brother, the villain whose smiling mask and pretended honesty had so

easily beguiled his own unsuspecting nature. Yes, he would cry quits with him; after long waiting they would stand even at last.

Anthony Ross got up from his chair, locked away the papers he had been studying, and was about to leave the office when he came face to face with a man who had just entered it with an almost noiseless step.

The new-comer glanced at him unsteadily and then swaggered forward, holding out a hand which Anthony ignored.

"You—you sent for me," he began, his voice betraying the nervousness which he had succeeded in banishing from his manner; "and—now that I am here—what is it you want?"

"I sent for you because I play with my cards face upwards," returned Ross, slowly, in tones that were chill with contempt. "In short, I desire you to know what action I intend to take. It is expressed in one word—exposure."

The other's florid face grew a little pale, but a bravado that was part of his nature had not quite deserted him.

"Exposure?" he repeated, with an assumed nonchalance. "The word conveys nothing to me."

"Does it not?" replied Anthony. "Has it no power to place before your memory the recollection of two men, sworn brothers, one who trusted, the other who betrayed? Let me hark back to the past for a moment. Five years ago you left for England, stole away from China, without a word to me of your intentions, without a

word to a soul. You took with you fifty thousand dollars which belonged to me. You had stolen from me the savings of ten laborious years. I meant to come back to England, and that you knew—meant to make a home here; that was the dream I had built upon for years, a dream that you destroyed."

"No one would believe a word of it," returned Darlington Escot, defiantly. "It would be only your word against mine, and I have some reputation here, let me tell you, in this great financial world of London, and friends who are rich and powerful. I imagine you would find some difficulty in damaging me."

"You think so?" Anthony smiled. "How little you know me, after all, to suppose that I should act without holding every proof. I have such proofs in my possession as will place your infamies beyond all doubt."

There was a note of intense conviction in his steady voice which the other recognized with a sinking heart.

Ross went on speaking with quiet composure.

"Listen," he said. "I don't know how you stand now; not very securely, I think, despite your boasting. Wouldn't it have been wiser had you remained just decently honest? It would have repaid you in the long run, for the ground I owned has made me a rich man, and whatever I possess half of it would have been yours, for were we not partners?" His voice softened a moment as he spoke the last words. "And now—Well, I have had my say; is there any answer that you can find?"

Darlington Escot made no reply at once; slowly his hardihood vanished, and he spoke in tremulous tones.

"You can ruin me," he said; "yes, I acknowledge that I am entirely at your mercy, and if I say spare me, it is not only for myself I plead, but for one other

who must suffer—the woman I am to marry, the woman who loves me. It will darken her life and break her heart, for Maude Illismere is not a woman to change in her love, not one to forget."

He threw a keen, quick glance at Ross from under his down-bent eyelids, and then away again at once.

"Maude Illismere!" Anthony Ross murmured the name to himself incredulously. His face slowly whitened, his eyes lost their life and brightness. Maude Illismere—the woman whom he himself loved, whom he had meant to ask that very day to be his wife—she to love this man who had so wronged him, whom he had intended handing over to the law he had violated. This was something he had not expected. It unnerved him.

Escot was quick to note the impression his words had made, quick to follow up an obvious advantage.

"Why not let bygones be bygones?" he said, eagerly. "I—I will acknowledge this—this debt between us; I will repay you the money I—used. You break a woman's heart, Anthony, if you take your revenge out of me."

"She to care for you! She to love a man treacherous and an ingrate, false to friendship—a thief!" He uttered the words in tones of amazement. Then, after a pause, he added: "She, at least, must know the truth, even if I spare you the world's ignominy."

"Why tell her?" Escot urged. "Why destroy her faith in me, since she is to become my wife? Why not consider me a little further and keep silent altogether?"

"Man, don't you understand I'm not considering you at all? It is she—it is she! You had better go now," Ross finished, wearily.

"But won't you tell me what you intend to do?"

"I intend doing nothing at present. I must think before I act."

Escot moved towards the door, then paused a moment, still looking dissatisfied, but he saw that Anthony was inflexible, and he at last reluctantly took his departure.

Ross watched the door close with a feeling of immense relief. The strain of the last few minutes had been very great, the disappointment and disillusionment very bitter. Twice had this man robbed him, twice had the gates of hope been shut in his face, denying him the promised land.

He roused himself at last, squaring his jaw resolutely, bracing his nerves. He would go back again to China; he must take up some kind of work—anything that would enable him to forget. What a fool he had been—yes, a self-deluded fool, for he had fancied that Maude loved him.

It was a knock at his office door which made him glance up at last. The newcomer was an elderly man with a handsome face, marred by a suggestion of hesitancy, and a furtive restlessness which was apparent in every movement. It was Maude Illismere's father.

"I—I have—er—just heard a very painful story, Mr. Ross," he began, after some preliminary words—"very painful indeed. Your—your friend—er—of other days has told me everything—and—and I have come to ask if—if you—er—will give us—that is, give me your—your assurance of silence. Believe me—I am convinced that—that it would be better—if—if I myself told my daughter what—what Mr. Escot has confided in me. Naturally—coming from any one else, and—and from one who is virtually—a—er—stranger—it would give her—a greater—shock than if she—heard it from myself—her own father, eh?"

Anthony glanced at him gravely.

"Can you yourself condone such offences? Can you accept as your only child's husband a man who is absolutely base?"

"Oh, really," the old man gave a false little laugh, "this is regarding it in rather an extreme light. His faults were—scarcely more—er—than the—er—folly of youth, little more."

Anthony's face grew white with scorn. He was obliged to turn his head lest the other should read in his features his utter disgust.

"There—there are a few matters—er—to be put straight between you and me," went on Mr. Illismere. "But—but in a month—or so, I hope—you may be sure—that—that I will return you the—the various loans that—that from time to time you——"

Ross held up his hand with a weary gesture.

"Forget such things, Mr. Illismere," he said. "They are not worth mentioning. And now—you will pardon me if I send you away? There—there are affairs that demand my attention. Good-bye."

"But you—er—have not—er—yet given me your promise."

Anthony Ross faced him with a stern light in his dark, earnest eyes.

"If it is for your daughter's happiness I will keep silent," he said. "But—but watch over her well, Mr. Illismere, if she becomes Escot's wife—watch over her well."

"I—er—have no fear at all for her future, Mr. Ross; no fear at all."

Dighton Illismere spoke with gay self-confidence; then, bowing with an airy grace, made his way from the room, very well content with the success of his errand.

* * *

The weeks slipped quickly away, and the day of Maude Illismere's wedding dawned—a dark and stormy day. With a sense of pain that all philosophy was powerless to destroy, Anthony Ross wondered how it would fare with the girl.

There had been strange rumours in the City lately, rumours concerning the various enterprises which Darlington Escot had been the means of placing upon the market.

His mind foreboded ill to Maude, and it grieved him sorely that he should be powerless to protect the woman he still loved—unable to save her from the fate which she had herself chosen.

The hours of the wedding-day drifted on. He could not endure the solitude of his rooms any longer, and at last turned out into the busy streets.

Newsboys were shouting out the contents of the afternoon papers, an "Arrest of a well-known financier!" was the cry which induced Anthony to buy a paper.

Hastily glancing down the columns, he was amazed to read the following stoppress paragraph:—

"Mr. Darlington Escot was this afternoon arrested immediately after his wedding, on a warrant charging him with fraudulent misrepresentation."

It was with almost dazed eyes that he read this item of news. He stood for some moments doubtful what to do. Could he assist by giving advice or money, by any means within a man's power? Was there nothing that could be done to lessen the sense of shame and disillusioned love which he felt Maude must now be suffering?

At any rate, he did not feel that now his presence would prove unwelcome and, acting on an impulse, he jumped into a passing hansom and was quickly driven to the Illismere's home.

A parlourmaid with a scared face let him in and he gave her his card. But she returned almost at once, saying that neither Mr. Illismere nor his daughter could see any one.

Anthony Ross nodded, and walked away from the house. Maude had placed him deliberately outside her life. She had no need of his sympathy; she appeared to desire no further acquaintance with him, or

surely she would have turned to him now, in her bitter sorrow, knowing that she could rely upon a disinterested friendship.

He wrote to her twice during the time that elapsed before Darlington Escot was brought to his trial. But there was no reply to either of them. That quite decided him that he must be as unwelcome to her in every way as he had felt himself to be to her father.

But it gave the man no throb of triumph when he heard that Darlington Escot was sentenced to five years' penal servitude, and from the depths of his heart he was moved to sorrow for the woman whom Escot had so selfishly made his wife.

* * *

Two years passed quietly away—leaden years for Anthony Ross, though he had filled them, as far as was possible, with unceasing work. But he found no joy in his labours; the wine of life was bitter to the taste, because he found it impossible to forget what he had once, for some golden weeks, imagined to be his—a woman's love, given, not to himself, but to another man—to one unworthy.

One April night a curious sense of depression weighed him down; everything seemed a little less worth while than was usual. He passed through the door of his dark and lonely flat, after a saunter through the crowded streets, and went slowly towards his sitting-room. He paused a moment upon the threshold, for his quick ear fancied that it detected a movement within—the sound of some one stirring.

He turned on the light, then started back. A man stood there—a tall man with hunted, desperate eyes—a weird figure garbed in strange motley attire, with a cap pulled low down, and the collar of an Inverness coat turned up almost to reach it.

For a moment Ross failed to recognize him, the change was so great. Then he

saw that it was Darlington Escot. The latter threw out his hands in an imploring gesture.

"Don't give me up," he muttered, in low tones; "I'm a dead man as it is."

He gave a low, gasping cry and turned back his coat. Ross caught sight of the dread sign of the broad arrow. A strange feeling of pity stirred within him, pity for this man whom he had had just cause to hate; for now he was in distress, weak, and, indeed, as a glance showed, ill unto death.

"I've escaped," he whispered, "yes, escaped from my prison house, and like a hunted hare have made my way to the only place where I knew my safety might be found—here in my enemy's house."

He paused again and sank back into a chair. Conquering his amazement, Ross rushed forward to the sideboard and took out some brandy, which he forced down the other's throat. "I—I was shot at" continued Escot, regaining some strength, "but managed to get away, all the same, and succeeded in stanching my wound, but it will kill me, I know! I—I broke into a shut-up house, where I kept in hiding all day, and stole forth at night wearing this coat, which I found there. My object was to reach London—to see Maude—but I dare not risk it, as the police would be certain to look there first for me. And—and so I came here. But now what mercy can I expect from you, the man I robbed—robbed in more ways than one, for it was with a lie, that I gained Maude Illismere for my wife, when she might have married you?"

Indescribable emotion almost choked Anthony for a moment. Then he looked back at the wounded wreck before him, and all anger died.

"Hear me in patience," continued Escot, in slow husky tones, yet speaking steadily, his will mastering bodily weakness. "It was to old Illismere's advantage for

us to be married, as he stood to gain by a partnership in all my financial schemes had they succeeded, and he urged Maude to consent, using all argument in vain, until one day a happy inspiration seized him. When next the subject was broached he told her he was very heavily in your debt—in short that you had lent him many thousands of pounds, which I had offered to repay on condition that she became my wife.

"He knew the girl well, and how to play on every chord of her nature. She was humiliated by what her father had told her, for she was an intensely proud girl and the thought that her father had taken and squandered your money, losing perhaps, the best part of your fortune, was unspeakably bitter to her."

Escot broke off, gasping for a moment or two; but mastering his weakness he looked up at Anthony who was bending over him, as the latter asked him a question.

"Why should she not have taken from me what she was prepared to accept from you?" he said. "That is, supposing there really had been a large sum of money owing to me."

"Women and the ways of women are strange. I was to be her husband, I suppose she must have reasoned, and you—remember you had not proposed. How was she to read what her father had already guessed—that you loved her? Your manner gave no hint of admiration, and there was one other very natural and womanly, consideration which held weight. She cared for you; and for a woman to be under monetary obligation to one whom she loves is humiliating indeed."

Ross' face coloured like a boy's, but his eyes were stern.

"Do you mean this?" he asked. "You are not lying?"

"Does a dying man lie?" was the simple answer. "Ross, bend nearer—I shan't last through the night, or, perhaps, a day or

two—no more. Go to her yourself with the news—you—you understand? Say also, if you will, that it is my wish. Let me give back to you in death what, living, I stole from you. And now—you can forgive?"

But Anthony's eyes were turned away. Some radiant vision of the future, as it might be now, was shining before him in wonderful imperishable colours. Then he

looked back at the dying man, and there was nothing but pity and pardon in his gaze. He held out his two hands, which the other took with faltering strength, and once more these two men became as they had been in the past, with all that lay between wiped out: brothers in love, if not in name.

"I forgive," said Anthony Ross.
Escot smiled—content.



THE COZY CORNER

WHEN a resident in Bohemia first used his scraps of draperies to cover the packing box in which he kept everything from shoes to his last year's sketches, he had little notion that he was instituting a fashion which was to make an impressionist portrait of what the "dolls' dressmaker" would call this day's tricks and manners. The bit of stuff and packing box in the studio gathered a cushion or two, and became a corner. Wanderers in that desert country of Bohemia who had been taught that here ideas blossomed and were to be culled, carried away the only bit of comfort they saw, and started a fashion which long ago lost the respectable pace of that word, and took on the headlong rush of a fad.

Mr. Sothern has had a play whose chief claim to distinction was the Indian cozy corner its setting exhibited. Indian stores, Chinese shops, Japanese importers have filled their windows with every variety of it, at prices to suit all purses. The cozy corners of the great, from that of the President of the United States to that of the last new actress, have been industriously written up for the admiration of the public. Like the bower bird, the owner of one of these curtains, rug, lance, lamp, and cushion arrangement puts into it the things he loves best to contemplate. For the smoker it must be Turkish and softly shaded. The fisherman drapes his with nets held up by fly rods. The hunter hangs up his guns and carpets it with skins won by his own prowess.

The cozy corners of some famous people have not been given to the public, but we can imagine them. They range all the way from that of the comic opera queen with "illusion" draperies held back by "trophies of the chase," to the home shrine of a "Presidential possibility" set about portraits of himself by famous artists.

The Hermit and the Wise Little Girl

By T. B.

"UGH!" said the Tabby Cat, "I hate this weather," and she sat under the steps of the Hermit's hut, where she was slightly sheltered from the cutting wind, and tucked her paws under her.

"If I could fly," said the Lame Gull, wistfully, "I should not mind the cold."

The Fiddler Crab scuttled up a sand hillock and gazed out over the gloomy sea.

"The cold doesn't hurt me any," he said, "but the poor old Hermit will suffer. He needs some one to take care of him at his age."

"That's it," said the Tabby Cat and the Lame Gull together. "He needs some one to take care of him."

Now the Hermit lived on a little point of land that extended far out into the sea, so that there was blue water to the north of it and blue water to the west of it and blue water to the east, but to the south there was just sand and little scrubby wind-beaten trees.

Every morning the Hermit went fishing, and the wind blew from the east and from the west and from the north over the wide, cold sea, and shook the little hut where the Tabby Cat and the Lame Gull sat and shivered by the fireless hearth, while the Fiddler Crab dug deep into the sand outside.

"It's a long wait until evening," said the Lame Gull. "I wish it was time for the Hermit to come back." But the watery sun that glimmered through the grey haze showed that it was just noon, and the Hermit never returned until after dark.

"Why, there he is now," said the Fiddler Crab, whose popping eyes had made out a black speck riding on the top of the waves.

"He is early," said the Tabby Cat, as she rose and stretched herself.

"It isn't the Hermit," said the Fiddler Crab suddenly, "it's a raft with a small person on it, and she is holding on tight."



THE WISE LITTLE GIRL

They all ran down to the edge of the curling waves, the Tabby Cat taking long leaps, the Lame Gull half limping, half flying, and the Fiddler Crab going sidewise and working his one claw like a sail.

When they reached the beach they stood in a row and watched the raft.

On the raft was a Wise Little Girl. She was an orphan, and she had lived for a long time with an aunt, but one day the aunt had married a man with five children, and after a while the Wise Little Girl, who was really very wise indeed, found that the food and clothes that were given to her were needed for the five children, so she packed a little bundle and started

away to seek her fortune, "and," said the Wise Little Girl, "I shall travel and travel and travel until I find some one who needs me very badly and then I shall stop."

So she kissed all the five children, who were sleeping in their little beds, left a note for her aunt, launched her raft on the wide, wide sea, and sailed away.

When she saw the three strange companions on the shore, she clapped her hands.

"Poor little things," she said, "they certainly need some one to take them out of the cold," so she landed them and there.

The Tabby Cat came rubbing around her feet, but the Lame Gull and the Fiddler Crab stood back half afraid; but when the Wise Little Girl turned her pleasant face to them and spoke to them in her soft, sweet voice, they followed her straight to the hut.

The Wise Little Girl knocked at the door of the Hermit's hut once, then she knocked twice, and then she knocked three times, and as no one answered she opened the door and went in.

It was a dull, cold little place. The floor was dirty and there were cobwebs in the corners, for the Hermit, poor man, was always too tired when he came in to clean up properly, and there was no one else to do it.

"My," said the Wise Little Girl, "what a place!" and she opened one of the dusty windows and let the cold, fresh air blow in. Then she looked around carefully.

"It needs a good cleaning," she said, and went to work.

First she built a fire in the stove and put the kettle on to heat. Then when the water was hot she lifted the Tabby Cat and the Lame Gull to the top of the table out of the way, but the Fiddler Crab she turned out into the sand, for she was a

little bit afraid of his claw; then she scrubbed the floor with sand and soap and water until it was white as foam. After that she washed the windows and polished the stove, and all the time she worked she sang a gay, little song.

"What a lovely child," said the Tabby Cat to the Lame Gull, as she stretched herself luxuriously on the clean floor in front of the blazing fire and licked her fur.

The Lame Gull preened his draggled feathers in lazy comfort. "We need her here all the time," he said.

"Indeed we do," echoed the Fiddler Crab, who had crept back into the hut.

After the Wise Little Girl had cleaned everything that could be cleaned, she looked into the little cupboard and found salt pork and a fresh fish and potatoes and onions, and she soon had a delicious fish chowder bubbling on the stove.

"There must be some one to come home," she said to the admiring Tabby Cat and the Gull and the Crab, "or there would not be things in here to eat, and whoever comes needs a good dinner on this stormy night," and she put the coffee pot over the coals.

Outside the wind blew and blew and blew, and the waves roared and raged, and it grew later and later, but the Hermit did not come, and at last the faithful Tabby Cat became uneasy and meowed to go out, and the Wise Little Girl let her go, and the anxious Tabby Cat ran down to the beach and sat there in the storm and watched and watched the dark waters for some sign of her master.

He came after a while, fighting against the cruel waves that tried to wash him out of his little boat, and when he climbed over the side and waded in to shore, he was half dead with cold and fatigue. He staggered toward his hut with the worried Tabby Cat at his heels. He stumbled up the steps and the Wise Little Girl heard

him coming and opened the door, and when the Hermit looked into the bright room with its white, white floor and its red, red fire and with the fragrant steam rising from the shining pots, he passed his hand over his forehead.

"It is a dream," he murmured, and fell into the chair which the Wise Little Girl had placed for him.

"Drink this," said the Wise Little Girl in her pleasant voice, as she brought him coffee in a big white cup. While he drank it the Tabby Cat and the Lame Gull and the Fiddler Crab sat at his feet and watched him and murmured to each other, "He must like her, she is so kind. He will surely let her stay."

Presently when the hot drink had revived the Hermit, he looked at the Wise Little Girl, whose cheeks were pink as she stirred the chowder.

"How did you come here?" he asked wonderingly.

"By the way of the sea," said the Wise Little Girl, "and when I looked into your hut and found it needed me I stayed to clean it, and now," she went on briskly, as she lifted the kettle from the fire, "I am glad I am here to make you comfortable on this stormy night."

She poured some of the chowder into a big blue bowl and set it on the table, then

she put the rest into a little dish for the Cat and the Gull and the Crab.

"The poor things must be very hungry," she said to the Hermit, "and they have waited so patiently."

The three companions gathered around the dish which she had set on the hearth, and waited impatiently for the food to cool.

"Did you ever see such thoughtfulness?" said the Tabby Cat.

"Never," said the Fiddler Crab, "and while I prefer my fish raw, I shall eat chowder just for her sake."

"Look," said the Lame Gull, softly.

Then they saw the old Hermit reach out his trembling hand and lay it on the bright head of the Wise Little Girl.

"Stay with me," he said, "for I am a lonely old man and I need you."

"If you need me I should love to stay," said the Wise Little Girl, happily, and she smiled at the Hermit, and the Hermit smiled back, and the Tabby Cat purred, and the Lame Gull whistled contentedly, but the Fiddler Crab waved his one claw in the air and looked very fierce. But that was really just his way of showing that he was the very happiest Fiddler Crab that ever walked sidewise.



DAY PROVERBS

MONDAY's Child is fair of face,
 Tuesday's Child is full of grace,
 Wednesday's Child is a Child of woe,
 Thursday's Child has far to go,
 Friday's Child is loving and giving,
 Saturday's Child works hard for a living,
 But the Bairn that is born on the Sabbath Day
 is bonnie, lucky, wise, and gay.

SOCIAL SIDELIGHTS

BY PENELOPE

In Defence of Shanghai

A GOOD-NATURED comment by our leading morning contemporary of August 16th on Miss Florence Gilbert's article, contributed to the *OUTLOOK*, under the heading of "Shanghai as it might be," inspires a spirit of self-defence in the Shanghaier.

"That a little knowledge is a dangerous thing" is demonstrated in Miss Gilbert's article, for such a display of gross ignorance of the up-to-date conditions of Shanghai could only pass muster where "ignorance is bliss," and utterly misleads "the man in the street" in the homeland.

If Miss Gilbert had published her article fifteen or twenty years back, Shanghai might have passed it by without comment, and one can only conclude that she has got her information second-hand from a past resident or that her visit to Shanghai was of short duration sometime during the nineties.

In the first place, a sailor's race on the off-day of the races has not taken place on the Shanghai Race Course within the last ten years, and I believe was only indulged in occasionally prior to that. Secondly, ten years ago we might have been credited with "two or three concerts a winter, generally under the auspices of the German community," but at the present time there is no need for the most impudent music lover in Shanghai to starve for good music, when weekly Sunday concerts of high-class music, rendered by a band that would be pronounced good even at home, are to be had for nothing, while for the music lover that

cares to pay, the Chamber Concert Society provides a monthly concert of the very highest class, the equal of which few English provincial towns could furnish from an amateur community. Besides these, during the season, there are usually several other concerts given periodically, and one has only to scan over the programmes of some of the concerts given last season to be convinced that Shanghai's taste for music is not of the popular ditty order. As for the talent thereof, without going carefully into statistics, there would be very little risk of contradiction courted by the assertion that very few places in the world can produce so many high-class amateurs in proportion with its community, as Shanghai, in fact many of its amateurs bear easy comparison with professionals except those of the highest order.

Again, the Shanghai Amateur Dramatic Society was pronounced by the late Mr. Robert Brough to be one of the best out of London and the English society alone gives three performances a season; besides which the German and French societies sometimes give two each. As to the standard of the plays they perform, one has only to mention that "The Admirable Crichton," "Monsieur Beaucaire," "The Prisoner of Zenda," and some of Bernard Shaw's plays have been most successfully staged by them during the last few years, to convince any one on that point, and, although, according to Miss Florence Gilbert, "greatly enjoyed by the whole community" and ranked "as a social rather than an intellectual interest," most people coming from home and

seeing our amateur performances for the first time, are utterly surprised at the excellence of these productions. So critical is Shanghai on this point, that anything but first-class professionals visiting Shanghai get a poor reception. Lastly, if "there is no intellectual stimulus," one wonders what the collection of over seventeen thousand books, that comprise the Shanghai Club Library, may be classed as. This is certainly the finest library in the East and contains books upon almost any and every subject.

Moreover, as an excellent catalogue of the same can always be procured, there is

no excuse for any one who is a member, or of the family, of a member of the Club, lacking food for the intellect. Besides this, there is the Public Library which is by no means a shabby collection, and several other clubs which have their own libraries.

We all realize we are not in London, but when one considers that a distance of about twelve thousand miles divide us from the homeland, we have little to complain about in the way of comforts and up-to-date requirements, and resent the misrepresentation of unconversant globetrotters.



SOME SCHOOL HOWLERS

"ABRAM was the father of a Lot." "The equator runs through the centre of the earth; at one end is a cancer, and at the other end a capricorn." "A paragon is a perfect figure; it cannot contain any more angels." "Charon was so-called because he fried soles over the sticks." "David's father was nicknamed Jesse, because he was the flower of Dunblane." "Paul is supposed to be a wise man; he never married." "During the Reformation every clergyman had to receive thirty-nine articles." "Titus was a Roman Emperor; he was a Quaker, and his other name was Oates." "A toga is a naval officer in Japan." "'Exegi monumentum acre perennius' means, 'I have swallowed a monument harder than brass.'" "A demagogue is a vessel containing beer and other waters." "Eli fell sick, and brought up Samuel." "An optimist looks after your eyes, and a pessimist sees to your feet."



SO SUDDEN!

"So he proposed to you while you were swimming together? How did he do it?"

"Well, I was wading out where it was beginning to be pretty deep, and suddenly I feared that I was going to be carried off my feet, and I shrieked."

"Yes?"

"He happened to be near, and, reaching over, he asked, 'Won't you give me your hand?' It was very sudden, of course; but I had really liked him from the moment he first looked into my eyes!"

A Popular Skipper on the China Coast

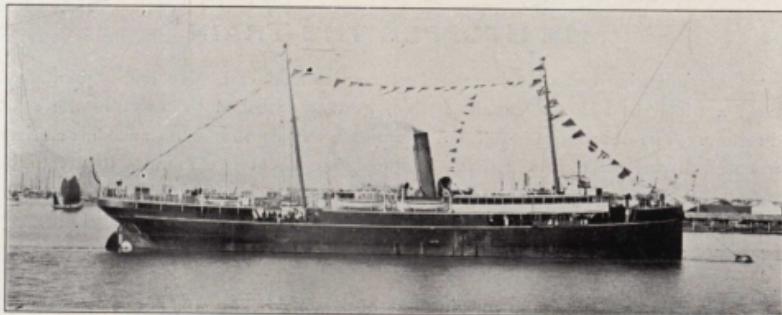
BUT few folk who have to make the sea-trip from Shanghai to Chefoo or Weihaiwei, or *vice versa*, fail to travel, if possible, by the s.s. *Koonshing*. Not a little of this popularity for that particular vessel is due to the engaging personality of her jovial skipper, Captain W. G. G. Leask. This hearty skipper is a Scotchman to the backbone, hailing from that appropriate birthplace for mariners, the bleak, craggy Orkneys. Captain Leask first made the acquaintance of Father Neptune in the old sailing days, "ere," as he quaintly expresses it, "steam had destroyed the romance of the sea." His early voyages were mainly on the beautiful "tea-clippers" that used to make the round-the-world trip from England, circling the Horn, touching at Melbourne, Australia, and home again.

One of the most memorable of these globe-encircling voyages was in 1876, on the *Hampshire*, of London, when she carried Midshipman (now Admiral Togo), the hero of the Russo-Japanese naval

conflict, then a youth of some seventeen years. Captain Leask remarks that the young Togo at that time gave little other evidence of probability of rising to the



CAPT. W. G. G. LEASK OF THE S.S. "KOONSHING,"
high position to which he has now attained,
beyond often remarking that he was
destined to be an Admiral some day.



S.S. "KOONSHING" DRESSED FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

Altogether Captain Leask can count fourteen years of experience with sailing vessels.

Time flies fast and pleasantly listening to the Captain's reminiscences of bygone

"P. & Os." of their day, now superseded by steamship lines, or forgotten by a younger generation, Captain Leask joined Jardine, Matheson & Co. in 1883, in whose service



CAPTAIN AND OFFICERS OF THE S.S. "KOONSHING."

days ; but space forbids more than to note that, after serving faithfully with several firms running lines of sailing ships for passengers and cargo, many quite the

he has, with the exception of an intervening five years, since remained. At the age of fifty-five years, the skipper looks as hale and hearty as his heart is young.

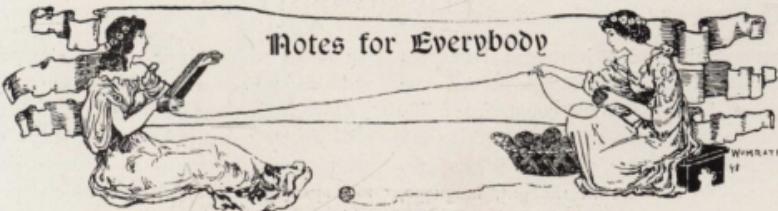


HE STOPPED THE TRAIN

THE following anecdote is related of a celebrated earl. He had appointed to meet a friend at a small country station, as they intended to travel in the same direction. The train arrived, but not the friend. Away in the distance his carriage was seen driving along at a gallop. It would take about five minutes to get to the station. The earl entreated the station-master to stop the train, but the latter refused, as the train was already late. An altercation ensued, and the earl at last passionately exclaimed :—

"We will see about that!"

Sitting down between the rails in front of the engine, he would not budge until his friend had got safely into the train.



Notes for Everybody

Cold Air for "Colds"

As soon as an affection is called a cold we think it necessary to cure it with heat, and so shut ourselves up in the house and look upon the cold air as our enemy. Professor Bacon says that a vast amount of mischief is done in this way. There never was a better friend to throat and lungs than pure cold air. Like everything else good, it must, of course, be taken under proper conditions; but, where the conditions are right, cold air is a tonic, a restorative, a cure that has no equal in medicine. It is possible to wrap the whole body in such a manner as to keep it perfectly warm and comfortable regardless of the weather. The affection usually called a "cold" should be cured by breathing pure air, and never fear cold air for breathing when the body is properly protected. But it is not enough to inhale pure air; the manner of inhaling it is also of great importance. The lips should be well closed, and the breathing should be entirely by the nostrils; but this is not all. The habit of slow, measured, deep breathing that covers the entire lung surface is of equal value and importance. If you have been subject to any kind of throat or bronchial affection, you will pronounce deep nostril breathing a wonderful discovery for you. From being often hoarse every winter, you may have the happiness of being entirely free from this affliction.

For Umpires

If you have to umpire, always remember that appearances, even though against you, are all important. You must win the respect rather than the confidence of the

teams. If a ball comes straight at your head you may duck, though gracefully. Cases have occurred in which the umpire has been forced to cast himself flat on the ground to avoid a low drive. In this case remain where you are, and refuse to express any opinion as to whether a man is run out or not.

This is the only protest possible for your outraged dignity. Never speak when giving a decision. If a man is out, raise your hand solemnly and stand like a popular advertisement; if the man is in, shake your head sadly at the bowler.

After giving a batsman out, caught at the wicket, contrive not to sit next to him at lunch. A keen sportsman should endeavour to avoid heated argument.

Always give a personal friend, or a man to whom you owe an obligation—or money, the benefit of the doubt. It will save you much subsequent annoyance. Remember the awful example of the farmer who had lent his field to the village team and was given out first ball. "What, hout!" he said, "then hout you goes hout of my field."

For Parents

WHAT TO TEACH BOYS

A PHILOSOPHER has said that true education of boys is to "teach them what they ought to know when they become men."

1.—To be true and to be genuine. No education is worth anything that does not include this. A man had better not know how to read, and be true and genuine in

action, rather than be learned in all sciences and in all languages, and be at the same time false in heart and counterfeit in life. Above all things, teach the boys that truth is more than riches, power, or possessions.

2.—To be pure in thought, language, and life—pure in mind and in body.

3.—To be unselfish. To care for the feelings and comforts of others. To be generous, noble, and manly. This will include a genuine reverence for the aged and for things sacred.

4.—To be self-reliant and self-helpful, even from childhood. To be industrious always, and self-supporting at the earliest proper age. Teach them that all honest work is honourable; that an idle life of dependence on others is disgraceful.

For the Housekeeper

SAVOURIES

HERRING SOUFFLES

REMOVE the bones and skins from two kippered herrings and rub the flesh through a sieve. Add the yolks of two eggs, a little salt, pepper, lemon juice, cayenne, and a gill of thick double cream. Stir in last of all the white of one egg whipped to a stiff froth.

Butter some ramaquin cases, pour in the mixture, and bake a good brown in a quick oven.

TOMATO CROUTES

Peel four or five tomatoes and place in a saucepan with the well-beaten yolks of two eggs. When the tomatoes are quite tender add a seasoning of salt and pepper, half a hard-boiled egg chopped very small, a little mushroom ketchup, cayenne, and about a dessert-spoonful of grated Parmesan cheese. Have ready some round croûtons. Pile the mixture on them and decorate the tops of each with a stoned olive.

STUFFED OLIVES

Stone half-a-dozen olives, and lay them to soak in a little oil and Tarragon vinegar. Then remove and fill each olive with a shelled prawn, stuffing the remainder of

the space with a little of the chopped white and yolk of a hard-boiled egg.

Have ready some croûtons, spread them with anchovy butter, lay fine strips of anchovy so as to divide the croûtons into four spaces, and fill each one with chopped white and yolk of egg alternately. Place a stuffed olive in the centre of each.

For Woman

TO FILL OUT SCRAGGY NECKS

ONE of the most effective methods of filling out hollows in the neck is that of rubbing the skin well night and morning with cod-liver oil. With perseverance this has the desired result in most cases, although some women derive more benefit from other fattening skin foods, such as pure olive oil, used in the same manner. The tips of the fingers should be dipped in the oil, and, held somewhat stiffly, worked into the hollow places, the massaging not only rubbing in the skin food, but improving the circulation as well.

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS

To learn how not to worry is to learn the secret of happiness. Happiness is what all the world is seeking, but is never found outside of faith. Freedom from worry keeps us filled with an inspiration that is ceaseless. It is to feel and consciously know the real joy of living. You need no longer to depend upon theories, for you have a condition. You are at rest, peace and harmony.

LACE

WHERE lace is to be stiffened slightly, rice water may be used. To make this, boil four tablespoonfuls of rice in three pints of water. Strain this thoroughly and lay the lace in the liquid for a few minutes. Squeeze it gently in a cloth so as to absorb as much moisture as possible, and iron in about half-an-hour.



Our Young Folks' Corner



Kolab's Bravery

MINNIE was a little English girl, who lived with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Cuthbert, in India.

One day, Minnie and her aunt went out for a walk, but they had not gone far, when they saw a small crowd of natives, who were watching a large, strong Indian woman cruelly ill-treating a little girl.

Mrs. Cuthbert then asked the little girl, who was crying bitterly, what her name was. "My name is Kolab," answered the child, looking with awe at Minnie and her auntie. "I will tell you what," exclaimed Minnie, "Kolab, you shall come with me, and be my little servant; I shall take care of you, mayn't I?" Kolab's only answer was to burst into tears, and, kneeling



Photo

A. J. Ashley

Photo
A. J. Ashley
Our Portrait Gallery
KATHLEEN GAULTON

Our Portrait Gallery
HAROLD HARRIS

Minnie's auntie, who knew the language, asked her why she was whipping the child like that, whereupon the woman answered, "She has broken the water-pot, and must therefore be punished."

Mrs. Cuthbert ordered her to stop, and the woman, fearing to disobey her, gave the child a sounding blow across the head, which knocked her down, and fled into her hut.

down, she clasped Minnie's feet with her hands, and kissed them fervently.

Not long after that was Minnie's twelfth birthday, and, as a present, her uncle gave her a little white pony, named Stella. The next day Minnie went for a ride on it; but, while passing under some trees, a mischievous monkey dropped a cocoa-nut on Stella's head, which frightened the pony so much, that it bolted.

Minnie held on like grim death; her face was very pale, and her hair was streaming behind in the wind.

All the natives seemed thunderstruck, and never attempted to stop the frightened animal; but Kolab, brave little Kolab, saw the danger, and, rushing up, caught the bridle rein, and eventually stopped the pony, but not until her poor little body was bruised and battered by being dragged along the road.

Willing hands soon lifted Minnie out of the saddle, and willing hands soon carried Kolab home, and laid her on Minnie's little white bed. Presently, the doctor arrived, and said if she regained consciousness, she would live. Once she said, "Missy Babba," and then fell into a deep sleep, from which she awoke quite refreshed.

The last thing that was heard of Minnie and Kolab was that they were going to England in a week's time.

Ended in Smoke

MARY had a donkey once,
She couldn't make it go,
Because it was a wooden one,
And only made for show.

She broke off legs and ears one day,
And dressed it as a doll
In fashionable longclothes,
And christened it "Dear Poll."

She tried to make its hair grow,
Applying paraffin,
Then dried it by the house-fire,
And it's never more been seen.

Quaint Sayings

HE KNEW

A VISITOR at school, during a geography lesson, asked a child:

"What is the axis of the earth?"

"An imaginary line, passing from one pole to the other, on which the earth revolves," answered he proudly.

"Yes," said his examiner, well pleased.
"And could you hang a hat on it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Indeed, and what kind of a hat?"

"An imaginary hat, sir."

THE ONE THING NECESSARY

VENERABLE ARCHDEACON: "Now, my dear children, I will ask you a few questions in Catechism. Which of you can tell me the two things in Baptism?"

"Quite right, 'Water.' Water is one thing, and what is the other? What! can none of you think what else is necessary? Well little girl, what do you say?"

LITTLE GIRL: "Please, sir, a baby."



Photo

Dennison & Sullivan

Our Portrait Gallery

MASTER ERNEST HIND

ETC.

"What do we imply when we use this abbreviation?" asked the teacher.

"It is a sign," said the young one very sententiously, "which is used to make believe you know more than you really do."

A WOMAN'S "NO"

A ROMANTIC CONVERSATION OVERHEARD IN THE S.S. TEA ROOMS

"**T**HREE are some things that are definite and final," she observed: "a 'no' for instance." "Of course, if one could believe that," he returned, "our interview would be at an end. But there has always been so much controversy over the precise significance of a woman's 'no' that I hardly like to take the most important step in my life prompted solely by the ejaculation."

"When I say 'no' I mean 'no,'" she declared.

"Of course you do now. The question is whether the 'no' is a stable 'no' or merely a diffident 'yes.' You have come to the definite cross-road in your life. I love you, and I have asked you to marry me; you have refused, but the matter doesn't end there, for I, as your lover, have to decide whether your 'no' is justified and whether it is for your happiness."

"My happiness has nothing to do with you," she began.

"But indeed it has," he replied with conviction. "It has everything to do with me. Supposing, now, you were engaged to Bobby——."

"To Bobby?" she echoed in amazement. "I am taking a hypothetical instance. Supposing you were. Well, as your friend, I should review the case; and I should naturally come to the conclusion that the marriage was hardly a fitting one, and would probably be regretted."

He paused. "Well?" she queried.

"I should put a stop to it," he announced calmly.

"Oh!" she ejaculated; "and how?"

"You needn't sneer or try to be crushing," he went on. "I should stop it, and you would be very grateful to me."

"How absurd you are!" she cried, drumming her finger-nails on the table.

"Absurd to prevent you from ruining your life?" he asked.

She didn't answer, so he went on:

"When you realized that I had saved you from unhappiness you would thank me for what I had done. So much for the hypothetical case. Now for the real one. If you refuse me now, and I shall take your 'no' as a final one, at some future period in your life you might find that you had made a mistake and that you meant 'yes' then——."

"I'll take the risk," she put in, with a cold smile.

"Then you'll be unhappy," he continued, nodding his head. "But you wouldn't be able to recall that 'no' nor undo the consequences of it. As your friend, I want you to be happy; and I'm now considering which of the alternatives is the most likely to attain that end."

"Please tell me when you have come to a conclusion," she remarked.

There was a long pause while Max stared at the tops of his patent boots, and Eva glanced first at him and then at the fire.

"What would happen if—if you thought the 'no' was—was——"

"A 'yes'?" he concluded for her, "that's just what I'm figuring out. I suppose I should make you come out with me and talk to me, and not flirt with other men in exactly the same way as you have done to-day."

"How ridiculous you are!" she exclaimed, her face crimson. "It's really insolent to talk like that, even in jest. Please don't."

"Believe me I wouldn't jest on a subject of that kind," he assured her.

"I am in dead earnest. Yes," he added, sitting up straight in his chair and fixing his eyes on her; "that is what I should do."

Then came another long pause.

"May I ask you a few questions?" he asked. "Of course, you're under no obligation to answer them."

"Thank you," she interpolated.

"But it would be a great help to me if you could. Please try not to be sarcastic. It is a form of retort which shows a weak hand, and—and it's unlike you. Will you try?"

She nodded.

"Supposing I went away, and you never saw me again," he began, "do you think you'd mind?"

"Of course I would!" she cried almost involuntarily.

He nodded his head slowly.

"Can you imagine being engaged to Bobby," he queried, "and being happy?" "No-o-o."

The negatives were so long drawn out that he repeated the question.

"No; of course not," she burst out. "What a ridiculous question to ask!"

He took no notice of the outburst, but brought the tips of his fingers together and questioned her again.

"Can you imagine," he said, "being happily engaged to any one, always excepting myself?"

"I don't know."

"Can't you imagine the position? Think of the different men you know, is there one you think you could be happy with, still excluding myself?"

"No; I suppose not."

"Do you think you could be happy with me?"

"Y-y-ye-yes."

He nodded again and crossed his legs.

"Candidly, would you be annoyed if you heard I was engaged to—say Muriel?"

She turned on him sharply.

"Hypothetical, as you put it?"

"Quite," he said quickly.

"It's not a fair question," she returned, looking away from him.

"I would like to insist—" he began quietly.

"Yes; I suppose I should be," she declared defiantly, and stared at him.

He smiled a little, and got up and stood before her by the mantelpiece.

"Do you ever day-dream?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"Do I ever have a part to play?"

She flushed a little. "Oh, yes, sometimes."

"Often?" he insisted.

She bowed her head. "Yes," she murmured, brushing the crumbs off her dress.

"Have some more tea?" he said suddenly.

He took her cup from the table beside her, and poured her out a fresh cupful, and then he sat down again.

"I've decided," he observed at last.

She kept idly circulating the spoon in her tea, and didn't answer.

"It wouldn't be a friendly act to accept that 'no,'" he went on. "You mean 'yes' Eva and I shall have to ask you again."

Still the spoon tinkled against the side of the cup.

"Eva, will you marry me?"

"I suppose so," she whispered, "as you insist upon it, but——."

"No buts," he cried, kneeling by her chair even as she spoke. "You love me, Eva—you will be happy with me. The 'noes' are swept away, and the 'yes' is definite; and as your lover I do accept it as 'final' and definite, as you tried to make your 'no.'"

"Please," she begged, turning her face away at last, "the 'but' was——."

"Well?" he cried, laughing like a boy.

"I've no sugar," she said, holding up her cup.

KULING

THE history of the founding of Kuling as a summer resort is full of interest, and any one visiting the settlement at the present time nestling in its valley of peaceful security, would scarcely realize the heart burnings and peril with which its infancy was fraught. The hills of Kuling were bought by Mr. E. S. Little from the Chinese Government in 1894, but as soon as the mandarins realized that it was going to be used as a summer

also, in order that the people should hate him and treat him as an evildoer and tyrant. Midnight examinations were held, and any one who had worked for or helped Mr. Little was tortured, till natives stopped him in the streets of Kiukiang and implored him for mercy's sake to give it up. However, Mr. Little remained obdurate, and failing to obtain assistance from his Consul, he threatened to attend one of these midnight examinations, and, if necessary,



VIEW OF KULING SETTLEMENT FROM THE LOWER END OF THE VALLEY

resort for Europeans they tried to recover it, first by offering Mr. Little a large sum of money, failing which they tried force, and for eighteen months war waged between Mr. Little and the Chinese. Not only were the employees of Mr. Little threatened and tortured, but their families

would take the law into his own hands to prevent the mutilation of these men.

After his bungalow was built Mr. Little, his family, and some ladies started from Kiukiang to take up their residence there, but at the foot hill they were warned that the bungalow was fired, the

natives were in arms, and that to proceed would probably mean their own destruction, so they decided to turn back. This was not an easy matter as the chair coolies refused to go back, declaring that the roads were barricaded, and that the natives would cut their ankles if they attempted to carry them back. Then Mr. Little managed to persuade a man to carry a letter back to the consul in Kiukiang, but the bearer soon returned and said that nothing would induce him to take it, so there was nothing for it but to face it out and try to get back. After much bribing the coolies were persuaded to carry the chairs and the party started, followed by

a band of wood-cutters yelling to others to come and kill the foreigners, so the two men of the party seized the ringleaders, and threatened to shoot the next man that attempted to interfere with them. This cowed the rabble, and the party managed to get back to Kiukiang, unharmed and grateful. Months after this the conflict continued, but Mr. Little stood firm despite the entreaties of everyone, including his wife, and in the end—won.

The result is one of the most popular and charming hill resorts, a boon to the whole of the Yangtsze valley and European residents from far and near flock to its cooling heights during the hot months.



THE TENNIS GIRL

SIR, I am a tennis girl, a delightful tennis girl;

See me make the racquet whirl,

Overhand and under curl,

Volley shot and outer swirl.

Sir, I am a tennis girl, a tennis girl.

Service, sir, and look alive or the game you won't survive;

You will have to make a dive,

To return that slinging drive;

Honour calls on you to strive,

For I'm fighting to "arrive" yes, to "arrive."

You're a set and I'm a set, and I'll take the third you bet:

Swish the ball glides o'er the net;

Well returned, sir, bravely met;

Still I lead and leading yet:

There's the stroke to win the set, that's won the set.

C. E. C

A Man's Experience of the First Year of Married Life

IT hardly seems like a year ago since I was married to Jane, but it is. Just a year ago this month! Well, well! And it looks like three years! Who ever thought that the time could drag along so slowly? I suppose it's only a year, though it certainly feels longer.

What a splendid time we had on our two weeks' honeymoon too! Why, we were like a couple of turtle-doves. She couldn't do enough for me, nor I for her. And the dear girl positively wouldn't let me spend any money on her. She said I must not waste my hard-earned pounds on her. Heigho! how women do change!

And then she refused to have anything or buy anything that I didn't like, and would persist in my having my own way in everything, and I naturally preferred to do as she pleased, and always wanted to surrender my own will to hers. I believe that mutual feeling lasted for nearly two months; but, great Scot, how some people can change!

At that time she said she positively doted on the delicious aroma of my cigars—she just loved to inhale the fragrance! And she was glad I paid sixpence apiece for them—that showed they were not common cigars. Now I wonder if she was “stringing” me at that time! Those same cigars have grown to be “filthy weeds” and they smell like “burnt cabbage-leaves.” My “extravagance” in cigars is “unbounded”—and I am smoking about one-third as many as I used to a year ago!

My bride of a year ago believed that it was manly for me to belong to nice clubs; she thought it must be a great relief for me after the business worries of the day to go into that cosy club-room and enjoy a game of cards. Yes, that's just about the way she put it, but she soon changed her opinion. My club was a “vile den” that ought to be “suppressed by the police,”

my fellow members were “miserable loafers” who had “no home to go to,” and I was a “night owl.”

And the trouble I had to press upon her that first five hundred dollars! I was a “silly, generous boy,” and I would be sure to need it myself! She did not want anything—nothing but her dear own husband. Well, I knew she could not last long like that on the money question, but when the change came, or rather, when she came for the change (which she did about twice daily)—I felt out of sorts. Also out of pocket. She has got so much into the habit of asking for many that when she commences to speak at the breakfast table I interrupt her and say: “How much?” Dress? She didn't want any dresses a year ago. She said she had enough to last her for ever so long. That was indefinite, of course, but I did not think the time would expire in less than ninety days. The number of gowns, cloaks, wraps, hats, bonnets, etc., she really has had in the last nine months is simply beyond the grasp of arithmetic.

We had an “accession” in June and it was very singular. Of course I was glad it wasn't plural. My wife had determined on calling the baby after either one of us, according to the sex. Well, it was a girl, and my better half decided on Jane. Inadvertently I remarked that I thought one Jane in the family was quite enough, and—do you know, my wife took it as a personal insult. I couldn't convince her that I meant no harm. Married a year, eh! Well, I have gained a lot of knowledge and experience and way. I suppose that she thinks that I have changed a lot, but she is mistaken. I am the same old, thick-headed, soft-brained addle-pated donkey that I was when I led her to the altar last year. Great Scot! Can it be possible that it was only a year ago?



Garden Notes



AUGUST

THIS month is usually as hot if not hotter than July, but there is more likelihood of a break in the weather from a typhoon, which clears the air for a few days, but plays havoc amongst the flowers; this break may generally be looked for in the last week of the month when the summer is popularly supposed to be over.

popular flower, and deservedly so because of its exquisite beauty, variety of colours and delicious fragrance. As a garden flower its popularity has enormously increased in comparatively recent years, and as an exhibition flower it stands very high.

The wide and growing esteem in which carnations are held is to be attributed not only to the advance in the beauty of form and colouring which have been



Photo

ALOES, IN MRS. SNETHLAGE'S GARDEN

Mrs. Snethlage

There is nothing much to be done out-of-doors except to keep things tidy, and as a great many residents leave Shanghai for a spell, a number of gardens are left to get along as best they can under the natives.

Cosmos, dahlias and bananas especially get badly damaged in high winds, and the two former should be strongly staked.

Gloxiniyas are in full bloom.

Carnations and Picotees—The carnation, sister flower to the rose, is an immensely

evolved by the patient efforts of raisers of new varieties, but to the ease with which most of them can be grown.

In the 16th century this plant had the descriptive title Coronaria added to *Vetonica altis*. The theory of Mr. George Henslow—and the theory seems sound—is that the word became mispronounced "Coronation," and was then corrupted to "Carnation," and finally to Carnation, it being a mere accident that it arrived at the same spelling as carnation the colour.

Just as the fertilisers' skill has altered the modern chrysanthemum almost out of recognition with the old chrysanthemum indicum, so the latest examples of the carnation constitute a marvellous difference from the plant from which the flower of to-day has been developed.

With the carnation, as in the matter of gardening generally, there is no finality, and the future will doubtless, and almost certainly, see further remarkable results from the persistent work of the florists.

Soil for the culture of the carnation and picotee in pots should consist of three-parts of turf loam and a fourth part in equal parts of dried, well-decayed cow or horse manure and leaf mould. A dash of sand will make the compost more porous, and a handful of soot may also be added. These ingredients should be well mixed, and if dry watered the day before using. It must be merely moist, not wet, when used.



Plants forced by fire.—A curious case of plants forced by fire is reported from Chaussée-sur-Marne, near Châlons, France. Some pear and apple trees in an orchard were partly scorched by a fire at the end of August, and the untouched branches a few weeks later, that is to say about the end of September, burst into a second blossoming as thick as in spring time. Some lilacs and plum trees after being scorched also flowered again. It should be noted that the fire only lasted four hours, and that all the species forced by it have their buds formed in August. This chance observation of the action of fire on plant ought to be followed up by horticulturists, as it might lead to a new method of forcing flowers and fruit. Fire might be more easily applied than ether and chloroform, already used for the purpose.



Rockeries.—The best thing to plant on rockeries is ivy, but many kinds of hardy ferns can be included, also the common

caladium which, if protected in winter with straw or stable manure, need not be lifted provided it is in a sheltered place or southern aspect, but if facing north, it is better to take them up and house them in the winter in a cool frame, the latter grow very large and look very effective: any kind of stone or large stump of trees will do to make rockeries.

Lumps of Clinker (generally obtainable from the Gas Co.) are excellent for the purpose of forming edging to slopes or shrubberies close to approaches as they prevent the earth from being washed down in heavy rains on to the gravel. They can be planted with small creepers or ivy if desired: if ferns are brought down from the country, it is as well to bring as much of the soil they grow in as possible, and replant them where required as they will take root quicker than in fresh soil.

Stone Wort is an excellent plant to insert in rockeries, also *London Pride* as both, once established, spread very rapidly.

Mounds.—A great many persons talk in an airy way about filling in a pond or "throwing up" a mound to improve the look of the garden, but until they come to fill in or make the mound, they do not realize the amount of stuff that is required, and what a big hole has to be dug to get out sufficient soil.

Many persons purposely do not have some of the graves removed when they buy land, as they form excellent mounds when planted on, and therefore it is just as well to leave a grave or two, if not in the way of buildings or tennis lawns. There is only one large garden in Shanghai which has undulating ground, viz., Unkaza, and the effect of this is most marked, as the trees which grow on the higher slopes are very fine specimens, notably amongst others there is a magnificent Camphor Tree.

Jui-Jitsu from Tommy Atkins Point of View

Why the Japs Win.

"All you chaps are talkin' through your 'eads," sez Nobby; "it ain't rifles, it ain't guns, and it ain't officers."

"You know a fat lot," Spud Murphy stuck in. "If it ain't none of them, what is it?"

"Juo Jitsuu," sez Nobby, with a cough.

"Who's she, Nobby?" I sez, an' all the other chaps said the same.



TWO JUI-JUTSU ADEPTS AT THE
JAPANESE COLLEGE.

"Juo Jitsuu," sez Nobby slowly, "is a sort of thing that you 'it a chap with without touchin' 'im, in a manner of speakin'."

"Talk sense, Nobby," sez Spud, "an', he sez, 'don't try to talk about things you don't know nothin' about.'

"I'll show you what I mean," sez Nobby, gettin' up from 'is cot. "I read

about it in a book I bought—come 'ere, Dusty."

"What for?" sez Dusty, shrinkin' back.

"I want to show you 'ow it's done," sez Nobby, takin' orf 'is coat an' rollin' up 'is sleeves.

"Show Smithy," sez Dusty.

"Show Spud," I sez, very hasty.

Spud didn't like the idea, but Nobby said it was all right.

"If you 'urt me," sez Spud, threatenin', "it's me an' you for it, Nobby."

"Don't cry," sez Nobby, takin' 'old of Spud's arm, an' then started to explain.

"Suppose you're a thief," 'e sez.

"No snacks," sez Spud.

"Suppose you come up to me on pay night an' try to pick my pocket."

"You ain't ever got anything on a pay night," sez Spud, with a larf.

"Well," went on Nobby, not takin' any notice of Spud, "I just ketch 'old of you like this—an' that—an' there you are."

"An' before Spud knew what was happenin' there 'e was, on the floor—whack!"

"Don't you do that again," sez Spud, gettin' up.

"Now," sez Nobby, gettin' Spud by the throat, "suppose you're a dangerous criminal an' I'm a policeman—"

"Leggo," sez Spud, strugglin'.

"I just push you in the face, kick your leg, butt you with my 'ead—and there you are!" An' down went Spud on 'is back—bang!

"Look ere," sez Spud—"e never could take a joke—" look 'ere," 'e sez, "don't you try your funny tricks on me, Nobby, or——"

"'What's the good of gettin' out of temper,' sez Nobby, an' we all said the same, so did a lot of chaps who'd come up from the room downstairs when they 'eard Spud fall. So we told 'im it was for the good of the reg'ment, an' we was all learnin' Ju-What-its-name, an' we said no one else was strong enough to be experimented on, an' so we calmed 'im down, an' 'e said 'e'd go on bein' an experiment.

"'Suppose I'm a robber,' sez Nobby, 'an' try to pinch your watch. Now what you've got to do is catch 'old of my coat an' arf strangle me.'

"'I can do that,' sez Spud, brightenin' up.

"'An' what I've got to do is to prevent you,' sez Nobby. 'Now 'ere I come, pretendin' to lift your watch.'

"'It was as good as a pantomime to watch Spud waitin' to land one on Nobby when 'e got close enough; but somehow, when Spud jumped forward to choke Nobby, Nobby wasn't there, an' down went Spud all in a 'eap.

"'E got up, feelin' 'is legs to see if they was broke, an' Shiner Williams, who 'appened only to arrive at that minute, asked Nobby to do it again, because 'e wasn't lookin' at the time.

"'That's what you call Ju-jitsoo, is it?' sez Spud.

"'Yes,' sez Nobby, puttin' on 'is coat,

'that's why the Japs always win, an' the Russians always lose.'

"'That's Ju-jitsoo, is it?' sez Spud, takin' orf 'is coat.

"'That's it, Spud,' sez Nobby. 'I 'ope it'll be a lesson to you—I don't charge you anything for learnin' you—but I'm willin' to give lessons at fourpence a time to any young military gentleman present. Who'll 'ave fourpennoth?'

"'That's Ju-jitsoo, is it?' sez Spud, in a sort of dream; an' then 'e makes a rush at Nobby, an' knocks poor old Nobby over an' sits on 'im.

"'What's the Ju-jitsoo for this, Nobby?' sez Spud, given' 'im a punch.

"'Lemme get up,' sez Nobby.

"'Suppose you're a big-footed liar of a soldier what gets flattened out an' sat on for bein' too comic—what do you do next?' sez Spud, givin' Nobby a smack on the 'ead.

"'I 'aven't read that part yet,' gasps Nobby. 'Let me get up an' ave a dekko at the book.'

"'Let 'im get up, Spud,' I sez.

"'Hullo, Smithy,' sez Spud, 'what are you stickin' your ugly nose in for?'

"'Never mind my nose,' I sez; 'let Nobby up, or I'll give you a wipe in the eye,' I sez.

"'So Spud got up an' so did Nobby.

"'I see,' sez Spud, 'Ju-jitsoo means always 'avin' a fat-eaded pal handy to take your part,' 'e sez."

JULY

THE glowing ruby should adorn
Those who in warm July are born;
Thus will they be exempt and free
From love's doubts and anxiety.

Leaves from an Old Diary

By GEORGE WASHINGTON BAFFEY,
Who served under General Gordon

My Visit to Kaihingchow

WE arrived at the city of Kaihingchow, a little after dark, and could not get in the city, so I was locked up for the night in the guard-room. Next morning I was sent to the city under a guard, who called out to the people, "come, look at the fan-kwai,"—you may be sure they did not want asking twice, they flocked around me in hundreds, asking where I came from; on the soldiers telling them, they began to pelt me with stones and mud, sometimes rushing up to me and taking handfuls of my hair. This lasted about an hour, then I was ushered into the yamén or official residence, they kept me here four days deliberating whether they would cut off my head or not; however, they came to the conclusion to send me to Canton, and let the Viceroy do it as he was the biggest man, for which I thanked them much. On the morning of the fifth day I got my basin of rice and water as usual, and was told I was going to Canton as soon as I had eaten it. We started after giving me another turn around the city to take leave of my four days' acquaintance. I was then put in a boat and off we started, I cannot find any map giving this river a name, it runs almost north and south, and empties into the Han. We were seven days ascending it, it has a very swift current and being shallow a boat is propelled by poles. At the end of seven days we got to a small city—the end of navigation; I asked the name of the river, but they would not tell me. Here we left our boat and got chairs, they gave me an open chair or

frame of a sedan before it is covered, whilst all the rest had nice covered ones which were very much needed, as the sun shone pretty hot in July. I did not care so much for the sun as for the country people, who flocked around me in every place, following me from village to village, using all sorts of abusive epitaphs towards me.

A CHINESE HOTEL

At night we stopped in an hotel, don't imagine it anything like an American house of the same title. Every traveller finds his own bed and his food, and pays so much for the fireplace to cook it. I had no bed so took the floor for it, but that did not last long. I was very soon covered with bugs and fleas, which made me get up and walk the floor all night. We started at daylight next morning, taking breakfast before we started. They began to treat me better now, they gave me a shade over my chair, and I was able to get a little sleep. We were travelling over a beautiful country, mountainous but not bare, all the sides were terraced and water was pouring down them like streaks of silver. This night another hotel and no sleep; we started the same as yesterday and arrived at the river Tung or Canton River as foreigners call it. We stopped here for the night and next morning a boat was hired and "down the Ohio we floated." I was cheered to think that ten days more would bring me in view of white faces again. I cannot describe my trip down this beautiful river; it took me all my time to watch the banks of it to see if I could see Canton.

(To be continued).

To the Dear Homeland

A MONTHLY LETTER

"In the dear Homeland far across the sea,
I wonder if they miss me, do they think of me?"

On Summer Resorts

DEAR BARBARA,

Shanghai weather is beginning to get too warm for most people, and there has been a general exodus in the direction of summer resorts.

JAPAN

A great many people favour Japan because it is such an entire change to get away from everything Chinese and a brain as well as a body rest. Those who dread a long sea journey need only

round satisfaction, most people vote for Kamakura or Miyanoshita, where there are excellent and well-managed hotels, which goes far towards making a holiday enjoyable. Our illustrations will give you an idea of the up-to-date and comfortable proportions of Kamakura Kaihinin Hotel, while the pleasure of being waited upon by the smiling and graceful little *neisan* or waitress is a pleasure that must be experienced to be fully understood.

MOUNTAIN RESORTS

On the other hand many people will not face the infelicities of sea-sickness,



A CORNER OF THE DINING ROOM—KAMAKURA HOTEL

go as far as Nagasaki, which is about thirty-six hours' run by sea, and from whence they can soon reach the mountain resort of Unzen, but if one is a good sailor the journey to Yokohama via the Inland Sea is in itself worth making. From Yokohama one can find numberless delightful summer resorts, but for comfort and all-

so hie to the few mountain resorts which may be reached by river or creek. The most popular of these is Kuling, which is reached by travelling on a very comfortable steamer up the Yangtse Kiang as far as Kiukiang and from there to the adjacent hill resort of Kuling by mountain chairs carried by coolies. For

those who are not nervous the journey up the mountain is something to be remembered; up and up countless steps cut in the hill side one slowly toils, sometimes along a narrow pathway overhanging a precipice a hundred feet or more

But they don't; being as sure-footed as an antelope nothing happens, and one can rest in security and enjoy the glories of the changing scenes which are to be found at every turn. If of a daring spirit with a turn for excitement, come down



THE BILLIARD ROOM—KAMAKURA HOTEL

in depth, winding on round corners that are so sharp that at times one's chair is suspended bridge like over a sheer precipice and one gasps to think of what would happen if a chair-bearer slipped.

after it has been raining for a week or two as I once did. The ground had been rendered so slippery that the bearers deemed it less risky to run than walk, and you hold your breath, likewise the



STAFF OF SERVANTS—KAMAKURA HOTEL

arms of your chair, and commend yourself to the deity you deem most likely to cast its protecting influence over your cavalcade in its mad career. If one is a lover of nature and not troubled by nervous qualms,

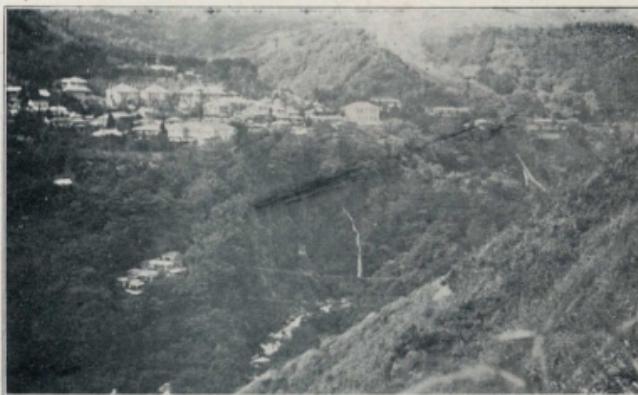
sports, tennis tournaments, concerts, picnics, etc., are enjoyed to the utmost, while afternoon teas with a spice of scandal introduced serve to relieve the monotony, and make it homelike. Every



THE KITCHEN—KAMAKURA HOTEL

the journey up and down is full of delight, with its purple peaks through which one occasionally gets panoramic glimpses of the plains below, its bubbling stream and trickling falls.

year Kuling becomes more popular, and I am told at the present moment every bungalow is occupied and the few boarding-houses there are like London busses on a wet day—full inside, so that the desultory



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF MIYANOSHITA

To many who spend the rest of the year in obscure and lonely places, it is looked upon as the yearly opportunity of social intercourse with their own people, and

visitor is apt to find he hath no place to lay his head.

But Kuling is no means the only hill resort in China, although it may

safely be voted the largest and most popular.

About thirty-six miles to the south-east of Hangchow is Mokanshan or Mokan Hill (Shan being the Chinese name for hill) where a number of Shanghai people have their own bungalows. This resort is more accessible than Kuling to "Shanghai-landers" and only entails a journey in a houseboat to Sanjaopoo, where there is a rest-house for the accommodation of visitors, and then a journey of about three hours by chair, altogether a journey of about twenty-four hours compared with



A POPULAR PICNIC GROTTO NEAR KULING

numbers something like eight hundred people and much like Kuling the principal diversions consist of tea and tiffin parties, picnics, and tennis. Very popular is the latter recreation and the tennis courts, of which there are about a dozen, are generally kept pretty busy while there is daylight. A swimming pool is in course of construction. The Shanghai Municipal Council owns two large bungalows which are used as a sanatorium for convalescent members of their staff.

Chikungshan is the newest hill resort of



THE ORIENTAL HOTEL, KOBE

at least three days to Kuling. The majority of bungalows at Mokanshan are at an elevation of about 200 feet and in clear weather some magnificent views may be obtained. The sides of the hills are covered almost entirely with bamboo groves which provide excellent shade from the sun. During the summer the community



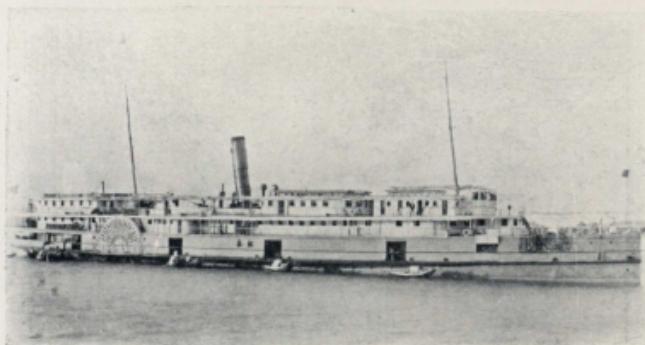
KULING SWIMMING POOL—OUTSIDE THE DAM

China, being situated close by the Peking Hankow Railway is patronized principally by residents of Hankow and missionaries from the surrounding districts. From Hankow about a five hours' railway journey brings one to the foot of the hills so it is much patronized as a week-end resort by jaded Hankowites.

There are some very nice bungalows to be



THE SWIMMING POOL AT KULING



ONE OF THE YANGTSE RIVER STEAMERS C.M.S.N. CO. S.S. "KIANGYUNG"

found here, one of the handsomest that of Mr. J. Findlay of Hankow, which has extensive grounds on which he expends much time and money experimenting in

horticulture. As this hill belongs to the Chinese I fear it will never become as popular as the others I mention for Chinese management does not inspire confidence.



Photo

THE BUND—KIUKIANG

R. J.

Watering Places.

This year the most popular summer resort for Shanghai residents is Weihaiwei, which of course you all know by repute as it is a British possession. This, coupled with the fact that it is a summer naval station and sanatorium, makes it doubly attractive to us who are only strangers in a strange land



CHIKUNGSHAN—A HILL RESORT FIVE HOURS BY RAIL FROM HANKOW



and very rarely see a British "Tommy Atkins." Recently there has been raised a suggestion of its being given back to China, but while the Japanese hold Port Arthur, I am inclined to think that Britain is

view. At present there are two good hotels at Weihaiwei which are crowded to their utmost capacity and a number of people, too numerous to mention, are living in private bungalows, but during



Photo

CENTRAL HEIGHTS—MOKANSHAN

Mr. Pace

unlikely to let Weihaiwei pass out of her hands. Of course "the wish is father to the thought," for Weihaiwei in the hands of the Chinese would be a very different place from a summer residential point of

the latter part of the summer an unfortunate epidemic of sickness amongst the children has somewhat ruffled the serenity of those staying there, and made people anxious to rush back as soon



A VIEW OF CHEFOO BLUFF

as the weather cools off sufficiently to permit.

Three years ago it was Tsingtau that ranked favourite in the way of summer resorts, and although Tsingtau is a German colony,

of pleasing our own inclinations, so we go where fancy or fashion takes us.

A great many people choose Chefoo for the summer months and as the U.S. navy usually makes Chefoo their summer head-



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CHEFOO

crowds of British visitors from Shanghai flocked there; but for the present a patriotic turn has seized us and Tsingtau is practically left to the Germans, who, by

quarters, Americans find it particularly attractive. The principal hostelry is the Beach Hotel, but by far the most charmingly situated is Rusholme, a private



THE BEACH—CHEFOO

way of contrast, I must tell you, never transfer their affections or custom to Weihaiwei. I fear we Britishers are not inclined to let patriotism override our love

boarding-house which is at the other end of the beach, near the I. M. Schools, and which boasts of a magnificent bathing beach of which my photo will give you an idea.

On the other hand France favours Chinwangtao for its naval summer quarters and is much patronized by Tientsin residents. In the winter Chinwangtao is one of the few northern ports that is not ice bound and the Chinese Engineering & Mining Company run a regular line of steamers from Shanghai to Chinwangtao.

Residents of Peking and Tientsin usually summer in Peitaiho and swear by it, but



BRITISH "TARS" BATHING AT WEIHAIWEI

there are many Shanghai people who go there and are equally enthusiastic. Unfortunately I know it not from personal experience so cannot tell you just where the fascination lies.

My personal choice of a summer resort is my own house where I can wear what I



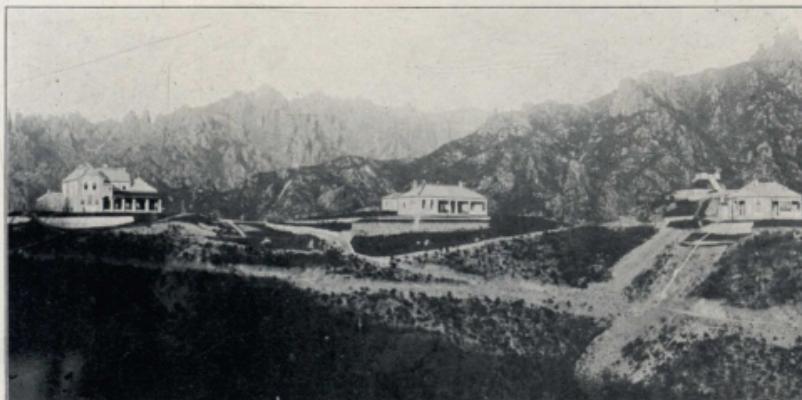
Photo R. J.
HAULING IN THE FISHING NET AT WEIHAIWEI

like, eat what I like and do as I please, for every place in the East is hot in the summer, but one's own bungalow by the sea or in the mountains is the nearest approach one can find in the land of your exiled

NANCY.



Photo R. J.
A RURAL SCENE AT WEIHAIWEI



CONVALESCENT HOME, MECKLENBURG HOUSE, IN THE LANSHAN VALLEY NEAR TSINGTAU



THE BEACH, TSINGTAU



THE OLD SANATORIUM AT MOKANSAN



Mokanshan

MOKANSHAN is a range of mountains situated about 150 miles from Shanghai, north-west of Hangchow, its highest peak, Tahsan, is only about 8,000 feet above sea-level. Access is by boat, towed on the Hangchow boat train to Dongsi, then rowed to Sanjaopoo. Thence one is carried in a chair. Altogether a delightful trip in pleasant weather and when one "knows the ropes."

The place was discovered by the Rev. Mr. Mason about twenty years ago. He apparently went there little and was content with the lower slopes of the mountains. Missionaries who climbed as high as the "lower Wangs" were welcomed with open arms by these and the "Yaos," the only autochthonous families in the region, who placed their ancestral halls at the disposal of the foreign devils, gladly retiring to temporary straw huts where they drove thriving trade with their visitors and their native following, turning many a dishonest penny in gambling and in selling the less desirable of the family acres at most desirable prices to those same gullible devils.

More foreigners arriving, the "upper Wangs" came in for their share of the spoils. It speaks volumes for the attractions of M. K. S.* that foreigners for years "put up" in these hamlets, not in airy and picturesque temples but ordinary homesteads, cuddled away from the wind, low-down, viewless, mosquito haunted and malodorous.

* i "Mind and Keep Sun-shiny."

2 Mount of Klear Sunshine.

In 1898 pioneers bought land above the bamboo level. Mt. Klair estate was divided into lots, and the founder, in horror of the stigma of money-making by missionaries, bought back a couple of lots and built Mimosa, well placed in the curve of the horse-shoe formed by the junction of "Lion" and "Tiger" hills, which make Mt. Klair. This estate, being the first settlement, has its own rules, taxes, committees and spring and pleasure grounds, though it joins in everything with the rest



"KARMEL"

Showing a corner of Mt. Klair lawn

of the community. The great event of the Season, the "Sunday School picnic" or field day, has always been held on the Mt. Klair lawn and the proposal to hold it this year at the new Recreation Grounds raised such a protest that it was withdrawn.

One reaches the above-mentioned grounds by following the course of empire along a shady road nearly level. Here are the new tennis courts, below them a space for lawns and play-grounds for the children and then the swimming bath.

Not far from this, since "holy" means "healthy," you naturally find the church and reading-room.

This, almost the lowest part of the township, is called "central flowery heights," and here are many cottages embowered in bamboo plumes.

Westward again you ascend breathlessly to the "ridge" whence empire, if she would go any further, must scramble down the western slope.

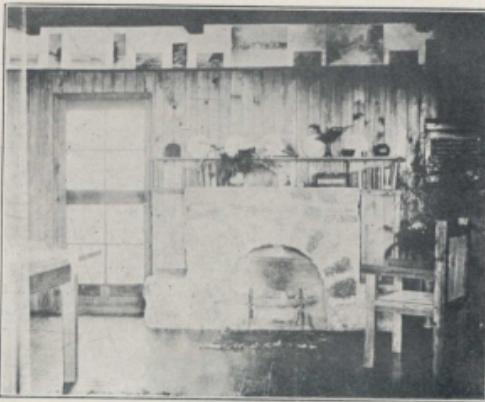
Houses on the ridge are built close together, and the greatest sociability prevails.

From the top of the ridge down to the level of the "lower Wangs" the southerly slope is dotted with houses which enjoy a good view as well as the advantage of a south frontage.

CLIMATE.

One hears naught but good of the climate, except in June, the season of almost universal rain in China, and people would not notice the rain much if they

were not bent only on pleasure. As it is, one can nearly always get out every day, and when the cool clouds enwrap you after one or two bright hot days nothing could be more soothing. The



A FIRESIDE AT "KARMEL."

"sea-of-fog" at dawn or by moonlight, like the sunset view from "Karmel," is a thing to remember always.

GOVERNMENT.

A republican form of government obtains, affairs being administered by committees appointed at the public meeting which is one of the most exciting events of the season.

NATURAL PRODUCTS.

To start on a description of the flowers which make spring elysian at Mokanshan would mean stretching the limits of this article too far. The bamboo groves are a source of endless joy to beauty lovers and the wealth of large trees pine, fir, mimosa, maple, chestnut, and oak, is



ANOTHER CORNER AT "KARMEL."

remarked upon by visitors used to the bareness of other resorts.

EXPORTS.

Tea, charcoal, turnips, fire-wood, bamboo poles, shoots fresh as well as salted are exported, also bamboo brooms and baskets.

IMPORTS.

Most of the food-stuffs consumed are imported. There are some good vegetable gardens notably that connected with the general store whose prices are in some cases lower than those in Shanghai.



INTERIOR OF "KARMEL."

With these gardens and vegetables now being grown by mountain folk, from foreign seed gladly given them by Mt. Klair people, and two good stores, visitors should not lack any good thing. This year foreign boys were peddling candy at a little over half price.

INHABITANTS.

Besides the "old inhabitants" who have, since time immemorial, grown tea which once was famous; mountain men from Anhui, a strong and hardy race, were found here and there, "squatting" in

thatched huts near some clear spring. They scratch up a bit of ground for turnips, Indian corn and squashes, on rainy days make brooms and baskets, pick wild tea and fire it in the night with an accompaniment of song and story.

They do not bring their families, returning home occasionally for winter visits when they have been known to walk the whole distance. Their huts are clean and most simply furnished, they live in privation of all but bare necessities. They are adepts at making something out

of nothing, with the strong, sharp bill-hook they carry at their waists, in a green wooden half-sheath, ready to chop a bamboo at one deft stroke and split it into the finest strips for dainty little baskets, or for use as a weapon of offence or defence. They are kind-hearted and hospitable, honest, exceedingly just, and pleasant-voiced, altogether the most like "folks" of all the folk in this part of the world.

In strong contrast are the masons from "Toongyang" who followed the foreigners; these are dirty, bad-mannered, acquisitive, mendacious, noisy, and harsh-voiced.

POPULATION.

The census returns have not yet come out, but there are about 108 houses, all but seven occupied this season.

AMUSEMENTS.

Though tennis is the favourite sport and the tournament the great event, which, with a fortnight of "meetings," for awhile bars any other interest, there is a good

deal of music, occasionally a serenade, picnics especially by moonlight are greatly favoured, even butterfly hunting has its vogue. For cool weather pleasant walks are endless, as are the delights of studying the beautiful or peculiar forms of plant and insect life.

WATER SUPPLY.

The water that "made Mt. Clair famous," ice-cold, sparkling, delicious, will

not bear exportation. Chinese have represented the foreigners as bottling and sending it away, while, in reality, so evanescent is the spirit which seems to animate it, that like manna of old it cannot be kept over night (to drink). Some have even declared that by the time it reached the top of Lion Hill it was different from that pouring like liquid crystal from the spring. Water, blessed water! Best of all gifts to man.



THE HARVEST OF THE SEA

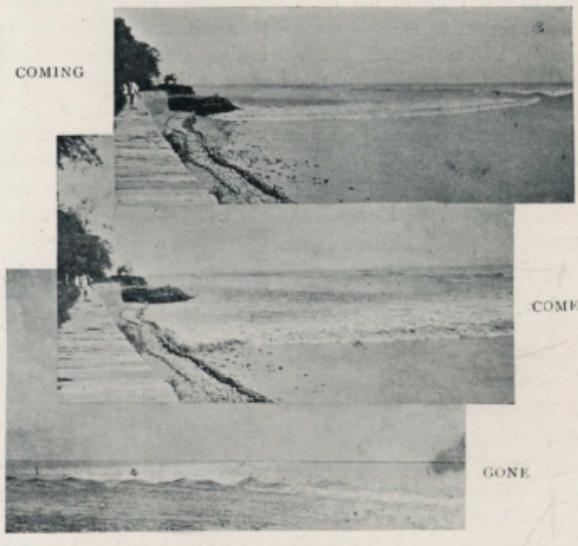
By A. Moy.

COME fierce North Wind from out thine icy realm
 And with the sickle of thy blast
 Reap in the waves that roaring past
 My hidden treasures whelm ;
 With far swing sweep in thy restless night
 Lay bare the bosom of my deep,
 And where my blind sea-monsters creep,
 Give thou my depths to sight ;
 Here, hid for years at my great mountains' feet
 They lie, the argosies of yore,
 Far from their wished for, native shore ;
 Far from the trade wind 's beat,
 Whelmed in my slime with clean pick'd ribs and all
 Their secret parts laid bare for me ;
 Who took their treasure to my fee,
 And gave my depth for pall.
 Great galleon of Ancient Spain lies here
 And, locked in death-grips here below,
 The sturdy brig her sturdy foe ;
 Let all men see—and fear.
 All these be mine and many a treasure more,
 Bullion of long gone lands and days
 Hid from all gross inquiring gaze,
 But trifles in my store—
 Can't take thy pick of fairest man or maid,
 Myriads I hold of every race,
 And fair or foul I gave them place ;
 They came to me—and stayed.

The Hangchow Bore

THE Hangchow Bore, or, as it would be more correctly termed "Tidal Bore of the Tsientang," is generally acknowledged to be one of the most wonderful sights in the world, and, though it is figuratively speaking, at our very doors, it is astonishing how many Shanghai residents have not seen it. The

between 10h. om. and 10h. 30m. in the neighbourhood of the meridian of Chisan, a conspicuous headland twelve miles E.S.E. from Haining. On a still night, it can be heard from Haining, within half-an-hour after it has formed, and on a fine day it can be seen with a good telescope about the same distance.



THE HANGCHOW BORE

standard work on this remarkable phenomenon is that of Commander Moore, R.N., who in 1888 made a series of observations on behalf of the Admiralty. His paper read before the North-China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society contains the following interesting information:—

"At full and change of the moon, the bore of the Tsientangkiang originates

It is divided into two branches, one of which keeps along the north shore of the estuary touching the sea-wall with its north extreme and the sands with its south extreme, this is the main bore, and the highest. The other appears in view at Haining from a south-easterly direction, touching sand on both sides. When four miles from Haining, the

branches join, the right extreme of the first with the left extreme of the second, making a continuous white line two miles in length. Shortly afterwards, the bore commences to contract in width, increase in speed, and rise in height, conforming to the mouth of the river. When two miles from Haining, the flood-stream (probably that from the south-east), runs through the other, or deflects the course of the whole, and charges into the sea-wall. There is no particular effect at the wall itself, but a violent rebound, causing a tumultuous rising of the water in waves, several hundred yards behind, but twice as high again as the front of the bore. These waves are in existence for many minutes, travelling in a southerly or south-westerly direction, and, after a time, subside on to the back of the bore. Precisely as the moon crosses the meridian, the bore passes Haining, where it is nearly a straight line across the river, nine cables wide, eight to twelve feet high, and travelling between twelve and thirteen knots an hour, its front being a uniform, sloping cascade of bubbling foam, falling forward and pounding on itself, and on the river before it, at an angle of between 40 and 70. The highest and steepest part is over the deep channel of the river. The north edge of the flood swells up to the sea-wall as it goes along, but the south side, meeting as it does a very gradual incline of sand, which rises only nineteen feet in fourteen miles, trails away in a tapering wall of very deliberate breakers, which end half-a-mile behind, where the bore had passed three or four

minutes previously. The river fills up to the level of the bore soon after it goes by, but not evenly. The height, speed, and regular appearance of the front are maintained for sixteen miles above Haining, after which the bore decreases in height, and passes the city of Hangchow about two hours, soon to break up and disappear."

Intending visitors are advised to consult a little handbook on the subject by Mr. W. R. Kahler. This year the best bores will be seen on the 30th September.

Haining, the place from which the bore is best seen is reached by a houseboat towed by launch via Samen which is about 128 miles from Shanghai. Leaving the Grand Canal at Samen one travels a further eighteen miles to Haining. An average steam-launch can get to within about two miles of the city and a houseboat to within about half-a-mile of the river itself. The following is an actual time-table of a trip recently made by a party of visitors in two houseboats in tow of a steam-launch:—

29th Sept.	Left Nanking Road Jetty...	5.27 p.m.
	(strong ebb tide)	
30th ..	Passed Minghong	9.30 p.m.
	Passed Kashing	6.40 a.m.
	Passed Samen	11.20 a.m.
	Passed bridge south of Samen	11.45 a.m.
	Passed Sajao	1.40 p.m.
	Arrived Haining	3.40 p.m.
1st Oct.	Left Haining (poling)	2.15 p.m.
	Joined launch	2.40 p.m.
	Passed Samen	6.40 p.m.
	Passed Kashing	11.15 p.m.
2nd ..	Passed Minghong	8.45 a.m.
	Arrived Shanghai	11.00 a.m.

Our photographs were taken when the bore was not at its best, but nevertheless give a good idea of the volume of water passing up the river.



THE BEST HOTEL IN THE EAST

JONES : "That's all right."

SMITH : "First rate, private bath-room too."

JONES : "But very expensive no doubt."

SMITH : "On the contrary it was the cheapest hoiday I ever had."

JONES : "Really? For goodness sake, tell me the name of the place."

SMITH : "I stayed at home."

A Tale of the Saddle Islands

HITHERTO SUPPRESSED

MARCUS Merrygold and his wife, Agatha, sat at breakfast in their lately erected dwelling not far from the Bubbling Well. Marcus had a weakness for boiled eggs. He was also finical as to the state of the eggs; both as to their age, and to the nicety of the cooking. In an egg which an ordinary mortal would declare perfectly fresh, Marcus would discover just that least shade of strawiness which disqualifies it for his use. As to the cooking; an egg for Marcus had to be in boiling water just so many seconds—no more and no less. Agatha, his wife, thought many things.

Marcus sliced through an egg with his knife, and, removing the top, looked at it critically through his eye-glasses. He told the boy to remove it. Agatha jerkily took the cosey from over the tea-pot and said: "Really, Marcus!"

"My dear Agatha," said Marcus, "that egg is not fresh; that is, not perfectly fresh. A really fresh egg, my dear!"—and Marcus proceeded to open a second one—"A really fresh egg gives forth an aroma which, to a highly trained sense such as mine, is almost heavenly. But if there is the slightest trace of age——"

Marcus ceased. His knife had penetrated the shell and come in contact with something which was certainly not the ordinary inner being of a fresh egg. It was something very tough indeed.

"Here is another," said Marcus, "now really, Agatha, I think that even you will admit that this egg is still a little off colour. It is solid. The thing contains a chicken."

"A very suitable thing for an egg to contain, Marcus," said Agatha testily. "I am sure it is not often you have to complain of such an occurrence. Cook cannot test every egg at the market."

Marcus was industriously trying to saw through the obstruction; but, finding that he was unable to penetrate it, he broke over the shell, determined to find out how far gone the egg really was. To his surprise he came across—not as he expected to do, a hen in embryo; but what, to all appearances, was a roll of oilskin. He removed this from the centre of the egg, and looked at his wife across the table.

"One might be tempted to imagine, my dear Agatha," said he, "to-day the first of April and you returned to the days of your girlhood. This is almost childish, my love, and places me in a very ridiculous light in the eyes of the servants."

"I fail to understand you," said his wife contemptuously, "You are really very strange this morning. That horrid club dinner last night, I suppose! I cannot see why men must be such beasts."

Marcus was unfolding the roll of oilskin. The word beasts caused him to pause and meditate a reply. He refrained, however, and proceeded to spread on the table before him a small sheet of paper he discovered inside the oilskin. There was writing on it and the heading:—"Strictly private; for Marcus only," constrained him to silence. Agatha, busy with her own breakfast, failed to notice what he was doing. Marcus read:—

"Say not a word to any man, nor woman, nor child; but arise and get thee to that island that is known as North Saddle, at the mouth of the Yangtszekiang. Take with thee thy wife and thy children; thy man servant, thy maid servant, thy cook and all the coolies that thou hast. Take with thee a pick and shovel, or many shovels, for thou must dig. At the eastern end of the great beach, 'neath a rock to which thine inclination shall lead thee, and at that spot whereon the shadow of the rock falls one hour before noon—dig, and, ere the hour of noon, thou shalt find treasure long hidden—Adieu!"

Marcus rubbed his eyes and pinched himself to make sure that he was awake, and not in the middle of some strange dream.

He was undecided what to do. He was about to hand the paper to his wife; but the thought that there might be something in this mysterious message held his hand.

"Strange influences are at work around us," he said aloud.

"Very strange," said Agatha. "Your other egg will be cold, Marcus, and you will be late for the meeting with Blobson you laid so much stress on last night."

"Thank you for reminding me," said Marcus. "I must look sharp." He finished his breakfast in thoughtful silence and, as he rose to go, told Agatha that he had been thinking lately of taking her for an outing to the Saldles.

"The fresh air will do the children a lot of good," said Agatha with affected unconcern; Marcus incessant complaints regarding the state of the eggs ruffled her.

"Yes," said Marcus. "We shall take the children of course—and all the servants, my dear." Agatha looked at him in amazement. "Good-bye!" he said, rising and impressing a chaste salute on his wife's forehead. "And you might have all the coal shovels and things of that

sort collected together, my dear," he said, looking in at the door again. "And if you can manage to get a pick-axe I should be glad. Good-bye, dear."

"Good-bye, Marcus." As he went out she watched him through the window till he was safely seated in his carriage.

"He is very strange to-day," she said. "What can be the matter with him? Coal shovels! and a pick-axe! What nonsense! I do hope he is not beginning to break up."

But the time Marcus reached his office he was in a state of great nervous excitement. This was really the most extraordinary experience he had ever had. If the shell of the egg had been broken in any way he could have understood it; but it was intact. "Indeed we are in closer touch with the world of unseen influences than we know of," he thought.

"It would be foolish to ignore such a message. In a week I shall probably be an independent man."

"Good morning," said his second in command, as he passed through the outer office.

"Good morning, Niggs! Anything particular?"

"Nothing very urgent," said Niggs. "I have put some correspondence on your table."

"Ah!" said Marcus, and was about to pass into his private den when he turned and said:—

"You don't happen to know anything about pick-axes, Niggs?"

"Not very much," said Niggs.

"I wish you would try and find out where I can get a pick-axe," said Marcus.

"Very well," said Niggs. "Do you want a new pick-axe, or an old one?"

"I don't really think it matters," said Marcus, referring to the little piece of paper he had in his waistcoat pocket. "No! it does not matter, Niggs. Any pick-axe."

"I'll see what I can do," said Niggs, and Marcus passed into his den, leaving his junior wondering what had happened to the "old chap," and putting it down, as usual, to the heat.

Marcus sat at his desk and waded through the correspondence Niggs had referred to. When he had finished it he knew as much about it as he had done at the beginning. The thought of being before long the possessor of untold wealth—treasure long hidden on a lonely island possessed him. It was hard to believe the occurrence of the morning was not a

down to the island easily before midnight, and we can enjoy a comfortable sleep at anchor in smooth water—and be fresh for the exertions of a most eventful day.

He rose from his chair, and, taking his sun helmet from the peg on which it hung, put it on his head and passed through the outer office where tickets for the Saddles were sold, he found a considerable little gathering of men—some of whom he knew—who seemed to be bent on the same errand as himself.



AT THE SADDLES

dream. Was it not a dream? He felt in the pocket of his waistcoat for the paper. Yes! it was there. "For Marcus only." How very strange! He had always prided himself on living a thoroughly honest half—his sense of honour was almost quixotic—and felt sure that such a life would meet its reward some day; but he never dreamed that the reward could come in such a mysterious manner.

"I had better see about tickets," he said to himself. "Let me see," the steamer sails on Saturday at noon; that will get us

"Halloo, Merry," said one. "You don't mean to say you are going to try an outing."

"Why not," said Marcus, "I am going to take the wife and family for a breath of fresh air. They've all been rather under the weather lately." Turning to the man in charge he said: "I want tickets, please, for my wife, myself, and four children. Then I shall have an amah, two boys, a cook, and several coolies.

"The servants been feeling dicky too?" asked the previous speaker, a bit of a

wag. Marcus treated this remark with the contempt it deserved.

"Very sorry," said the man in charge; "but the cabin accommodation is all booked."

"Never mind," said Marcus, "anything will do for us. We must go on Saturday. Delay might be disastrous. Health before comforts, you know, Ha, ha!"

"Or wealth," said the wag. Marcus started and put his finger and thumb into his waistcoat pocket. The paper was still there.

Punctually at noon on Saturday the little steamer left the P. & O. jetty, crowded with passengers. The men of the party were in exuberant spirits; and, of course, the children were boisterous with delight at the idea of a trip on a steamer; minor casualties among them following quickly one upon the other, accompanied by ear-splitting yells of pain, anger or wounded feeling—chiefly the latter. The ladies all seemed tired and worried.

"I've had positively an awful three days of it," said Agatha to a friend of hers. "Marcus has been almost infantile about this trip since he suddenly proposed it last Wednesday morning; and he has been worrying me about shovels—of all things in the world—and a pick-axe. It is annoying in the hot weather."

"How peculiar!" said her friend, Mrs. Blank—of Blank, Blitters & Co. "Joseph has been doing exactly the same thing. He has a collection of old spades, shovels, and a pick-axe or two wrapped in old sacking. And, of all ridiculous notions, he has insisted on bringing our entire staff of servants with us. Did you ever hear of such nonsense. 'Peculiar conditions over which he had no control,' he said 'demanded it.'"

"Everyone seems to have done the same thing, my dear," said Agatha. "The lower deck is packed with Chinese; and

the other end of the ship—the behind end you know—is piled up with bundles in sackcloth or canvas covers. I very much suspect that their contents are the same as ours. There must be some strange mental disturbance about the men. They all seem in capital spirits, though."

"The trouble of getting ready for anything never falls upon the men, my dear," said Mrs. Blank. "No wonder they can start on any little jaunt in spirits!"

A roar of laughter was wafted along by the head wind from the group of men gathered round the captain at the forward end of the shade deck.

They were, indeed, in capital spirits; but it was not a natural jollity. A forced state of excitement seemed to possess them; an excitement which did not tend to abate as they neared the Tungsha lightship, and the weather showed signs of becoming foggy. This was about five in the afternoon.

"I suppose, captain," said Marcus, "you know this run so well that you would not stop for the thickest fogs that ever settled. You could almost smell your way in—eh!"

"No! no!" said the captain. "As soon as I can't see, down goes the anchor. Tides here don't allow a man to take chances."

"Dear me!" said Marcus. "I am most anxious to get there before ten o'clock to-morrow—most anxious. I suppose we are safe enough for that—eh! And, captain, can you tell me how many degrees the sun lies from the meridian at one hour before noon?"

"Really, I think you had better ask the mate," said the captain who was anxious about the weather which was steadily becoming fogger—and who had been pestered all the way down about the time of arrival and so forth.

At six o'clock the little ship lay anchored in a dense fog which the captain said

he thought would not lift before morning. He was glad to get into his cabin, where he and his mate had their evening meal together an hour later.

"I cannot stand any more of them to-night, Shorter," said the skipper, bolting his door. "Such an excited and inquisitive lot of beggars I never ran across, all the time I've been going to sea."

"Heat seems to have turned their heads, sir!" said the mate. One of them asked me how many degrees from the meridian the sun would lie an hour before noon. Did you ever hear such bunkum?"

"I sent him to you," said the skipper. "What did you tell him?"

"I'm surprised at you, sir!" said the mate. "I told him I was blest if I knew—it all depended on the sun."

And two or three of them have asked me to lend them a boat's compass each to find where the meridian is in case it's foggy. What's the matter with them? They come to me one at a time and whisper this kind of rubbish in my ear and seem to be afraid that some of the others will bear them. They, recracked on the Meridian. I think there's an epidemic of lunacy about, sir!"

"Looks like it," said the skipper. "One of the ladies told me she has been quite alarmed about her husband for the last two or three days."

"Not surprised," said the mate. "I shouldn't care to meet any of them on a lonely lane after dark. Good night, sir!"

"Good night! Shorter. We'll get under way at daylight if it's clear."

"Very good," said Shorter. "You had better lock your door to-night, sir!"

The passengers had dined on deck at a long table set under the awning. It taxed the deck room to accommodate them all. Marcus and the other men spent the greater part of the evening peering through the fog to try and catch a glimpse of the

land, which, seeing the land was from fifteen to twenty miles distant and the fog so thick that it was hardly possible to see the ship's head, was rather a waste of energy. The ladies were left entirely to themselves and voted it quite the dullest expedition they had been on.

At six o'clock the next morning the little vessel got under way again and steamed for the North Saddle Island. As they neared the anchorage the excitement among the passengers increased.

"I am here on rather important matters," said Marcus to the captain, "and have some investigations to make which should be made as soon as possible. I wish you would anchor as near the east end of the beach as you can."

"Look here," said the captain, rather testily, "that is the tenth request of the same sort I have had this blessed morning; and, seeing that you all want different positions, I'm going to anchor where I jolly well like."

"Let go your starboard anchor, Shorter!" he shouted to the mate "and pay away to thirty fathoms, and screw up."

"Aye, aye, sir!" said the mate.

The day, as is often the case after fog, gave promise of being one of the hottest of the summer. The plan of campaign devised by Agatha and the ladies was: first breakfast; then, for those who would swim, a sea bath from the steamer at about ten o'clock; tiffin at one; after tiffin sleep for all hands under the awnings till four o'clock tea; after tea all the party to go ashore in a big body and explore the island. Agatha told Marcus of this and asked him if he did not think it would be jolly.

"Jolly, my dear," said Marcus. "It is quite out of the question. It is absolutely necessary that you, the children, and myself—and all the servants—shall be at a certain spot by a quarter to eleven, so we ought to leave the ship by not later than ten."

"Yes dear!" said Agatha, thinking it best to humour him, and making up her mind to call in the doctor as soon as she returned to Shanghai. "You said all the children, Marcus. It is not necessary to take baby ashore in this heat?"

"She must come, Agatha. Take plenty of parasols and sunhats and things. She will be allright," said Marcus.

"But her bottle, Marcus! she must have her bottle at about eleven."

"Oh! that's allright," said Marcus. "Take it up with you and keep it in the sun; that it keep it warm for her. It's going to be awfully hot," he said, quite cheerfully. "And Agatha! the coolies had better take a bamboo and some rope. I may want to carry something. But, never mind! I will look after that." And away he went to see if he could get some old rope from the captain, who had barricaded himself in his cabin.

Agatha met Mrs. Blank on the deck. "Joseph has broken out again," said the latter.

"So has Marcus," said Agatha. "Is it not awful, I suppose it is some new disorder come to this horrible country. I shall never feel safe till I get back to England. If it is not one's tummy, then it's one's brains it seems to me."

At about a quarter to ten the passengers began to leave the ship in families. Previous to this there were several quarrels, in various parts of the vessel, between husbands and wives; the wives protesting against something and the husbands insisting that something should be done. In one instance a husband was heard to tell his wife that if she would not do as he wished he would have her carried ashore by the coolies as her whole future, his future, and the future of the children depended upon it. Sooner than suffer the shame of being carried by her own coolies the wife gave in.

The mate watched them all going ashore and remarked to the skipper that they seemed to be fond of sunshine, and added that they all appeared to be bit dotty.

Each family took a different direction. The Merrygolds made for that east end of the beach; the Blanks for the west end. One family climbed the hill and descended the other side.

One walked in the direction of the lighthouse. Each and all seemed to have a different objective in view. We will stick to the Merrygolds.

Marcus led the way; then came Agatha with Reginald and his two sisters, all complaining of the heat. The amah, carrying the baby, came next; followed by one of the "boys" carrying the baby's bottle. The balance of the domestics followed, armed with shovels of various pattern. The cook carried the pick-axe, growling "No belong cook pidgin." Marcus told him his future depended upon it, which did not seem to deeply impress the cook. As they neared the east end of the beach Marcus asked his wife if she felt any inclination to go to any particular spot.

"I feel very much inclined indeed, Marcus, to——

"Yes, my dear," said Marcus, hopefully, "Now where, Agatha?"

"To go back on board the steamer and get the children under the awnings till the heat of the day is over."

"Nonsense, Agatha" said Marcus "I mean, are you specially drawn to any particular spot about here."

"Not in the least, Marcus," said Agatha, looking with a mother's sympathy at her perspiring brood—especially the baby who seemed to be gasping.

Marcus finally hit upon a rock, because it seemed, to throw a more pronounced shadow than the other surrounding ones.

He looked at his watch and told his servants that in ten minutes they must start to dig at a spot he would point out to them.

"Suppose have got any hard piecee," he said, addressing the cook, "you must wantchee take pick-axe."

"No can," said the cook. "No belong cook pidgin." Marcus lost his temper.

"Must do," he said. "Suppose no do, get Shanghai side, finish."

"Maskee," said the cook, gesticulating wildly. "Can finish, maskee." He threw the pick-axe on the sand and made for the ship. Marcus saw in a moment that this could not be allowed. The cook absent from the digging, the conditions of the mysterious paper would not be fulfilled. The cook must be pacified; pride pocketed for the time being. It wanted but five minutes to the magic hour. Marcus perspiring at every pore, bolted after him and induced him to return. He stood him unarmed among the other servants, who were placed, armed with shovels round the shadow of the rock. Directly the hands of his watch pointed the hour, he gave the order to dig, and all the Chinese started with a will. Marcus could not quite make up his mind whether the powers of magic had any respect for persons or not; whether the order so mysteriously sent him implied that he also should dig. Thinking he had better be on the safe side, he commenced with the others, but did not continue for any length of time. Five minutes of it was quite enough. It was intensely hot. A few words he used ruffled Agatha immensely and seemed even to agitate the baby. He had placed his family under the shade of a rather large rock, and was annoyed because Agatha did not show any appreciation his thoughtfulness. Men are apt to be so.

The coolies dug with a will and long before an hour had passed water was reached.

The house boys gave up, overcome by exhaustion. At noon Marcus said:

"I do not see anything there, Agatha; do you?"

"Nothing but water," Marcus—"and sand. But you have made a lovely hole, dear; and I have no doubt the exertion will do the coolies a lot of good." She did not want to irritate him at all till she got back to Shanghai.

"What do you mean?" said Marcus. "I think I will give them five minutes more, just to be on the safe side."

"All right, dear, said Agatha, faintly. "That will be nice."

At five minutes past twelve Marcus told the men to stop digging, and, seizing a shovel, jumped into the hole. The water was up to his knees.

"Cook!" whispered Agatha to her domestic, "Look see master. Suppose he wantchee lie down you and boy catchee he chop chop."

"All light missisy," said the cook, moving towards the edge of the pit.

Marcus prodded the sides and bottom of the pit with his shovel, and then came out of the hole again.

"There is nothing there" he moaned. "Let us get back to the ship. I am sorry I have put you to so much discomfort, Agatha, for nothing, and hope the children will be none the worse; but my intentions were good, dear."

"I am sure they were, Marcus," said Agatha, signing to the boys to keep close to him.

"I should like very much to get hold of the rascal who wrote it," he said, getting suddenly angry. "No doubt he thinks he has done something vastly amusing."

Agatha made no answer, but lead the way to the landing-place again. As they passed it the Blank party—formed very much like their own—was to be seen approaching from the opposite direction,

looking very dishevelled—especially Blank, whom Mrs. Blank seemed to be rating very severely. The Merrygolds went on board first. From the deck of the steamer they could see the other families approaching from various parts of the island. The lord and master who had threatened to have his lady carried ashore in the morning was evidently getting a tremendous wigging, and seemed to be taking it like a lamb.

Agatha was lying on a deck-chair. She had seen Marcus, who said he was feeling a trifle feverish, to the saloon; and had ordered the boy to watch him. The affronted wife came up the gangway followed by the domineering husband. As soon as they reached the deck the latter escaped, and took refuge in the bar. The affronted wife set down in a chair by Agatha's side.

"Do you know what we have been doing?" she asked.

"No," said Agatha apathetically.

"We have been standing in this broiling sun for over an hour while my husband and the servants dug a hole large enough to bury an elephant in," she said, trembling with indignation. "He threatened to have me carried ashore if I would not go with him; and here is his excuse for such behaviour." She threw a piece of paper into Agatha's lap. "Did you ever hear of such nonsense—such imbecility? He says it was sent to him mysteriously inside a boiled egg at breakfast."

"What!" said Agatha. She read the paper and, rising hurriedly from her chair, went to the saloon, where she found Marcus discussing a whisky and soda with the domineering husband.

"Marcus," she said severely, holding the paper in front of him. "Do you happen to have anything at all like this?"

Marcus glanced at the paper for a moment, and hastily felt in his waistcoat pocket.

"Where did you get that, Agatha?"

"From this gentleman's wife," said Agatha.

The domineering husband looked exceedingly sheepish—so did Marcus.

"Really, Agatha," he said, I cannot say that I ——"

"Marcus!" said Agatha, fixing her husband with her eye.

"Well, my dear, to tell you the truth, I do happen to have a——

"And where did you get it, Marcus?" asked Agatha deliberately.

"That boiled egg on Wednesday morning—you remember!"

"Boiled egg!—you booby!" said Agatha, with energy, as all the exertion, discomfort and anxiety as to her husband's sanity of the last few hours crowded in upon her. She left the saloon and joined the affronted wife on the deck.

At tiffin it transpired that all the men of the party had received similar papers, concealed in various articles of food, such as eggs, sweet potatoes, boiled onions and so forth. The men tried to excuse themselves and said that they had done as any one receiving such a mysterious communication would have done.

"What was I to do?" asked Marcus.

"Do!" said Agatha with emphasis. "Why, show it to your wife, of course. Any woman would have known at once the thing was a clever advertisement. The steamer was not paying."

"Of course she would," said the affronted wife.

"All very well to say that after everything is known," said the domineering husband.

"Now Tom," said his wife. "Your remarks and actions of to-day have been foolish and frequent enough; you need not add to them. This is another instance of the undoubtedly mental superiority of woman over man."

"I do not see it," said her husband. "Had you received such a message in such a mysterious manner you would done much as we have all done. How could such an advertisement ger inside a sweet potato by natural means?"

"Natural means, you goose! Easily. If you bend the potato while it is hot and make a small slit on the concave large enough to admit a small pellet of paper, and straighten the potato out again the slit will never be seen. Any woman knows that."

"Ah! but how about an egg?" said Marcus triumphantly.

"My dear Marcus!" said Agatha "the Chinese are very clever at that sort of thing. Now, it is useless to argue the point. It is so plain."

The domineering husband signalled to Marcus that it would be wisest to give in and let the matter rest. After tiffin all slept till four o'clock; then went ashore in a body, and cooled themselves physically and mentally under the refreshing influence of a sea bath.

Returning to the ship the affronted wife was seen to take the domineering husband's arm—which was significant of peace.



THE ONLY WAY

"We have such a miserable cook," said Dimpleton, "that I've got so that I hate to go home at night. The servant question is gradually upsetting the whole household."

Witherby smiled a pitying smile. "What do you keep her for?" he asked. "Why we keep her," replied Dimpleton, "because the chances are that the next one will be worse."

Witherby laid his hand on his friend's shoulder.

"My dear fellow," he said, "that is the whole trouble. That is the key to the entire question. Householders, as a rule, are too timid or too lazy. I don't know which. You take anything you can get, and suffer, rather the change."

"But," interrupted Dimpleton, with some surprise, "why should we change if it doesn't do any good?"

"The point," replied Witherby, "is this. I've tried it, and know. My method is troublesome for a while, but it pays. I kept on changing until I just get the girl I want. I have engaged the servant for more than a week's trial. Then, if he doesn't fulfill my requirements exactly, I try another one. I keep this until I am satisfied. Of course, while you are doing this, it is more or less upsetting. But it's the only way."

Dimpleton was thoughtful. "I don't know but you're right," he said finally.

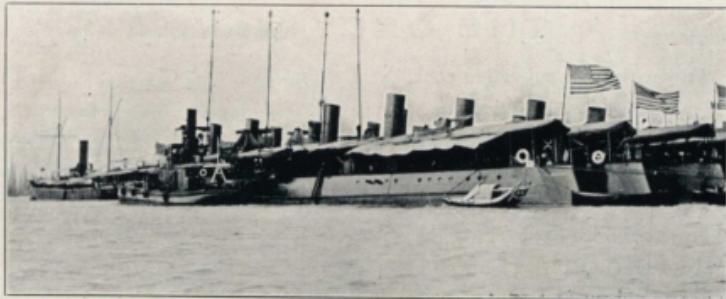
"How long have you been trying this?"

Witherby sighed. "About sixteen years," he said.

Social Notes

THE glorious fourth happened on a Sunday this year, so Independence Day celebrations in Shanghai took place on the preceding Saturday. During the morning a large reception was held by Mr. A. P. Wilder, U. S. Consul-General, assisted by the consular and court staffs, and was attended by a large number of well-wishers, including representatives of the Consular Body, the Customs, and the Municipal staffs, and several Chinese officials. A baseball match was played on the Recreation Ground during the afternoon, but the unpropitious state of the weather made any other open-air festivities impracticable. A

opening the Koukaza Public Garden, which is situated off the Route Voyron. The latter being brightly illuminated with strings of Chinese lanterns, each bearing the letters R.F., led one to the garden itself, which was a veritable fairyland, with its garlands of lights, and was approached by a massive archway across the road which was glittering with a mass of coloured lamps. Chairs were abundantly provided for those who wished to sit down to listen to the excellent selection of music provided by the Town Band under the direction of Herr Buck, and enjoy the artistic set pieces of fireworks which were displayed during



AMERICAN TORPEDO-BOAT-DESTROYERS AT SHANGHAI ON 4TH JULY

number of U.S. men-o'-war were in port and quite a flotilla of torpedo-boats were moored together up-stream. The sailors made things somewhat lively in the Broadway district during the evening by throwing bombs and crackers until the aid of the police was called upon to put a stop to their facetiousness, but no damage was done.



On the 13th of July our friends across the Yangkingpang heralded their celebration of the Fall of the Bastille by

the evening, while the cinematograph entertainment at the other side of the gardens provided a strong counter-attraction. The addition of a glorious star-light night and a refreshing cool breeze completed a thoroughly successful evening.



THE French National holiday on July 14th was celebrated with much enthusiasm this year and our friends and neighbours spent a very busy day.

The first event of the day was the laying of the corner-stone of the new Municipal

School which took place at 9 a.m. The Avenue Paul Brunat and a matshed erected for the occasion, were highly decorated with flags and bunting, and the ceremony was performed with much éclat by M. Ratard, French Consul-General.

THE next function was the presentation of cups for attendance, to the Volunteer Fire Brigade, at 11.15 a.m. Owing to indisposition, Madame Ratard was unable to make the presentation and her place was gracefully taken by Madame Brasier de Thuy.



A YOUNG PATRIOT

At 11.45 the French Consul-General held a largely attended reception at which most of the Consular, Customs, Naval, and Chinese officials assembled to tender their felicitations.

At 4 p.m. a number of people assembled in the grounds of the Circle Sportif Francais to watch the excellent programme of sports and games that were provided. Tea and refreshments were served, and enjoyed by quite a large number of ladies, and the little ones were sent away happy in the possession of lovely coloured balls one of which was presented to each child as it left the grounds. The sports were very amusing and included high-jumping, a walking match for the ground boys, tugs-of-war, putting the weight, a sack race, and leap-frog, but the event which was

the spectators. Unfortunately the photos taken of these events proved a failure, so we are deprived the illustrations, barring one picturesque group of two French sailors who were interested spectators.

In the evening the French Concession was gaily illuminated and decorated with triumphal arches, etc., and the streets were thronged with pedestrians who came to admire, while the usual stream of carriages wended their way towards the French Consulate where Madame Ratard held a most successful "At Home."



TWO FRENCH SAILORS

most popular and caused much merriment was the last competition in which a man stood on a truck and was drawn between two posts supporting a tank of water overhead on which was fixed a ring. Armed with a long pole the competitor tried to put it through the ring, but more often turned the tank of water over and got a drenching, much to the delight of

THE sudden necessity for departing for the North was the cause of a very hurried and quiet wedding between Mr. Theodore Winthrop Stedman and Miss Mary Idella Lunt which took place on Friday, July 2nd, at the residence of Capt. and Mrs. Lunt in Medhurst Road.

The bride was given away by her brother and Miss Lanning acted as bridesmaid.

Mr. and Mrs. Stedman left for Chefoo the following day.

ONE of the most successful entertainments ever given in Shanghai was the open-air concert and Variety Show arranged by the Misses Macleod and given in the garden of Dr. Macleod's house in Avenue Paul Brunat.

For those who like bread and butter with their cake an excellent programme of songs, and recitations filled the first part of the evening, but the Variety Entertainment scored the greatest enthusiasm by reason of its novelty and its great merit.

In a programme that is excellent all through it is difficult to make a special mention, but it is safe to state that the *chef d'œuvre* was the ballet danced by Mr. C. H. Burkhill, Miss A. Macleod,

and Mr. Drew which was of the highest order and quite worthy of professionals. The whole programme showed an infinite amount of rehearsal and hard work on the part of all concerned and thoroughly deserved the success it gained. Two open-air performances, and one held in the

Country Club Theatre, enabled the Misses Macleod to hand over to the hospital about \$1,500 towards the purchase of the X-Ray outfit and everyone who subscribed towards the fund got full value for their money, plus the egotistical comfort of having helped a worthy charity.



CHINA

(Especially written for "Social Shanghai")

ON my tramp o'er the highway of Time
Through the dust and the glare of a day,
I encountered a hag, seared with crime,
In besmirched and bedraggled array.

And the mumbled account of her fall
From the pride of dominion's sway,
As an echo, the ages recall
In this legend of sin and decay :—

"In the days when the nations were young,
In the epochs ere History's ken,
My achievements and culture were sung
In the haunts of the children of men.

"But decay with old age hath kept pace,
And a byword reproach is my name,
While the upstarts have won in the race,
And exult in my weakness and shame.

"Yet I've travailed, and borne in the throes,
Of my flesh and my blood a fair child ;
And this daughter shall phoenix-like pose
In the place of her parent reviled.

"When her mother is vanished and dead
She shall wrest from usurpers uncouth
The dominion and glory, now fled,
In the prime and the flush of her youth ;

"As Humanity's beacon and light,
As the mistress of land and of sea,
The upholder of Right against Might,
The Young China that yet is to be."

A. BERNARD HIND.

AN INTERCEPTED LETTER

DEAR PEGGIE,

The Dad has developed a turn for economics of late, and was seized with the brilliant idea that a fortnight at the Saddles, instead of summering at dear old Weihaiwei, would be a nice change.

Another brilliant inspiration from the same source, was that if we went on the thirty-first of July, dear Daddy would be able to go with us, and have the full benefit of August Bank Holiday.

Well, we started from Shanghai by the H.-A.L. *Tsintau*, and our spirits were as bright as the sunshine streaming across the Whangpoo, nearly blinding us with its glare.

However, neither the spirits nor the glare were destined to live long! My own glaring spirits were at zero before we reached Woosung, and by the time we had cleared the Outer Bar, well—I wished I was dead!

Somebody said we had lost a propeller, whatever that may be, and I sincerely hoped it was something vital, so that your agony might be shortened. However, the *Tsintau* has twin-screws, and as they are not of the Siamese order, one seemed to be able to get along quite nicely without the other, and so we continued our rollicking journey to the Saddle Islands, actually arrived there, and dropped anchor, although judging from the bumping process we went through we might have been taking a trip over the Niagara Falls.

I took consolation in the fact that we were almost at the end of our troubles, and made a vow that once on the Saddle Islands nothing would induce me to face that journey back to Shanghai again, even if I had to live on cockles and winkles *a la Robinson Crusoe*, for the rest of my days.

Then the anchor chain snapped, and for another four hours we cruised to and fro—I suppose for the benefit of those

who wanted to get a good view of the Island from the sea—but I buried my head in a cushion, and wished the str. *Tsintau* the Saddle Islands, and everything pertaining to them, in perdition.

Imagine my horror when they told me that they were not going to land any passengers, but turn right round and go back to Shanghai!

It was the last straw. I turned over and commanded myself to any one that would see me decently buried. As for mother, she was speechless; the news even making her forget to groan, which was about all she had done since we left Woosung. Father had disappeared and we really should not have cared if they had thrown him over with the anchor.

Well, to make a long story short, we came back and arrived in Shanghai to find the sun still shining just as though nothing had happened. Dad was right, we *had a change*, though I have still have to be convinced about the *nice* part of it, and the remembrance of the conglomeration of moans and groans mingled with the wails and cries of babes and sucklings—accompanied by crashing crockery and a few other things, will be my pet nightmare for the rest of my life.

I understand that the agents of the "Zotos" sea-sick remedy were presenting a free package to all passengers going to the Saddles—a most necessary precaution.

Unfortunately, I missed the "cumshaw" and suffered accordingly. To make matters worse, Algie turned up on Tuesday morning looking as brown as a berry, as happy as a sand-boy and bubbling over with enthusiasm for Potoo where he had spent his Bank Holiday.

By all means do anything any one tells you and everything every one tells you, but don't—don't try the Saddles by way of a *nice change*. This is the last word of solicitude from your

MOLLIE.

OUR MONTHLY DIARY

JULY

July 1st.—Tiffin held at the Club Concordia to commemorate the Canadian festival Maple Day.

News received of the sudden death at Karuizawa of Mr. H. L. Allcock of the British Cigarette Co. Death of Mr. J. G. Barkley, M.I.C.E., F.R.G.S., late of the Shanghai-Nanking Railway.

,, 2nd.—Marriage of Mr. Theodore Winthrop Stedman to Miss Mary Idella Lunt.

News received from London of the murder of Sir William Curzon Wyllie and Dr. Lalaca.

,, 3rd.—Reception held at the U.S. Consulate during the morning. Baseball match in the afternoon in celebration of Independence Day which fell on Sunday.

,, 4th.—Independence Day.

,, 5th.—Annual Meeting of subscribers of the Thomas Hanbury School and Children's Home.

,, 6th.—Kalee opened as a public hotel. Steam Tug *Chintung* launched by the Kiangnan Dock & Engineering Company for the Szechuen Steam Navigation Company.

,, 7th.—Inaugural trip of the N.S.C.S. *Ninghsia* to Ningpo.

Chinese stabbed to death on Shansi Road.

,, 9th—Opening of new steamship service to Ningpo by the Ningpo-Shaoching S.N. Co.'s s.s. *Ninghsia* which made her trial trip to Woosung and back, amidst great enthusiasm. Hundred yards handicap held at the Public Baths by the International Swimming Club, final heat postponed.

,, 10th.—Opening of "The Shanghai Arcade."

,, 13th.—Konkaza Public Gardens in French Concession formally opened.

Arrival of C.N.S. *Tamsui* with three mysterious castaways who are believed to be natives of Palow Islands.

,, 14th.—Celebration of the Fall of the Bastille.

9 a.m. Ceremony of laying the corner stone of French Municipal School.

July 14th.—11.15 a.m. Presentation of cups by Mme Brasier de Thuy to French Volunteer Fire Brigade.

11.45 a.m. Reception held by the French Consul-General at the Consulate.

4 p.m. Sports held at the Cercle Sportif Francais.

9 p.m. Reception held by Mons and Mme Ratard at the Consulate.

,, 15th.—Open-air concert given by the Misses Mcleod in their garden in Avenue Paul Brunat.

,, 16th.—News received in Shanghai of the death of Captain Roberts of E.M.S. *Minnesota*.

,, 17th.—New Headquarters of the Shanghai-Nanking Railway formally opened.

,, 20th.—Death of Don Carlos, Duke of Madrid, reported.

Editors of the "National Herald" summoned before the Mixed Court for alleged libels on the Sikh community.

,, 21st.—Death of Mr. J. A. Olsen of the Harbour Department, I. M. Customs, from sunstroke.

First hearing of case brought by Hugo Weber, an employee of Municipal Council, who sued the Council for superannuation money.

Official opening of L. Moore & Co.'s new premises on Kiangse Road.

,, 24th.—Marriage of Mr. T. D. Gram and Miss Barbara P. Pearson.

Rifle Shooting match held between "A" Company S.V.C. and S.M. Police, resulting in win for "A" Co. by six points.

Three castaway natives of Palow Islands shipped by N.L.S. *Kliest* to Hongkong where they will be taken in charge by the German Authorities

,, 28th.—Judgment given in the alleged libel on the Sikh community against the "National Herald" which was cautioned for the future to keep strictly within bounds of propriety, and publish an apology three times.

,, 29th.—Marriage of Mr. Walter Frederick Wingrove and Miss Winifred Bradshaw at Sutton Forest, New South Wales.

The charge for announcements of Births, Marriages, and Deaths (which must be authenticated by the name and address of the sender) is \$1.00.

Births

ADAMS.—On August 4th, 1909, at Bainsford, Falkirk, Mrs. Jas. Adams, of a daughter.

HOGG.—On August 10th, 1909, at Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire, to Mr. and Mrs. A. Vivian Hogg, a daughter.

MAITLAND.—On August 10th, 1909, London, to Mrs. N. G. Maitland, a son.

ROSE.—On August 16th, 1909, at Gulmarg, Kashmir, the wife of Major J. L. Rose, 1st Prince of Wales' Own Gurkha Rifles, of a son.

MARSHALL.—On August 17th, 1909, at 11 Kiukiang Road, Shanghai, to Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Marshall, a son.

Deaths

HOWELL.—On July 18th, 1909, at 10 The Grove, Blackheath, London, William Gunston Howell, late London Secretary of the Shanghai Waterworks Co., Ltd., second surviving son of the late Sir Thomas Howell, of the War Office, aged 80.

HORNBY.—On July 20th, 1909, at Leusden House, South Devon, England, Emily Augusta, Widow of the late Sir Edmund Hornby, formerly Chief Justice of H.B.M.'s Supreme Court for China and Japan at Shanghai.

CRAVEN.—On Aug. 7th, 1909, at Weihaiwei, Frank Wildes Craven, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Craven of Shanghai, aged 1 year and 7 months.

LAW.—On August 10th, 1909, at 28 Sinza Road, Moira Agnes, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Law, aged 8 months.

RUBATTEL.—At Soochow, L. Rubattel (formerly of Osaka, Japan), a native of Switzerland.

RIVERO.—At Shanghai, Juan del Rivero, aged 84 years.

HOLLIDAY.—On August 21st, 1909, at Shanghai, Wm. Holliday, late of Holliday, Wise & Co.'s Machinery Department; aged 46 years.

HANSEN.—On August 24th, 1909, at the General Hospital, Hans August Hansen, late Chief Officer s.s. *Hsing Shun*, aged 39 years.

ARNOTT.—On August 27th, 1909, at the Victoria Nursing Home, James H. Arnott, late Chief Engineer, Chinese Engineering & Mining Co.'s s.s. *Hsing Shun*, aged 45 years.

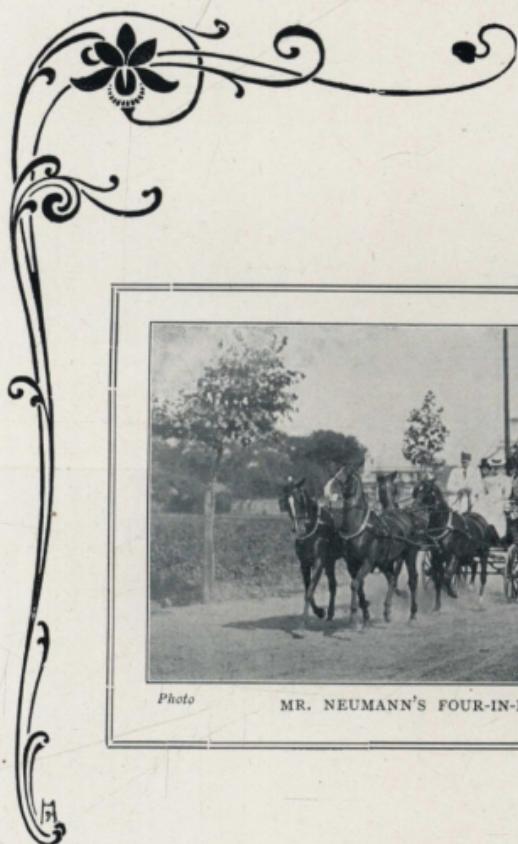
MASCARELLO.—On August 30th, 1909, at the Hospital Ste. Marie, Joseph Mascarello, of the French Municipality, aged 49 years.

McARTHUR.—On August 31st, 1909, at 20 Chusan Road, Jenny Gillan, beloved daughter of John McArthur, Marine Engineer, aged 22 months.

HAMAN.—On September 2nd, 1909, at the General Hospital, Shanghai, Peter Haman, the beloved son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Haman, 9 Markham Park, aged 22 months.

BINGHAM.—On September 2nd, 1909, at 19 Ford Lane, Robert William, infant child of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Bingham, aged 1 day.

GRIJP.—At Hilversum (Holland), J. Specht Grijp, late of Messrs. Reiss & Co., Shanghai.



Photo

MR. NEUMANN'S FOUR-IN-HAND

Burr Photo Co.



AT ONE BELL.—THE DAILY ISSUE OF RUM—H.M.S. "ASTRÆA"



SIGNALMEN AND WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY DEPARTMENT—H.M.S. "ASTRÆA"

"The Handy Man"

BRITISHERS in Shanghai have a very warm corner in their hearts for our jolly Jack Tar, and have much reason to feel grateful for his timely assistance on more than one occasion. He well earns his nomenclature of "handy man" for in his breezy way Jack is always ready and eager to lend a helping hand in putting up decorations for balls or weddings, giving a charity concert or anything that may come in his way, and when emergency calls, such as riots, etc., our naval men are like towers of strength, and fill our trembling hearts with reassurance.

Very popular were the concerts given at the Hanbury Home last winter by the sailors

of the various men-o'-war in harbour, and very useful contributions to the funds of the Home were due to their efforts. Jack is generally a good sport, and puts up many a good game of football, or cricket on the Recreation Ground, while his cousin across the Herring Pond makes



DORMITORY IN THE HANBURY INSTITUTE
A successful Bazaar was held in December to supply new blankets, etc.



JACK TAR WITH HIS SWEETHEARTS

things lively when he is here with the game of baseball.

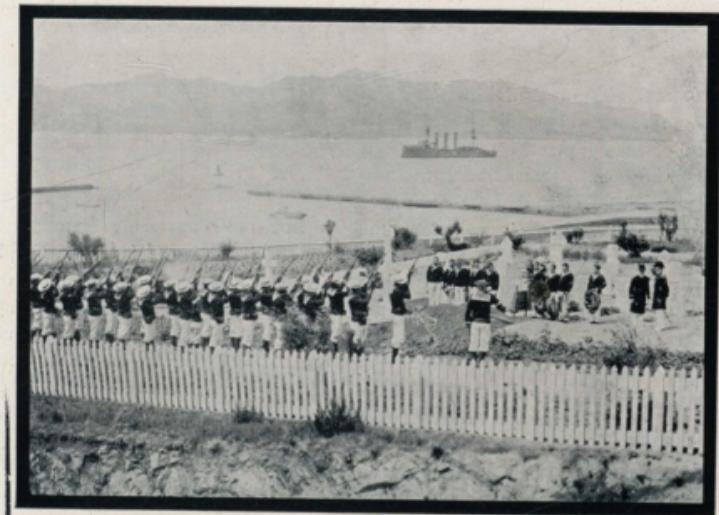
The accompanying pictures illustrate a naval funeral which took place at Weihai-wei recently. A naval funeral is always very impressive, and touches the kindly heart of a sailor very deeply. Proof of this is given by these photographs which were taken at the instigation of the deceased's shipmates, and especially touching and characteristic of the sailors' thoughtful soft-heartedness is the memorial card to their shipmate. Most surely would these pictures appeal to his sorrowing parents and friends who were deprived of the privilege of seeing him laid to rest.



BAND OF H.M.S. "KING ALFRED" AND MOURNERS WITH COFFIN.



THE FIRING PARTY—MARCHING WITH ARMS REVERSED



THE "LAST POST"

Pointed Pars from the Press of China

We are as jealous of China's rights and of their infringement as one well could be, but we conceive it to be our duty to point out that the determination of British interests at Weihaiwei was originally made conditional on the retrocession of Port Arthur by Russia. By the fortunes of war what of property and of interest Russia ever had in Port Arthur has become vested in Japan. At present both Weihaiwei and Port Arthur are leased territories, and if Britain withdrew from Weihaiwei now it would virtually amount to an admission of the perpetual rights of Japan in Port Arthur, an admission with very serious consequences, detrimental to the sovereign rights of China. The retrocession of Weihaiwei should not be effected until the Japanese position in Port Arthur and Dalny is very considerably modified.—*The National Review.*



THE readiness of American financiers to come forward will possibly soon have a chance of taking practical form, as it is common knowledge that China is desirous of floating, at an early date, an enormous loan to enable her to complete the repurchase of the remaining lines in her country. In matters of this kind, all turns on the question of the acceptability of the loan guarantee, and it is yet to be seen if the financiers of the New World will outbid, at the expense of safety, the offers made by their European colleagues, who, in the opinion of many experts, are treading on rather dangerous financial ground in going even as far as competitive proposals have already propelled them.—*Hankow Daily News.*

NATIONS are like individuals, when they fall into the sulks. They testify to it by frowns, suspicious looks, cold and distant mannerisms. When British delegates have hinted at the things that have been said on our side, as well as on their side, the German has invariably laughed heartily and made excellent fun out of the recent airship scare, and then, when he has donned the cap of seriousness, he has asked, "Why should we quarrel? Why should we sulk? If our fault is ambition, have you not inspired it? Look at our cities and ships and commerce, and ask, can we, dare we, stand still?" And the Britisher, who detects an honest man as quickly as any, is generous as well. And so it has come to pass that wherever the delegates have gone they have discovered a Germany as different from that pictured by certain journalistic artists as is genuine from counterfeit coin.—*China Critic.*



BUT nowadays there seems to be no such thing as trade pure and simple. If a bale of piece-goods arrives it is so much in the political balance at Peking. A mining concession weighs so much: a completed railway so much more. Is it any wonder that the Chinese are beginning to see in every coin that enters the country a political lining, in every loan a hidden intrigue? Yet is China hungering for cheap capital, as Argentina, as Brazil, and other new countries have hungered.—*Shanghai Mercury.*

ARBITRATION in lieu of war is not a new suggestion, but it is none the less deserving of the most earnest consideration. War, with all its horrors, must be averted; the price of peace under existing conditions is steadily increasing, but there is a limit beyond which it cannot pass. When that point has been reached the efficacy of even a Two-Power Navy will have vanished, and the millions spent in *Dreadnoughts* will have been as surely squandered as though ingots of gold had been cast into the Hellespont. In arbitration will be found the remedy. France and Germany have shown that diplomatic questions can be solved without resort to hostilities.—*Shanghai Times*.



NOTHING compensates for a general increase in the cost of living except a decided increase in the prosperity of the country, and there is not only no evidence of such added prosperity at the present time but much proof to the contrary. It is high time that the responsible rulers of this people awoke to a sense of their responsibility in regard to the economic situation. At the present time their attitude and example serve only further to confuse a situation which their unfortunate lack of foresight has done much to bring about. For it is not likely that there can be anything in the nature of a steady revival of trade in China apart from a considerable reform in the administration of government leading to a development of the rich resources of the country.—*North-China Daily News*.



GOVERNMENT for the people in China will come from and by the people, but the mandarin will oppose it as strenuously as the Russian autocrat opposes the Duma, though by different ways and devices of statecraft. And, for the rest, the people at large are but little disturbed by the myriad regulations of the Government's "paper" reforms.—*Hankow Daily News*.

IT must be admitted frankly that feelings have grown up in India needing serious consideration. There has been some suggestion that representative government should be instituted, but the present conditions would appear to be not unsuitable for such an institution in India, but incompatible with it. The majority of Indians realize this; they do not feel attracted to democratic institutions in the same way as other nationals. We do not believe that the thoughtful Indian people wish to see the end of British rule.—*N.C. Daily News*.

MEN are arming, it is true, hurriedly, frenziedly, foolishly; so foolishly that they are beginning not only to count the cost very carefully, but to see the mad stupidity of the procedure. Passions are roused, angry passions, hateful and revengeful passions, dangerous passions. It is but a matter of time, of very short and definitely measurable time, before these passions will break loose, free from all control, and sweep through the world in one mad orgy of death and destruction.—*Shanghai Times*.



IF once China's credit is shaken ever so slightly by the breath of suspicion her creditors will rapidly pass from the tentative speculations concerning a vague possibility to the definite consideration of plans for making the possible actual. It is therefore incumbent upon the authorities in Peking to take immediate and drastic steps on the lines laid down in the Mackay Treaty and emphasized as essential by every impartial, and every benevolent, observer. For this purpose, as we shall never tire of repeating, no better official could be found than H.E. T'ang Shao-yi.—*National Review*.

YUNG TZE

A CHINESE BOY HERO

(Especially written for "Social Shanghai")

BY A. BERNARD HIND

YUNG TZE was seven years old. His mother was an *amah* in a wealthy English family. Yung Tze could not remember the time before she had been an *amah*; nor could he remember the dead father of whom his mother so often spoke to him. This father had been a house-servant, a "boy" in a foreign family for the greater part of his life, a faithful, thrifty fellow, who, when according to the Chinese custom his parents had compelled him to marry, had saved a competency sufficient to set himself up in business in a small way on his own account. Her husband's death, the burden of maintaining her little son, and distress had driven Yung Tze's mother to "take service" with the Assheton-Gordons, as *amah* to their only child, little Russel, by two years Yung Tze's junior. The children were playmates; and used to ramble about the big suburban house, or frolic and romp beneath the shady trees on the ample lawn. When Russel attained his ninth year, the aggressive assertiveness of his race began to display itself; and the erstwhile playmates soon fell into the relative *rôles* of liege and henchman. This, of course, not without many a tussle, which, however, usually ended in the Anglo-Saxon combativeness gaining the ascendancy; ultimately resulting in the complacent Chinese youth becoming the ardent admirer and worshipper of the strong-willed little English cub. It was amusing to hear the imperious diminutive tyrant wrangling in broken English or broken Chinese, in either of which both

the boys were equally at home, over some petty squabble. But the two youngsters were as happy as the innocent *insouciance* of healthy childhood could make them, till the dawn of one dark day that was fated to part them for ever, in this life at least.

* * *



YUNG TZE

Times and again had Russel's parents impressed on the *amah* that the children should never be permitted to enter the little upstairs room just beyond the library. The chamber contained some precious

family heirlooms ; among others, a beautiful chased medallion, a gift from Royalty. As the children grew to years of discretion, they learned the strictness of the prohibition ; and observed its provisions. Indeed nobody ever entered the apartment, excepting an old servant who, once every morning, in Mrs. Assheton-Gordons' presence would dust, count, and replace the articles. One morning, however, when Yung Tze was in his thirteenth year, Mrs. Assheton-Gordons, during this daily dusting, missed the medallion, and further search disclosed the loss of several other articles of value. The strict inquiry that ensued elicited the fact that one of the servants had seen Yung Tze stealthily moving along the passage from the direction of the door, just about dusk on the previous evening, while the family were away from home.

Cross-examination of the suspected culprit drew forth a reluctant confession that he had indeed been in the forbidden chamber; but that he had noticed the door open, and had entered to ascertain who was within; but finding noboby there, had come out again at once, and closed the door, which had a spring lock.

He stoutly maintained that he had touched nothing; had done nothing in fact than "go in look see." Even with the assistance of the police and of detectives, the missing articles could not be found. Yung Tze was banished from what had been the happy home of his childhood, and forbidden access to his erstwhile little playmate.

* * *

Partly out of pity for the faithful *amah* mother, the nurse in health or in sickness of their only child, partly the better to keep the suspect under police surveillance, a menial position was procured for Yung Tze by the Assheton-Gordons in another household. On Sunday afternoons, however, the heart-broken lad would stand for hours outside the garden fence of his

beautiful old home, and chat with his mother and little Russel; and at times he, favoured by a propitious chance, when on errands bent, would meet Russel in the street on a walk with the *amah*; and the mutual boyish reminiscences and confidences exchanged on such occasions stood out as glowing landmarks in Yung Tze's passing boyhood.

* * *

August 17, 1860, was a precarious day for Shanghai. As far as the eye could scan the horizon, westward rolled the sullen black smoke-clouds, and skyward roared the gnawing flames of burning villages. From mouth to mouth, of foreign resident and native refugee, ran the legend, "the Taipings are come!" So it proved ; the dreaded Chung Wang had already established his headquarters at Siccawei ; and his war-wolves, hungry for massacre and pillage, were eke driving in the outposts. Yung Tze, half-boy, half-youth, barely realising the full import of the threatened danger, was revelling in the excitement, and yearning for a chance to quench his youthful ardour. The better to see what was passing, he had clambered up one of the wooden watch-towers so providentially erected by Captain Budd in anticipation of this attack, and was watching with boyish glee one after another "rebel" picked off by the crack-shot, Lieutenant O'Grady. Presently he heard a murmur pass around O'Grady's little band of Sikhs, and gazing in the direction indicated by one of the men, realized at once its significance. By dint of crawling, snakelike, under cover of the thickets, grave mounds and other shelter, a detached band of the assailants had crept, unobserved, right past the defenders at the gate, and were now making a rush for the open plot of ground whereon stood the little group of three houses, surrounded by lawns and gardens, of which the Assheton-Gordons' residence was the centre.

Instantaneously flashed through Yung Tze's mind the memories of his childhood; and the danger in which stood his little playmate. Seizing a Chinese sword that had dropped from the hands of a warrior lying dead near by, he scrambled down the watch tower, and rushed headlong towards the threatened house. Reaching the foot of the low surrounding garden wall, he clambered over, but a few yards in advance of the "rebel" party; and rushed for the door. Finding this barricaded, he ran round to the left side, and was crawling through the hole of an old ventilator, of which Russel and he had oft made use to gain surreptitious entrance to the kitchen in their old play-days, when he felt a sharp sting in his thigh, and looking round saw Mr. Assheton-Gordons smoking revolver in hand, taking aim at him a second time. Feeling faint and dizzy from the wound, with teeth clenched, he struggled manfully through, to find the interior of the house already in flames, and Russel, his mother and the *amah* huddled in a small back room. Reassuring Mrs. Assheton-Gordons, who evidently seemed to entertain suspicions of his intention to wreak revenge for past injuries, he spoke a few words in Chinese to Russel, and the two lads, stripping curtains and bed-sheets, twined a rope by which they were able to hoist down the two women at the back of the house, where Mr. Assheton-Gordons and a small band of friends were huddled in the garden, at the same time beating off the attacking party, and striving to gain an entrance to the burning house. Seeing the two women safe, and the "rebels" retiring before a party of marines and Sikhs advancing to the rescue of the little band in the garden, Yung Tze helped Russel to slide down the improvised rope; then seeing the flames creeping ever closer, essayed to descend by the same means. But his young playmate safe, and the excitement allayed, the reaction set in; faint with loss of blood and the agony of the wound from Mr. Assheton-Gordons' revolver shot, he reeled and staggered,

half-stifled with the smoke, headlong from the window on to the lawn beneath.

* * *

A death-bed is a solemn thing, but especially so when the sufferer is a youth just entering on the full enjoyment of manhood's gifts. This seems to impart a heightened pathos to the scene. Calm and peaceful lay the lad Yung Tze on his snow-white bed, one hand clasped by the mourning Russel, the other gently held by the serious-countenanced doctor, marking the pulse-beats, as the brave young life slowly ebbed away.

Beside the bed knelt Mrs. Assheton-Gordons, weeping and praying; while Russel's father stood at the foot, with moistened eyes and bowed head, awaiting the doctor's verdict. Around Yung Tze's neck, bound by a thick white strand of twisted silk, and resting on his breast, hung the long lost medallion, which had been found in a native leather case, among other trinkets stolen at the same time from the forbidden chamber, on the person of one of the "rebels" killed near the house in the fight. Identification proved him to have been formerly a servant in the Assheton-Gordons' household, who had been dismissed for misconduct. Among his clothes were also found a bunch of keys which would open any of the door-locks in the house.

* * *

"It is finished," murmured the doctor. Yung Tze's spirit indeed had fled to other playgrounds. As though by concerted signal, all left the death-chamber except Russel and his father; who also came out a few minutes later, with blanched lips and drawn countenances. What took place during those few moments neither Russel nor his father was ever heard to recount; but all who knew them understood that it was some tender tribute to the little dead hero. Yung Tze was buried as he had died, with the medallion resting on his breast.

INDO-CHINA STEAM NAVIGATION CO.'S

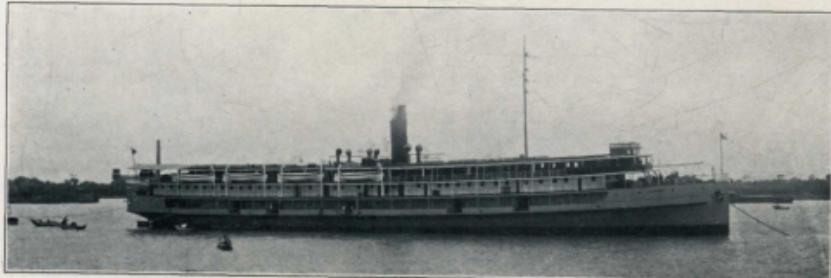
SS. "LOONGWO"

LT is almost definitely settled that Lord Kitchener and his party will be conveyed from Nanking to Hankow by the ss. *Loongwo*, and any one who has ever travelled on this steamer will commend the choice, for not only is she the largest, but is certainly one of the finest and most comfortable steamers plying on the Yangtse River.

Built by the Hongkong & Whampoo Dock Co. in 1906 the *Loongwo* is the largest steamer yet built in Chinese waters, being of 3,925 tons gross, and besides the two decks entirely devoted to passengers' accommodation, has a cargo carrying capacity of over 2,000 tons.

Electric fans are fitted throughout and run night and day in the summer making travelling even in the hottest months a pleasure. Besides a piano and library to while away the tedium of the journey, there is also the wherewithal for several indoor and outdoor games and with the beautiful covered in-deck no more comfortable way of travelling exists. Not least among the many attractions of the *Loongwo* is the kindly personality of her commander, who spares no pains to make passengers at home and comfortable on his steamer.

Capt. Christie is a native of Arbroath, Forfarshire, and gained his earlier ex-



SS. "LOONGWO"

Having very fine quarters for both foreign and Chinese passengers, and a speed of nearly fifteen knots, with an almost entire absence of vibration, it is small wonder she has proved a great favourite with the travelling public. The upper deck is entirely occupied by foreign accommodation, and the state-rooms are exceptionally large and airy, as is also the dining saloon and smoking-room, etc.

periences in the well-known clipper ships "Four winds" and "Trade winds." Essaying to join steam he served in the Asiatic Steam Navigation Co. on the British India coast for three years, but, not finding the trade conducive to health, came to China in 1897 in the service of the Indo China Steam Navigation Co. Since then his promotion has gone on steadily in the Company, and in May of last year Capt. Christie was

placed in command of this, one of the finest vessels of the Indo-China fleet.

We are sorry our group does not include Mr. A. McEuen, chief engineer, as Mr. McEuen had at the time gone on a month's holiday to Japan. Mr. McEuen joined the Company's service in 1884 and has served in his present capacity since 1886 and, needless to say, has personal experience of much that is history of the China Coast.

Our group include Messrs. J. Jackson, chief officer, Geo. Ingram, second officer, H. O. Taylor, chief pilot, A. F. Perry, acting chief engineer, A. H. Green, second engineer, and D. A. L. Sharp, third engineer.

During the past season the *Loongwo* has played a prominent part in taking

passengers to and from the summer resort of Kuling, and the journey in this fine steamer has been not the least enjoyable part of the holiday.



A SPACIOUS DECK ON THE SS. "LOONGWO"



CAPTAIN AND OFFICERS OF THE SS. "LOONGWO"

AUGUST

WEAR a sardonyx, or for thee
No conjugal felicity.
The August born, without this stone,
'Tis said must live, unloved, alone.




Garden Notes

SEPTEMBER

ALTHOUGH the great heat of July and August is over, still September can be very warm during the early part of the month; the nights are, however, appreciably milder and often very damp, but taking it all round from the gardener's point of view, there is an improvement in the weather.

All plants can be left outside at night to get the fresher air and the heavy dew, and it is interesting to watch how they all begin to pick up and look healthier after the heat.

not done systematically they drop their leaves before the brilliant scarlet flowers appear in November, making the plant look very unsightly with its bare stem; the gardeners are very troublesome about this and must be continually looked after.

Chrysanthemums can be bedded out, and the flowers tied to sticks.

Zinnias in full bloom also cockscombs, gaillardias, plumbago, cannas, cosmos.

Qui fu laurels are in blossom at end of month.

This is the month in which most of the English garden seeds should be sown in



A RUSTIC COTTAGE IN HONGKEW RECREATION GROUND.

Calla lilies begin to shoot up again and require watering if weather is very dry; if pots are too full of roots, they can now be shifted into larger ones.

Gladiolas.—Bulbs should be lifted on a fine day, dried for a fortnight and put away on a shelf about middle of month.

Fresia bulbs should be planted in pots.

Pointsettias should be sheltered at night towards the end of the month and taken out of door during the day; if this is

pans, such as pansies, mignonette, lobelia nasturtiums, sweet-peas, cinerarias.



The Lawn

OWNERS of lawns are often at a loss as to how they can improve their plots; they assert that no money is spared in rolling and cutting, but on inquiry this turns out to be done in a spasmodic manner, perhaps once every fortnight in the summer, and then the turf is neglected for the rest of

the year. One fatal thing is to go away for a year or so, and rent your house to some one who does not care whether the grass is long or short, the result is that strong growths of weeds, especially bamboo grass and clover thoroughly establish themselves, entailing no end of trouble to eradicate afterwards: besides if not constantly rolled, the grass becomes spongy and rough to the touch.

Another source of trouble to novices is that the turf has not been properly laid to begin with, and the lawn looks ragged and uneven for years, besides it takes quite three years to bring the coarse Shanghai grass into good order, which does not suit the impatience of most people.

The first thing towards making a good lawn is to turn over the whole soil, pulling out as much of the bamboo grass and strong roots as possible: in nine cases out of ten, the ground has to be raised a foot or so, most of the gardeners will throw down any kind of mud on to the top of the original soil without digging it over, the result being that the great enemy to lawns, bamboo grass, remains underneath and soon springs through the new surface; eradicate altogether you never can, but a good deal can be done if it is dealt with at the commencement; the earth used to raise a lawn must not be wet stuff out of a creek, but should be dry soil similar to what the native crops grow on: it should also be as free from stones as possible, and unless watched the coolies will empty barrow after barrow of earth mixed with weeds, which should be picked out at once.

If it is convenient it is better to let the raised ground settle for a few months before turfing, but most people cannot wait so long: the best time for raising lawns is September to November or in the early spring, the former for choice: very few plots can be found free from stumps

of trees or graves, the holes after their removal giving trouble for several years, no matter how much the earth may be rammed down at the time; pouring water on these filled-up holes accelerates a settlement and should be done if practicable.

As soon as the raising has been roughly finished, the whole plot must be gone over by coolies breaking up the larger clods and cleaning the surface of rubbish; a heavy roller, the heavier the better can then be freely used, when a number of depressions will quickly show themselves; these must be all filled up with dry earth and rolled again; it should then be trimmed so as to slope gradually at the sides, say about 6-ft. from the path to allow of drainage—a very good example can be seen at H.B.M. Consulate—moreover the tendency is to roll all lawns in the middle for tennis and croquet and neglect the edges, the result is to cause the lawn to be slightly concave: the whole surface should be rolled at all times and if this is done, water will not stand anywhere on it after heavy rains.

As soon as the surface is found to be fairly level a plank loaded with heavy stones should be dragged over the ground to find out the inequalities, and after the plank has passed, a bush harrow should be used to further disintegrate the clods.

By this time the surface is generally sufficiently level for some gardeners to begin turfing, but it is better to sprinkle a thick layer of fine dry mould, sifted through an eighth of an inch sieve, after which a final roll with a light roller can be done.

Turfing can then be commenced: the grass looks very rough and is as a rule full of bamboo grass and weeds which should be pulled out as the sods are laid: care must be taken to make the coolies water the ground before laying the sods, especially if the surface is at all dry and the weather hot: unless this is done

the young grass roots will not readily take hold of the soil and it often entails loss of sods and returfing: the best time is the end of October and through November, getting everything finished before the frosts begin.

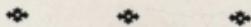
As soon as the sods are all in their places, light dry sifted mould must be sprinkled between the joints and before rolling: the latter should be done with a light roller and only when the turf is slightly damp: if rolled when very wet it will cake the earth and bruise the young grass shoots: do not allow the coolies to mend the gaps in the sods with the refuse of the turf, as they will often fill them up with the tufts of bamboo grass, thereby exaggerating the trouble hereafter to get rid of these weeds.

The lawn should then be covered with *old* stable manure and left alone till the end of February: when the remains of the top dressing can be brushed off, sieved to get rid of the rubbish, and used for pitting purposes later on.

Very soon after this the weeds will put in an appearance, and a posse of boys or coolies must be put on to dig them up: when this is being done, an eye must be kept on the coolies, they invariably use a piece of iron shaped like a chisel, with this

they will simply cut off the top of the weed or bamboo grass, which is worse than if nothing was done, as it makes them grow stronger: the chisel must be forced under the root and the whole prised up, no matter how big a hole is made, it will make the lawn look rather rough at first but it pays in the long run: the damage can be repaired with a few baskets full of sifted earth and then the whole rolled: usually if a lot of small boys are employed to weed, an older coolie is set to watch them, but he is only energetic and full of zeal when you are looking at him: it is a good plan to examine the small heaps of "dug-up" weeds to see if they are cut off or properly taken out.

This operation must be continued from time to time and the lawn will improve gradually, but not be of much use the first year: patches of clover will be found to have grown during the winter, and if very thick there is nothing to be done but to cut the sod clean out and replace it with a fresh one: the more a lawn is picked over the better it will become, but it deteriorates very rapidly if attention is not constantly given to it; after each summer any places which have sunk or where water stands, must be raised, the turf being skinned off, and replaced same day.



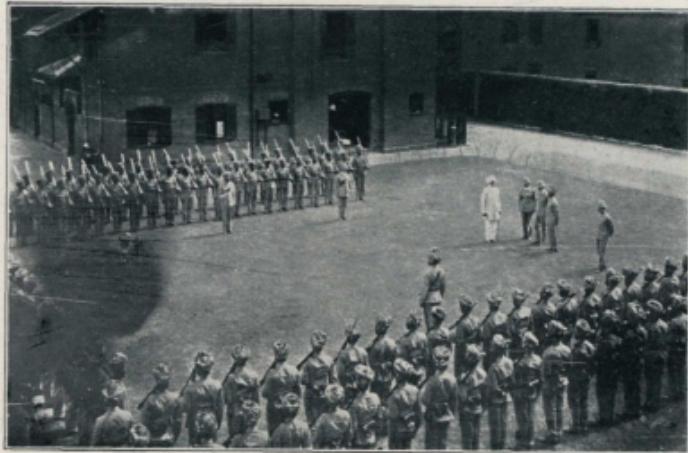
SHE WAS REASSURED!

In these boisterous days officers of passenger steamers must occasionally be hard put to it to answer the searching questions of nervous passengers. This pattern from an American source may be commended. An old lady was greatly alarmed about icebergs, and pressed the captain to say—if the worst came to the worst and they should collide with an iceberg—what would happen. In a reassuring tone, he replied: "The iceberg would move right along, madam, just as if nothing had happened." The old lady was visibly relieved.

Farewell to Sergeant-Major Gunda Singh, S.M.C.

THE above interesting event took place on August 5th when the Sikh members of the Municipal Police Force met to bid farewell to their comrade who was retiring after serving the Municipal Council for twenty-five years, to take up his residence in his native land and to enjoy his retiring allowance. Col. C. D. Bruce, Capt. Barrett in charge of the Sikh branch of the force, and all Indian police officers, were in attendance, and Col. Bruce read the following address:—

is, and I have no hesitation in saying that in this Force the Council at present have a body of men thoroughly to be relied upon to do their duty faithfully, also to uphold the honour of that great religious sect to which they belong. We all know that there are bad men in every community, but I wish to impress upon you, the Sikh branch of the S.M.P., the necessity for treating with contempt the writings of certain native Chinese newspapers who have gone out of the way to heap filthy



SIKHS' FAREWELL TO AN OLD COMRADE

"We are met together this afternoon to bid farewell to Sergeant-Major Gunda Singh who has faithfully served the Council for nearly twenty-five years in the S.M.P. When Sergeant-Major Gunda Singh first joined the Force a very different state of affairs prevailed in Shanghai. From small beginnings, through good times and bad, the Sikh branch has grown to what it now

abuse upon the Indian community in this Settlement. Such actions as these of the native Press always bring their own punishment in the end, and no self-respecting member of the Sikh branch of the Force should give another thought to the matter except by continuing to show in his own conduct how false such accusations are. Sergeant-Major Gunda Singh has applied

for a small grant of land in India, and it is with pleasure I can now say that the Municipal Council have been good enough to send a recommendation to India to that effect. I trust that the Sergeant-Major may long be spared to enjoy his well-earned rest in his native land."

Col. Bruce and all the officers then shook hands with Sergeant-Major Gunda Singh and called for three cheers to which they all responded with shouts of "Sadrinkal," after which Sergeant-Major Gunda Singh briefly returned thanks, and so brought this unique ceremony to a conclusion.



THE SILVER TABLE

THE mania for collecting articles which are absolutely useless, and sometimes not even beautiful, must be allowed to be a part of human nature, just as it is a part of the nature of magpies, crows, rats, and dogs. The thing to be collected varies. At the present moment it is silver toys. Every woman was collecting souvenir spoons three or four years ago, but she has hidden them away long ago. To-day she puts a low table in her drawing-room, and covers it with bits of silver work, including everything from an old lamp to a new miniature frame. The prime requisite appears to be that all the things shall be absolutely meaningless and useless. For a time, the most prized ornaments of these tables were the German toys picked up in curiosity shops abroad, flotsam from the wrecks of old families. There was a suggestiveness about these which even the usual declaration that they were heirlooms did not always dispel.

But last winter an enterprising silver firm began manufacturing them and advertising them widely.

When the woman who was, socially speaking, born yesterday, can set out a table with silver chairs and sofas and bedsteads an inch high, and use them as a text for the old dissertation upon ancestors, the woman who was born the day before yesterday, and who bought the real old toys, loses her pleasure in them. She has begun collecting the anklets of Indian girls which she tells us some English colonel whose blood is in her veins "brought home" long ago in the palmy days of the East India Company or, perhaps, it is the Venetian filigree which came from some Italian ancestress. When it is fashionable to inherit old bits of foreign make, it is astonishing how many races can be mingled in the veins of one faddish woman with money to indulge her whims.



THE ADVICE OF A PHILOSOPHER

"DON'T be afraid of your debts," said Judge Willis to a man at the Southwark County Court. "Write them down, carry them with you, look at them occasionally, and smile on them."

The late Mr. G. F. Tillbrook

THE sudden death on August 12th of Mr. George Frederick Tillbrook came as a shock to his many friends in Shanghai, as his illness was of only about twenty-four hours duration. The deceased was a native of London and had

served with one of the best regiments during the Boer War, and, naturally, took a great interest in the Shanghai Volunteers. He joined the S.V. Artillery and became a driver, where he remained till his death. Deceased was only twenty-six years of age.



THE GRAVE COVERED WITH WREATHS

only resided in Shanghai about a year, but had become very popular, and, being an excellent comedian, was very much in request for entertainments during last winter. Prior to his residence here he had

A full military funeral took place in the Bubbling Well Cemetery on August 14th, which was attended by a number of sorrowing friends and a quantity of beautiful floral tokens were sent.



FUNERAL OF MR. G. F. TILLBROOK—THE CORTEGE LEAVING THE ISOLATION HOSPITAL



WINE AND



WALNUTS



Convincing Her Father

THE young and winsome maiden spoke to her father on behalf of George, the youth who had won her heart, but who was not her father's favourite.

"Father," she said, gently, "I want to tell you something, and you mustn't be angry."

"Very well," he replied, "I promise," and he bent forward and kissed her.

"I want to tell you, father, that George and I are in love and we want to get married."

The father forgot his promise in a second and began to storm.

"Haven't I told you I wouldn't have him about the house? Haven't I forbidden you to see him?" he cried, excitedly. "Now, once for all, I tell you if he comes here again I'll kick him out."

"Now, papa, dear," she said, "you'll do nothing of the sort. George is young and healthy, and the champion all-round athlete of his club, and we had a conference this morning, and I told him I'd love him just the same even if he had to pound you clean out of shape in defending his rights in this case; so you might as well submit now and save us the necessity of resorting to harsh measures. See?"

He saw.



The Company's Reason

AN amusing extract from a Belgian paper gives the following incident:—

A woman whose husband had lost his life in a railway accident received from the company ten thousand francs by way of compensation. Shortly after she heard that a traveller who had lost a leg had been paid twenty thousand. The widow at once put on her bonnet and shawl and went to the office of the company.

"Gentlemen, how is this?" she asked. "You give twenty thousand francs for a leg, and you allowed me only ten thousand for the loss of my husband!"

"Madam," was the reply, "the reason is plain. Twenty thousand francs won't provide him with a leg, but for ten thousand you can get a husband."



Not Necessary To Renew It

IN a certain Midland police-court not long ago an ironworker appeared to answer a charge of keeping a dog without a license.

The defendant was disposed to interrupt the police-constable while that worthy was giving his evidence, but on being pulled up by the magistrate he decided, as he put it, "to give em plenty o' rope."

At length his chance came. The magistrates' clerk turned to him and asked:—

"Do you wish the Court to understand that you refuse to renew your dog-licence?"

"Yes, but——"

"We want no 'buts.' Renew the license or you will be fined. You know it has expired."

"Yes but——"

"But what?"

"So has the dog! Shall I be fined for that, too, unless I renew him?"

The Court thought not, and as the animal had been dead six months the case was dismissed.



A Reason

MRS. DIGS: "You used to say I was the sunshine of your existence."

MR. DIGS: "So I did."

MRS. DIGS: "And now you stay out night after night."

MR. DIGS: "Well, one can't expect sunshine after dark, you know!"

An Effective Call

A TRAVELLER, who put up for the night at the leading hotel in a small town, had before retiring left explicit instructions to be called for an early train. He was very earnest about the matter, and threatened the clerk with all manner of punishment if that duty was neglected. Early in the morning the guest was disturbed by a lively tattoo upon the door.

"Well?" he demanded, sleepily.

"I've got an important message for you," replied the boy.

The guest was up in an instant, opened the door, and received from the boy a large envelope. He tore open the envelope hastily, and inside found a slip of paper on which was written in large letters:—

"Why don't you get up?" He got up.

How Tommy Was Done

"LOOK here, Tommy," said one rustic to another the other night as they sat in the bar of an inn, where they had been arguing as to which was the stronger of the two. "Look here, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll bet you a shilling I will carry you round this room with my teeth."

"Hanged if I don't take you on, old 'un," said Tommy, and the money was staked with the landlord.

Thereupon the old 'un caught Tommy round the waist, carried him round the room, and placed him on his feet again at the starting-point.

"But you didn't carry me round with your teeth," said Tommy.

"Did I carry you round without 'em?" grinned the old 'un, as he pocketed the stakes, amid roars of laughter from the company, and to the utter discomfiture of Tommy, who was never had so cleverly before.

He Seldom

ONE day a master in a school asked a boy to give him a sentence with the word "seldom" in. After a bit of thinking, he said, "Our father had two fowls, sir, and he seldom (sell'd 'em)."

Not a Musician

WHEN the old lady with the ear-trumpet called, little Bessie entertained her till the lady of the house was ready to put in an appearance.

While telling her about her recent presents and the health of her several dolls, Bessie eyed the trumpet curiously, and finally could restrain herself no longer. "Are you too tired to play a couple of tunes while mamma finishes dressing?"

He Couldn't

OLD GENTLEMAN, sitting for photograph, grumpily: "Want me to look pleasant, I suppose?"

PHOTOGRAPHER: "Not at all, sir. Our speciality is truthful likenesses!"

Not Afraid

"I SEE," said counsel to his "friend" engaged on the other side, "you are afraid to meet the truth!" "I never do meet it," was the prompt reply; "we always go together."

Two Points of View

"THE author who wrote 'There is beauty in extreme old age,'" says a contemporary, "probably never carved a six-year-old fowl."

Very Possible

"WHEN passenger-trains are telescoped," we are told by a man of experience, "the passengers are apt to see stars,"



A Beach at
Pootoo

The Second Bay
Pootoo



The Saddle Island
from
the top of the
Hill

A WEEK-END BY THE SEA

WEEK-END RESORTS

A MOOT point in Shanghai is what to do with the week-ends. The lucky owner of a houseboat soon settles the point by laying in stores, linking his craft on to one of the Soochow or Hangchow boat trains that leave Shanghai



A HILL NEAR THE WEST OF
HANGCHOW

daily, and is soon far away from the "madding crowd" in some of the numerous rural spots that can be found within a few hours journeying up the various adjacent waterways. According to the season of the year does the choice lie between Henli Reach, Chapoo, or Hangchow. At the latter place may be seen at times one of the wonders of the world, namely, the Hangchow Bore.



Photo Dr. Stumvoll
BATHERS AT POOTOO



Photo TEMPLE AT POOTOO Dr. Stumvoll

During the hot months the jaded Shanghailander pines for a breath of sea-air and if a lengthy holiday is impossible, then a week-end out at sea is the next

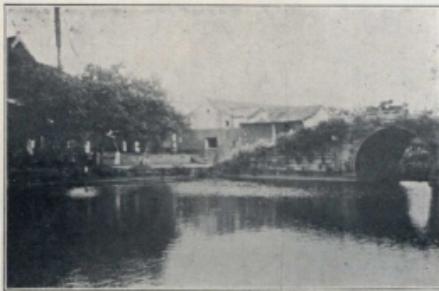


Photo Dr. Stumvoll
TEMPLE BRIDGE AT POOTOO

best thing, and special Saturday to Monday trips are arranged by some of the shipping companies. Most popular is Pootoo in this respect, and every summer two steamers, namely, the C.M.S.N. Co.'s s.s. *Kiangteen* and the H.A.N.S. Co.'s s.s. *Lita* have carried numbers of people for this little holiday jaunt, which has the great advantage of a smooth water passage most of the way, an important

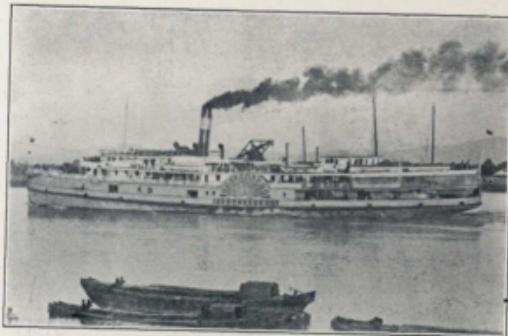
desideratum when one's holiday is only of a few days duration. Pootoo is an island near Chusan, which is sacred to the priests, and no one else has ever been able to buy land there, consequently, a temple is the only hostelry procurable. It is reported that any criminal fleeing from justice can find sanctuary on this island, this information is scarcely by way of being an inducement to the intending visitors, but the priests are really very hospitable and good-natured, and the scenery and sea-bathing to be had at Pootoo are delightful.

Another popular week-end sea trip is to the Saddle Islands, but as there is great likelihood of having bad weather on this journey only brave sailors attempt it. This year the s.s.



Photo

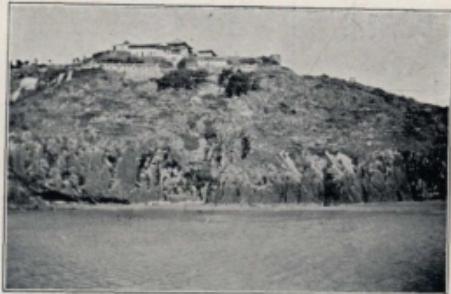
PAGODA AT POOTOO Dr. Stumvoll



C.M.S.N. CO.'S STEAMER "KIANGTEEN" WHICH CARRIES
PASSENGERS TO POOTOO



Tsingtau has made several journeys there, but seems to have run the gamut of a chapter of accidents, and on different occasions each of her propellers have been broken, and she has met with some very bad weather. A few people have built small bungalows and make the Saddle Islands a summer resort, while the Palace Hotel is running a branch establishment which has been very well patronized during the hot months. These islands



Photo

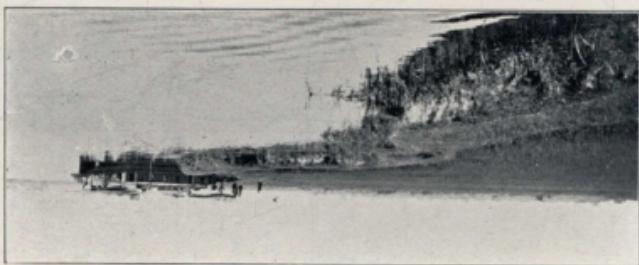
POOTOO FROM THE STEAMER Dr. Stumvoll

are somewhat barren and by no means as picturesque as Pootoo, but the bathing is excellent and the air ozone pure and simple.



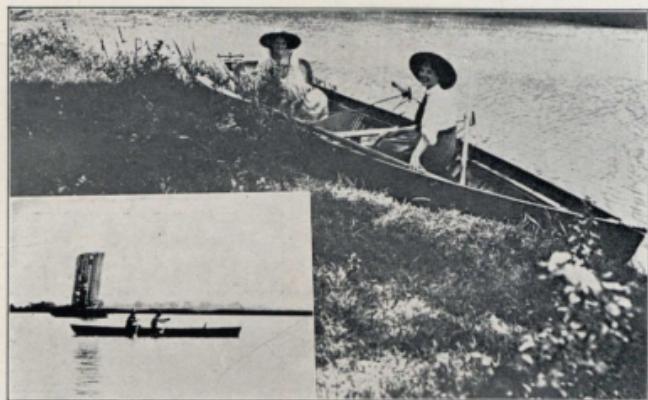
Photo

Miss Mayne



Photo

Mr. Bulchard



Photos

Miss Mayne and Mr. Bulchard

A Week-end Up-Country on a Houseboat

TOO LATE

THE room was in an unfashionable part of Hongkew, and could boast of nothing in the way of luxuries. The large bed stood in the corner farthest from the fire-place, and a single candle was burning on the mantel-shelf and seemed to be fighting an unequal battle with the shadows which pressed upon it, who had, to judge by the reserve forces gathered in the corners, overwhelming odds. Beside the small bed stood the motionless figure of a woman, her eyes fixed on its occupant. It was a boy of about four years, whose sleep looked almost like that of death, so white was his face and so wasted his body.

A bell sounded faintly in the house below, breaking the absolute stillness, and the woman's hands clenched and her brow contracted, but her eyes never left the child's face. As a footstep on the stair reached the door of the room, she moved silently to it, and after a few whispered words returned to the bedside.

"Oh Jack, how can I?" she murmured, gazing before her with a look of agony in her eyes. "You said you forgave him, but I never could—because, Jack, he ruined us, and that killed you—yes, it was *he* killed you"—the lines of her mouth hardened, but suddenly the lips trembled, and throwing herself on her knees beside the bed she buried her face, trying to stifle the choking sobs which shook her whole frame.

"If it were anyone but *that* man," she gasped. "I would do it if it were any one else—but, oh, I cannot. And yet—the doctor said 'nourishing food and wine' and where can I get them? 'The only

chance'—oh my boy, my boy—you *shall* not, *must* not die—surely God will save you, give you back to me—Jack's boy, Jack's baby—nay, I *will* save you—I will get the food for you even—even in that way."

The sobs grew less and for a few moments she knelt silent, then rose and straightened her dress, hastily putting on a hat and cloak. With one light kiss on the child's white forehead, she passed noiselessly from the room and down the stairs.

She paused a moment with her fingers on the handle of the door below and drew a deep breath, then opened it and went in with flushed cheeks and compressed lips.

A man was standing in the room alone—he was tall and well-dressed, but with a cruel look in his eyes she did not care to see, and without looking at him once or giving him time to speak, she hurriedly shut the door and said in a voice from which all trace of emotion had vanished:—

"I have decided to accept you."

A look of unmistakable relief and pleasure passed over her companion's face.

"You shall never regret it," he said, eagerly, and stepped forward as if to take her hands. She drew back——

"Do not misunderstand me," she said, coldly, "you remember the arrangement? My son requires food and wine which I am unable to procure for him, and these you are to provide on condition of my becoming—of my agreeing to the bargain you suggested—you will fulfil your part at once?" There was a shade of pleading in her voice and she met his eyes for the first time.

"I will come with you now immediately, and we will get whatever you want," he said.

"Thank you, you are very kind," and turning she led the way from the room. She hurried along the street without speaking, he keeping by her side, with now and then a downward glance at her anxious face. The purchases made, they reached the house again in silence, but at the door he said:—

"I thought perhaps your answer would be 'yes,' so I brought this with me—may I put it on?" and he held out a splendid diamond ring.

"Not to-night, please." She caught her breath, her fingers had suddenly closed on a plain gold ring on her left hand.

He put the diamonds back in his pocket, and there was a slight pause.

"Good-night—thank you for these things—I must go now."

"Good-night, you will expect me tomorrow?" and the door closed behind her. The lover turned slowly away, but she was up the stairs in a moment, flushed and panting. Softly she entered and hastened to the bed. Then she stood still while the colour left her cheeks little by little—the form which lay there was no stiller than when she left it, only—different.

"Too late," she said, quite calmly, but with the youth gone out of her face. When she turned from the bed she placed her parcels in a cupboard and arranged them carefully.

"So the bargain is to be all on one side," she said with a bitter smile.

A. J. B.



Photo of the drawing of opium-shops to be closed on the 30th June, 1909. This was the third and last drawing, the remainder will be closed on the 31st December, 1909, after which there will be no licensed opium-shops in the Settlement.

The following representatives were present:—

Mr. K. J. McEuen, Deputy Supt. of Police.

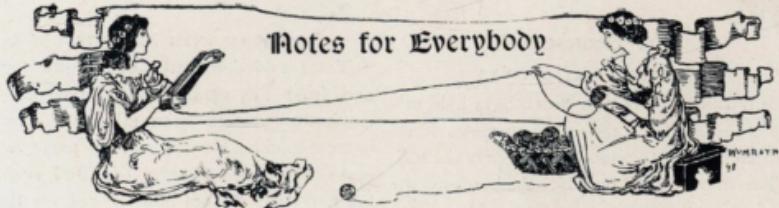
Mr. A. Johnsford, Overseer of Taxes.

Mr. Shen Tun-ho (Imperial Bank of China.)

Mr. Yue Yah-ching (Netherlands Bank.)

Mr. Tso Lai-fong (Messrs. Jardine, Matheson & Co.)

} Chinese
representatives.



Notes for Everybody

B FLAT for the poor wretch squeezed against the pit door of the theatre.

B sharp for the man who wishes to ride on the car without paying his fare.

The low G for the man who wishes to master the equestrian art.

The high C for the sailor who leaves without paying his *dhabie* (washerman).

The D profundo for the man who treads on a tintack when he gets out of bed.

(H) A for the man who can't appreciate his wife's cooking.

EE for the (Editress Social Shanghai) toiler.

The above has been sent in by a valued subscriber who chooses to be facetious.—ED.

For Parents

STUPID CHILDREN

THE condition of mind which the school-teacher so frequently calls stupidity is very often a state of dulness resulting from disease. If such children are carefully examined, it will frequently be found that a large number of them are suffering from defects of eyesight, from deafness, or from some obstructive disease of the nasal passages, of which adenoids is perhaps the most common, resulting in making them what is known as mouth breathers. Moreover, certain children classed as stupid possess decided talents in various directions which the school instruction is not well calculated to develop.

For Young Mothers

Do not be always dandling baby. If he is put into a crawling rug or an old overall and allowed to roll about the floor before he is able to walk it will do him a world of good—strengthen his limbs, and bring all his muscles into play. There is too much lying down in perambulators and mailcarts. They have their uses, but to keep any child in one for hours at a stretch is certainly bad for the child.

Rinse all flannelette garments, as well as children's pinnafores and cotton frocks, in alum water, for thus they are rendered practically non-inflammable. Use 2-oz. of alum to a gallon of water.



For Business Women

PERSONALITY COUNTS

BOTH men and women appreciate courtesy, brevity, clarity, and honesty in business affairs, but there are some things which are specially helpful for business women to note. The first thing to remember when talking to women is that personality counts. A man notices a girl's "get up" and all practical data concerning her business ability. A woman will rather consider an applicant's coiffure, dress, voice, attitude, and manners. And the girl who is going to be chosen for and keep any particular appointment is the one who does not try to appear what she is not, but brings along all the common sense possible.

For Housekeepers

TO CLEAN OILY BOTTLES

WHEN glass bottles which have held oil are needed for some other purpose, it is often difficult to remove all traces of the oil. This may be done by filling the bottles with ashes and placing them in cold water, which should be gradually allowed to boil. Keep boiling for an hour, and then allow the bottles to remain in it till cold. Wash them in soapsuds, and rinse in clear water.

HOW TO CLEAN WINDOWS IN WINTER

As glass windows are liable to crack if washed in frosty weather in the ordinary way with water, it is useful to know they can be rubbed over with a little paraffin oil on a cloth and then polished in the usual manner without danger of breaking.

CARPET-CLEANING

HAVING dusted and removed such articles as can be carried from the room, wring a flannel mop out of hot water and wipe the carpet thoroughly, wringing the mop from clean water as often as it may become soiled. Then sweep with a new broom, as you would ordinarily, and when you have finished you will have a bright, clean carpet with little or no dust, and all at the expense of a very little hard labour. Those who have not tried this method may be sceptical about its merits, but one trial will convince.

CELERY SOUP

BOIL three or four large heads of celery, with an onion and three large potatoes, until tender. Drain them, and pass all through a sieve. Dilute the pulp to the right consistency with equal parts of milk and water in which the vegetables were boiled, and half an ounce of butter rolled in flour; season with white pepper and salt, boil up and serve. Hand dice of fried bread with the soup.

GATEAU WITH APRICOTS

TAKE a Madeira cake, cut off the top, and from the centre cut a large piece, leaving a wall of cake all round, two inches thick. Stew a tin of preserved apricots with a teacupful of sifted sugar for a quarter of an hour. Fill up the centre of the cake, put on the top, boil the syrup up and pour enough of it over the cake to soak it. When cold, cover with a thick custard or whipped cream.

BAKED OMELETTE

TAKE four fresh eggs; beat the yolks separately and add two-thirds of a cup of hot milk and a bit of butter, a tablespoonful of flour, salt and pepper to taste; beat the whites to a stiff froth, and add them last. Bake in a buttered-dish a few minutes until it is a nice brown.

For Neurotics

BEDROOM BLINDS.

If you have a sensitive eye and brain, and sleep lightly, it is not at all a good plan to screen your windows with red blinds or curtains. Brain specialists report that a good many cases of weakening of intellect arise from this cause every year, and for some natures and constitutions it is certainly a very bad thing to do. The scarlet light, reflected in the face of the sleeper in the morning and allowed to rest there for some time, has a bad effect on the eyes and brain. The best and healthiest colour for bedroom blinds is green, and dark green at that. It is always recommended by both brain doctors and oculists. Dark blue is next best, but not nearly so good as green. To induce the soundest and most restful kind of sleep, however, apart from brain sensitiveness, make the room absolutely pitch dark by means of a thick black blind. If you must have light, let it be green, and you will sleep well and never suffer. Red, too, is a great factor in keeping one awake.

Don'ts For Mothers

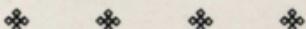
DON'T take your small child shopping.
Don't, as you value your motherhood,
"scold."

**For Mere Man**

WHEN times are hard no trade in town
Don't get discouraged and go
down,
But struggle still, no murmurs utter,
A few more kicks may bring the
butter.

TO DRY BOOTS

WHEN boots have become thoroughly soaked with water, fill them with warm, dry bran, and lace or button them up. Hang in a warm place, not too near the fire ; the bran will absorb all the moisture, and the leather will be soft and pliable, and not so likely to crack as if dried in the ordinary way. The bran can be used again and again after it has been dried. This is an excellent way of drying riding boots that have got soaked through.

**THE DUTIES OF A WIFE**

WHEN married you are, you must learn to submit,
To the whims of a husband ; and if he thinks fit
To go alone of an evening to club bridge to play,
At home by yourself, of course, you must stay.

You must ne'er be ill-tempered, look sulky, or frown ;
Or what people commonly call upside down ;
Be kind and submissive, yet cheerful and gay,
Or you'll break the old promise—"love, honour, obey!"

And when he comes home from office at night
Have the dining-room tidy, and fire burning bright,
His arm-chair placed ready ; evening paper well aired ;
See the dinner's all ready, and table prepared.

Be kind and attentive ; and through good and ill
Comply with his wishes, conform to his will ;
Endeavour to quell all contention and strife—
Better be an "old maid" than a scolding wife.

Attend to these rules, and you surely will find,
Your husband affectionate, tender, and kind ;
Let this be your comfort should he prove the reverse,
"He's my husband—I've got him for better for worse."



Our Young Folks' Corner



Moon Tales

WE are always told as children that there is an old man who lives in the moon, and that he was sent there as a punishment for gathering sticks on Sunday, and so he has to stand for ever with a bundle of faggots on his back.

Now, the children of Iceland tell quite a different story. They say that when Jack and Jill fell down the hill, the moon picked them up and wiped away Jill's tears, and patched up Jack's broken crown. Then the moon took them one under each arm

and flew up to the sky again. There they draw buckets of water for her, and sometimes the buckets turn over, and the water is spilled and the earth people say it is raining.

The Chinese children have a very pretty story about the moon. To begin with they say that it is a rabbit, and not a man, that lives in the moon. As the story goes there was once a little boy named Ah See, and he was sent to bed without his supper because he had not used his chop-sticks properly, and had spilt his rice all over his clean clothes. As he lay in bed the moon was shining on him and watching him cry because he was hungry. Suddenly a tiny hand touched him, and a voice said: "Here is a bowl of rice for you, little Ah See. The rabbit in the moon has sent it to you."

Then little Ah See jumped out of bed and ran to the window. "Is there a rabbit in the moon?" he said.

"Of course there is," said the voice, "can't you see him pounding his rice in a bowl?"

"I see him," said Ah See, pressing his face hard against the window, "what a very kind rabbit he must be."



Doggie Liked Going to Church

THE other day I went to church, and during the prayers a dog walked in,



Photo

A. J. Ashby

A SNAPSHOT OF SOME SHANGHAI BAIRNS

went straight to his master, who was one of the curates, went into the pew, and stood on his hind legs, leant his head on the book-rest, and stayed there quite quietly till the end of the prayers, looking so comical I wanted badly to laugh.

As soon as the prayers were over his master turned him out.

B - YY

IT happened that a neighbour's BB
Made Farmer Brown so ill at EE,
By stealing honey from his PP
That he resolved the thieves to CC

But Farmer Brown was far from YY
He did not mind his FP and QQ;
The wary foes made for his II,
And now those II are out of UU.



Ten People Dine on one Egg

ONE egg for ten guests, says a traveller,
is the custom at the California ostrich
farm.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
eight, nine, ten," said the farmer, counting
the guests he had invited to spend the day
at the farm with him. "I expect that one
egg will be enough."

Having giving utterance to this expres-
sion he went to the paddock, and soon
brought to the house an ostrich's egg.

For a whole hour it was boiled, and
though there were then some misgivings
as to its being cooked, the shell was
broken, for curiosity could no longer be
restrained, and a three-pound hard-boiled
egg was laid upon the plate.

But apart from its size, there was no-
thing peculiar about it. The white had
the bluish tinge seen in the duck's egg,
and the yolk was one of the usual colour.
It tasted as it looked—like a duck's egg—
and had no flavour peculiar to itself.

As it takes twenty-eight hen's eggs to
equal in weight the ostrich's egg which
was cooked, it was evident the host knew
what he was about in cooking only one.

There was enough and to spare, and
before leaving the table the party unani-
mously agreed that an ostrich egg is good
fare.

Quaint Sayings

HE ONLY HELD ON !

PATERFAMILIES: "Tommy, stop pulling
that cat's tail."

TOMMY: "I'm not pulling it, pa. I'm
only holding on to it. The cat's pulling
it."



THE SAME WITH A DIFFERENCE

JOHNNIE: "Grandpapa, will you make
a noise like a frog?"

GRANDPAPA: "What for, my boy?"

JOHNNIE: "Why, pa says we shall get
ten thousand dollars when you croak."



AN OBSERVANT KIDDIE

It is feared that little Johnny is not
so proud of his dad as he might be were
his dad a different sort of man. The other
day Johnny looked at the unhandsome
features of his papa, and then watched
that personage move about in his shiftless
fashion. Said Johnny after a while: "Pa,
were any other men about when ma fell
in love with you?"



AN AWKWARD QUESTION

WILLIE: Auntie, are the angels homely?

WILLIE'S AUNT: Oh, no, Willie; they
are beautiful beyond expression.

Then how shall I know you?



CONCLUSIVE

LITTLE FREDDIE: Did your papa make
his money before you were born?

LITTLE BESSIE: He married my mama
for her money before I was born.

To the Dear Homeland

A MONTHLY LETTER

Presentation of the Prince Regent's Banner

"In the dear Homeland far across the sea,
I wonder if they miss me, do they think of me?"

DEAR BARBARA,

I must tell you about an interesting and unique ceremony I attended recently, namely, the presentation of colours to the Chinese Company of the Shanghai Volunteer Corps. The latter company was formed after the riots of 1905, when the leaders of the Chinese community in this Settlement decided that it was their duty to share in the protection of the Settlement in the event of anything of the kind happening again. The proposal to



PRINCE TSAI HSUN



ADMIRAL SAH

attach this unit to the Shanghai Volunteer Corps was accepted by the Municipal Council, and a company of about one hundred Chinese was formed and put under the command of Captain Cubitt.

The keenness shown by the members of this corps is self-evident in their smart appearance and efficiency, and despite the fact that according to the old-fashioned Chinese way of looking at things, "soldier pidgin" was looked upon very much in the same light as coolie "pidgin"—always excepting the mandarins who served as officers and who usually knew as much about it as I do. This Volunteer Company

is comprised of men who are for the most part of good social position. I am told that some of the privates hold the rank of "taotai," and for efficiency they need not fear any comparison, for they are a credit to the Settlement.

This presentation took place on September 15th in the grounds of the International Recreation Club and the whole of the Maloo or main thoroughfare leading up to its gates was gaily decorated with the dragon flag.



THE PRINCE REGENT'S BANNER PLACED READY FOR THE PRESENTATION

A revenons nos mouton, the Prince Regent has thought fit to show his approval and appreciation of this movement and deputed his royal brother Prince Tsai Hsun to present the Chinese

CHINESE DIGNITY

Shortly before five in the afternoon the Chinese Volunteers marched into the Club grounds and took up their position on the lawn under the command of Lieut.



LIEUT. GRAYRIGGE RECEIVING PRINCE TSAI HSUN AND PARTY

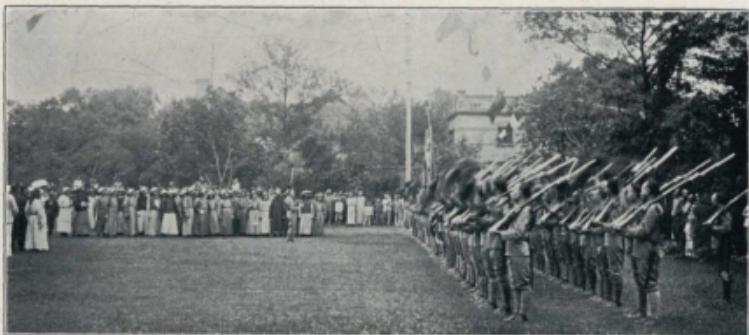
Company with its own banner—and a very handsome one it is too, being fashioned in royal yellow silk.

A blue dragon swallowing a red sun occupies its centre beside which are two Chinese characters which may be translated literally to mean "Commercial Volunteers."

Grayrigge, and a large number of mandarins in official robes and peacock feathers waiting on the verandah of the Club formed a picturesque group. To watch the latter "chin-chinning" each other in their own dignified way made me realize that I was really living in China after all.

In Shanghai one has few opportunities of seeing Chinese at their best and this was one of them. The half-educated merchant or comrade that is so evident in Shanghai is not by any means a dignified personage, for in his eagerness to imitate Western modes he is very apt to drop his own code of manners and at the same time just miss taking on ours. A truly Chinese gentleman has the attributes that comprise what we call a gentleman, namely, a keen appreciation and sympathy for another's feelings and a strong dislike of hurting them or ruffling one's prejudices, this coupled with an intensely dignified politeness cannot but earn its due respect.

After a short interval we had the gratification of seeing his Imperial Highness emerge, surrounded by a picturesque group of mandarins and proceed to the spot where the banner had been placed. From the centre of the line Lieut. Saker, with his two Chinese sergeants, marched forward and received the banner from the Prince and as they carried it back the whole company presented arms. After this, escorted by Col. Barnes and Lieut. Grayrigge, the Prince walked round the ranks and expressed his pleasure at being deputed to present the banner, also his appreciation of the smart appearance of the men, and Lieut. Grayrigge led three cheers for Prince Tsai Hsun,



LIEUTENANT GRAGRIGGE CALLING FOR CHEERS FOR PRINCE TSAI HSUN, ADMIRAL SAH,
MR. YU YA-CHING, AND LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BARNES

ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE

Punctually at five Prince Tsai Hsun accompanied by Admiral Sah (who by the way are making a tour of inspection as Imperial Naval Commissioners), arrived in a brougham drawn by a handsome pair of horses proceeded by a troop of Chinese cavalry mounted on shaggy ponies, and the Chinese band welcomed him with a fanfare which was quickly succeeded by martial airs by the Town Band. They were welcomed by a bevy of Chinese officials and conducted to an anteroom where Colonel Barnes and Captain Collyer (Commandant, and Adjutant, of the Shanghai Volunteer Corps,) were presented.

Admiral Sah, Mr. Yu Ya-ching, and Colonel Barnes. To hear Chinese giving the English "three cheers" was quaint in the extreme and something to be remembered.

THE BANQUET

In the evening a banquet was given by the officers of the Chinese Company in honour of the event and visit of Prince Tsai Hsun. This was attended by most of the officers of the S.V.C., members of the Municipal Council, and a large number of prominent Chinese.

Through his interpreter Prince Tsai Hsun made a very congratulatory speech and called upon the men of the Chinese Company to be loyal and dutiful to their officers and Commandant, and as a mark

of his appreciation of the labours of the officers in bringing the Chinese unit of the Shanghai Volunteer Corps to its commendable state of efficiency; he asked Colonel Barnes to accept four gold medals as momentos of the occasion, three being for the officers of the Chinese Company and one for Colonel Barnes. And very handsome momentos they were, being quite unique and precious, seeing there were only four of them! I send for your delectation a facsimile of these, also of the menu, the latter you will observe is as up-to-date and westernised as the Chinese Company, and does not even introduce a single shark's fin *a la chop-sticks*.



Menu

Hors d'oeuvres

Potage Clémentine

Filet de Turbot en Surprise

Bécassines sur Croûton
Tournedos à la Navarraise

Asperges en Branche

Chapon Rôti
Jambon d'York au Vin Blanc

Salade Russe

Charlotte à la Suisse
Glace à la Vanille

Dessert

Fruits. Fromage. Café.



The medals are hardly of the watch charm order as they measure 2½-in. in

length and 1¾-in. in breadth, but I hope their ample dimensions coincide with the donor's good-will.

The characters may be translated as follows:—



Photo

FACSIMILE OF THE MEDAL PRESENTED TO MAJOR BARNES
AND THE OFFICERS OF THE CHINESE CO. BY
PRINCE TSAI HSUN

Denniston & Sullivan

The characters on the dragon side is literally, "Present" but really it means "honourable distinction or decoration."

On the reverse side the large centre character is Tsai, the Prince's family name, and the small characters in the circle reads Admiral of the Royal Family, Hsing La, first year of Hsuan Tong (the present Emperor.)

As is usually the way with these Chinese decorations it is too large to be worn, but it is a valuable souvenir and is likely to become more so as the years roll on, when a strong native volunteer force will probably be one of the established institutions of a new and progressive China, and European officers will be a thing of the past, as will be the prophesies of your

NANCY.

Leaves from an Old Diary

By GEORGE WASHINGTON BAFFEY,
Who served under General Gordon

1866.

I arrived at Canton all safe and was landed a long way below the settlement, put in a chair and carted off to the city, here they took me to four different places, and finally landed me in the common prison. I got saucy and would not be confined with the mangy lot that grace a Chinese prison, for in the few minutes I was there the vermin had covered my legs. I kicked and made a noise and wanted to be put in a better place. After some time they allowed me to stop in a room by myself. Next night they had me brought before the court and tried : they had a linguist there for my benefit, but I would not understand only when he talked of the Consul. They talked for about an hour and then came to the conclusion they would have me sent to the Consul. Next morning they came for me bringing a chair, and took me to the old English yamēn in the city here. I told them I was not an Englishman but an American. They paid no attention to me, but as there was no one there, they took me down to the river where the English Consul resides, and here I met with a white face for the first time, in Mr. Meyers, who was student interpreter to the Consul. He told me to come in and got paper ready to take a deposition, this I refused to make ; I told him I was an American, and did not wish to say anything that might be brought against me in my trial ; he said it would do me no harm as it was invalid in the American Court. I had known Mr. Meyers when he was in the Consulate in Shanghai, and, thinking he would not tell

me if it was not so, I told him everything from my leaving Gordon's Force until I came before him. The mandarin then asked for a translation, to which I objected. When I told him the U.S.A. Consul would give him one, he said he was going. Mr. Robertson, the Consul, then came in and told the mandarin he could not receive me, but the Chinaman pressed him so to forward me over, that he consented, for which I owe him every thanks, for that and other favours he did me after.

I AM HANDED OVER TO THE U.S.A. CONSUL

After waiting some time for the constable's return from the city, I was sent over to O. H. Perry, Esq., U.S.A. Consul for the port of Canton. This gentleman was having his afternoon nap, and not liking to be disturbed he came downstairs rubbing his eyes and grumbling like a bear with a sore head. He never gave me a look or seemed to notice me at all ; the English Consul had sent him a note, which he opened and read ; after that he wrote an answer to it and sent the constable away.

Then he called for his boy and ordered him to get a set of irons ready. Up to this I had not spoken but now I ventured to say, "I hope you will not think it necessary to place me in irons, sir?" "Yes, you might walk out." "I will give you my word as a man I will not attempt to leave your office." "The best thing you can do is to go in irons quietly and not give me any trouble." I did so, but never felt so near choking in my life. It was the first time I ever had irons on me, and

to have them put on by a representative of the United States, made it worse than ever. That night he sent me dinner from his own table, he also had a bed made for me in the office; but I got no chance to clean myself or get any of my clothes. He kept me in his office three days and I believe he would have kept me until he could get charges preferred against me. The Chinese authority did not think of preferring any charge, but Mr. Perry would have charges and applied for them.

I MEET AN AMERICAN COMMISSIONER
OF CUSTOMS.

On the evening of the third day, Mr. Glover, American Commissioner of Customs at Canton (and the only American I knew of in the Customs who has got to the top of the ladder) came over on a visit to the Consul. He entered the office and seeing me there came over and spoke to me. He asked if I was the same man that the Chinese had kept as a prisoner. I told him yes, and he then asked how

many days I had been in the Consulate. When I told him he went directly to Perry and did he not give it to him for keeping me so long without clothes, and not giving me a chance to wash myself. He sent me over clothes of his own, and next morning I was dressed up like a dandy. I was released from irons and Mr. Perry told me he would go along with me to Macao next day and place me on board of a man-of-war, where, if I would ship he would guarantee me clear of all gaols, etc., that is if I consented to join the service for three years, and leave the country he would be well satisfied. Oh, yes! but I did not do it and would not! I had hopes if I could get a trial immediately I would be allowed to go about my business. However, we went the next morning to Macao and I went on board the relief that night. The next morning I was called for to pass the doctor. If I passed I would have to ship; but the doctor would not pass me, so the Consul gave me over to the captain to keep until demanded.

(*To be continued*).



HE WAITED

"I WANT to see Mr. Archer, the cashier," said the caller, a portly gentleman of majestic appearance.

"He is not in," replied the office boy on the three-legged stool. "He is——"

"I see he is not in," interrupted the visitor. "This is about the hour he has been in the habit usually of coming in, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir, but——"

"Thanks, I'll wait."

He sat down, picked up a newspaper, slowly unfolded it, and proceeded to read.

The boy on the stool wrote away in silence.

Thus passed half-an-hour.

The caller grew restive.

"By the way," he said, "how—er—long do you think it will be before Mr. Archer comes in?"

"I don't know," said the youngster. "He left about three weeks ago to go to another firm."

Mr. Justice Bourne, C.M.G.

THAT His Majesty has been pleased to confer the honour of the Companionship of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George upon Mr. Justice Bourne has given great satisfaction to the whole British community in Shanghai, for that it is thoroughly well merited is the general opinion. As a judge, Mr. Bourne has earned the respect and esteem of all who have been brought into contact with his jurisdiction, by his keen insight and tact, combined with a careful consideration of legal authorities and his fair, and correct decision.

Frederick Samuel Augustus Bourne was born in 1854, and at the age of nineteen entered the public service as a supplementary clerk in the War Office. Three years later he became a student interpreter in China and was selected for special service at Chungking in 1884, where he remained until the beginning of 1887, during which time he made a report of the commercial conditions existing in the district bordering on Tongking, and did considerable travelling in the provinces of Szechuen, Hunan, Kuangsi, and Kweichow for this purpose. He was also appointed acting consul at Wuhu and Tamsui, and was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn on June 18th, 1890. After his return to China he was vice-consul and acting-consul at Canton, and, subsequently appointed to Shanghai as acting vice-consul; but shortly afterwards was promoted to be vice-consul at Pagoda Island. In 1897 he was promoted to full consul and given the port of Chinkiang, but was then selected for the position

of assistant judge to the Supreme Court for China and Japan, and filled the office of acting chief justice for a short time in 1900, and again two years later. In 1901 he was acting consul-general in Shanghai during Sir Pelham Warren's absence on home leave, and in 1904 was appointed to be judge of the High Court of Weihaiwei. For the past year till he went on home leave in July, Mr.



MR. JUSTICE BOURNE, C.M.G.

Justice Bourne filled the post of Acting Judge of the Supreme Court for China and Corea. Mr., Mrs. and Miss Bourne left by the R.M.S. *Empress of India* on Tuesday, July 27th, for a year's leave. A large number of friends assembled on the jetty to bid them farewell and *bon voyage* and they carried with them the good wishes of the whole community.

The Quiet Hour

The Holiday Spirit

WHEN the sun shines on us with real goodwill for the first time in the year—in early spring—when his smile has broadened into a beam, and there is not a cloud in the sky to obscure from time to time his cheerful face, when the east wind has softened into a zephyr, when birds and flowers simultaneously proclaim the delight of renewed life, there passes through our being a thrill which sometimes does and sometimes does not translate itself, but which, in sober fact, is the holiday spirit. It is a spirit which for the moment takes us out of the narrow environment of our everyday life, which makes us want to drag our noses away from the desk, to lift our heads, throw our chests well out, and drink in the free air of heaven. If there is one time more than another in the whole course of the year when we should like to be untrammelled by business cares and worries, and to be free to live a larger life of boon companionship with all the animal and vegetable kingdom, it is in the first glow of spring. Routine becomes hateful, commerce becomes sordid, the getting of money is repellent; in short, that which for eleven months of the year is our chosen, if not destined, "end or way," and satisfies our ambitions and aspirations, becomes now the one thing from which we most keenly desire to escape. A spirit of divine restlessness comes over us, and by a simple chain of circumstances it may become divine restfulness.

Do not let us misunderstand one another at the outset. The holiday spirit which steals over us in the first flush of genuine

springtime is not a mere desire to shirk work. It has indeed, as we may presently try to show, no connection with the spirit of indolence, but is rather active and wideawake. It is in fact an awakening; and the quicker pulsation of our blood affects our whole being, and bids us arise from our slothful mechanical existence and take stock of the world—how beautiful it is, and how many pleasures it has for us actively to enjoy! Other circumstances and conditions in life awake this spirit within us, but it is probably never felt as keenly as it is under the influence of springtime. That is not the true holiday spirit which sends us off in August or September to the sea or the mountains, though the spirit may be, and usually is, with us at these times. Such a holiday is a matter-of-fact break in our work, arranged long beforehand as a precaution against physical breakdown, and planned with time-table method as to place and period. The change of environment and the beauty of scenery most probably will beget that spirit without which a holiday is a dreary mistake, but it is not that spirit which in March makes us fix the tenth of August as the time for setting out. The holiday spirit is an acute emotion, a momentary appetite, which must be satisfied before it passes away. The keen enjoyment of it lies in the promptitude with which it is pandered to. Here is a glorious day which appeals to us in eloquent terms to enjoy it with all our animal nature. Happy are we if we can throw aside books, and pens, and tools and revel in sunshine in the God-made country. Whether we walk, or cycle, or

drive matters little, so long as we spend a day in the company of our genial benefactor the sun, as far away as possible from the haunts of man, and especially from our own haunts.

This is the true holiday spirit born of health's keen appreciation of nature, and of nature's sap rising within, stirring in us the new life that spring time brings; but in Shanghai we know another holiday spirit which makes itself felt at the end of the summer, and which is born of a desire

for rest. During the dog days of July and August we go through the heat with a certain amount of patient vigour knowing that it is inevitable, but when September comes and the thermometer is still registering the nineties the desire to shirk work and flee to a cool spot where we can just rest, comes upon us almost overpoweringly. This also is the call of nature which if not attended to, answers itself in its own way, and compels us to rest whether we will or not.



WANT OF COURAGE

A GREAT deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making the first effort, and who, if they could only have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that in order to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risk and adjusting chance. It did very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for 150 years, and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterward; but at present a man waits, and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his first cousin, and his particular friends, till one day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age, that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends that he has no more time left to follow their advice.



FALSE EXCUSES

It is, of course, a man's duty to decline to attempt a piece of work that demands more time than he ought to give to it. But once having accepted it as his duty, let his lips be sealed to the temptation to plead that he had not time enough to do it right! The best work is done by those who have the least time—whose time is too precious to waste any of it in false excuses.

Social Notes

ONE can safely say that August has been the tennis month for Shanghai. We have seen the Shanghai Championship, the Lester doubles, the Recreation Club's handicap, the Cricket Club's doubles and spring singles, all played with everything weather could do to enhance success. To those who have been summering in Shanghai the lawn tennis matches have done much in helping to pass the before-dinner hours, and they have been watched with great interest. There was a large assembly at the Country Club on Wednesday the 11th to watch the final competition for the Shanghai Lawn Tennis Challenge Cup, when a splendid contest was fought between Messrs. P. Marshall and R. I. Fearon.

This match was extremely interesting from beginning to end. In the first set Mr. Marshall won by 6-4 and after this a stubborn fight ensued, till the referee proclaimed the light too bad to continue, and the game was suspended after the second game of the fourth set, the score being first set to Marshall, the second and third to Fearon both by 8-6. The match was continued on Saturday, and the final issue looked doubtful up to the seventh game, but after that Mr. Fearon took every set and won the championship by twenty-six games to twenty-two.

*

a shower bouquet of carnations, roses, and asparagus ferns; she also wore the bridegroom's gift, a lovely pearl and diamond pendant. The service was conducted by the Grand Rabbin Sayegh of Mossoul, and the bridal canopy under which the bridal couple stood was held by Messrs. J. Spunt, M. Sibbeth, M. David, and R. Spunt. In all five bridesmaids attended



Photo

Burr Photo Co.
MR. AND MRS. MAURICE SIMMONDS

AN interesting wedding took place at the Peking Road Synagogue on August 1st between Mr. Maurice Simmonds and Miss Dora Spunt. The bride wore a charming gown of lovely Renaissance lace over Liberty satin and a long tulle veil fastened with orange blossoms, and carried

the bride, the two elder ones, Miss David and Miss Ezra, wearing ivory net dresses trimmed with lace and hats of lace to match relieved with touches of pink, while the three small maids, Misses Leah Wohlgemuth, Regina Levy, and Jeanie Goldman wore frocks of white organdie muslin inset with lace and relieved with pale blue sashes, and shirred beehive hats

of the same material, wreathed with forget-me-nots.

The bride was given away by her brother-in-law, Mr. A. B. Rosenfeld, and the duties of best man were undertaken by Mr. David. The ushers were Messrs. Wohlgemuth, Meyer, and Goldman.

After the wedding ceremony was over the bride and bridegroom drove by motor car to the Astor House where Mr. and Mrs. Rosenfeld held a large reception, and some very smart gowns were worn by the ladies there assembled.

advantage of playing on their own ground. In the first three chukkas Shanghai had it mostly its own way, but in the fourth chukka Tsingtau seemed to have settled down to the game, and rapidly scored two chukkas. However, it was then too late to mend, and the game finished with seven chukkas to Shanghai against two to Tsingtau. The enthusiasm shown when the German team won their chukkas showed the good feeling on the part of the onlookers.

Colonel Bruce presided at a dinner given to the visitors by the Shanghai team



THE SIMMONDS—SPUNT WEDDING GROUP

ONE of the most interesting events of the month was the Interport Polo Match. Much disappointment was expressed by the sporting element of the community when it was known that Hongkong was unable to send a team this year, so when Tsingtau stepped into the gap much interest was inspired by the fact that it was the first time that Tsingtau had competed for the cup. Needless to say our German friends were greatly welcomed, but could scarcely be expected to beat the Shanghai team who were in excellent form and had put in good practice this season, moreover, they had the

at the Astor House and expressed his anticipation of being able to visit Tsingtau for a return match next year.

CONSTERNATION and regret were occasioned by the news of the sudden death due to cholera of Mr. J. Gibson of the Standard Oil Co. Mr. Gibson was in good health and took part in a water polo match for the International Swimming Club on Friday evening, but during the night his condition became so serious that it was found necessary to convey him to the General Hospital where he died at 9.30 on Saturday morning, July 31st.

By a strange coincidence another employee of the Standard Oil Co. died at the Isolation Hospital on Saturday morning also from cholera. Mr. Wynn Kerl was first officer of the Standard Oil Co.'s *Hudson*, but is by old residents best remembered as captain of the Glen liner *Glengary* in which capacity he first visited Shanghai.

THE tragic death of Mr. Oppenheim Gerard came as a great shock to many and much sympathy is felt for his young widow, who was his wife for so short a period.



A very successful swimming gala was held by the International Swimming Club



Photo

A CHUKKA ON THE POLO GROUND

A. K. Henning

THE musical section of our community deplore the fact that Mr. Pullen has severed his connection with Trinity Cathedral and Shanghai. His influence on the musical standard of Shanghai was strongly felt during his sojourn in our midst and he will be much missed during the coming season. That he has left a memento in the shape of his library of chamber music is a matter for congratulation to the Chamber Music Society. During his connection with the latter society he very kindly placed this at their disposal free of charge and now allows them to retain it at cost price.



THE death of Commander Dougherty from pneumonia on August 1st cast a gloom over the American community. Much sympathy is extended to Mrs. Dougherty who is in the States.

on August 7th. As most of the events were open to any one who liked to enter the competition, some very exciting swimming feats took place. Particularly may this be said of the two lengths handicap which was won in good style by R. W. MacCabe who gave three seconds to G. W. O. Mayne and J. Wilson and five seconds to T. Wigton in the first heat. He had to do his best to put Mayne behind him. In the final heat MacCabe gave three seconds to W. Jones and five to T. Poignard while he received two from Prince, and won by one yard and a half doing the distance $42\frac{2}{3}$ seconds. In the Flying Squadron the Internationals proved their superiority over the Rowing Club by an easy win. The time averaged twenty-one seconds each man.

The egg and spoon race caused much amusement, was accompanied by peals of

merriment, and was won comfortably by J. Witchell. Last but by no means the least interesting item on the programme, was the water polo match between the Internationals and the Fire Brigade. This was an excellent game (and owing to the strict observance of Mr. Fowler who was referee there were but few fouls) which counted a victory to the Internationals.

ON August 29th the Rowing Club held its fourth annual swimming gala which was eagerly appreciated by a crowded audience.

WEIHAIWEI has been particularly unfortunate this year in its outbreak of sickness amongst the little ones and the

death of Mr. and Mrs. Craven's little son was the cause of much apprehension on the part of parents who had taken their families to summer there. Several fathers were telegraphed for by anxious mothers, whose little ones were stricken, but fortunately no more casualties occurred. Mrs. H. H. Read's attack of scarlet fever proved to be only slight, but quite sufficient to give her a sorry time of it. It is doubtful whether Weihsien will ever enjoy the reputation of an ideal watering resort as hitherto, but accidents do happen in the best regulated institutions, and it is highly improbable that it will occur again, as the root of the trouble has been discovered.

THE LONELINESS OF LOVE

"FOR summer and his pleasures wait on thee ;
And, thou away, the very birds are mute ;
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near."

The Immortal Bard has given expression to the feeling of all true lovers, and one of the strongest reasons why being in love can never be an altogether happy state is the absolute feeling of loneliness that besets those enduring even a temporary absence from each other.

"Unless you can muse in a crowd all day,
O, fear to call it loving!"

declares the sweetest of women singers ; and how plainly the lines tell of the aloofness of the lover from everything and everyone, save the one beloved.

"Take one from five millions, and only one remains, and that is yourself, and very lonely," says Isabel Carnaby quaintly to Paul in one of their numerous making-up moments.

It is this feeling which is the cause of the frequent complaints of the selfishness of love, and yet it would be almost as reasonable to blame a plant for dying in the dark as to find fault with the pale-cheeked little maiden whose interest in life seems to vanish with her lover's departure.

She does not value the love that surrounds her any the less, or fail to appreciate the affection that would strive to make her happy, when she is awake to either ; only in the exceeding loneliness of her heart she more often than not never feels or sees them. She only knows—

"And, him away, the very birds are mute!"

The proverbial blindness of love shuts out the rest of the world, and too often, alas ! wounds other loving hearts.

The charge for announcements of Births, Marriages, and Deaths (which must be authenticated by the name and address of the sender) is \$1.00.

Births

BEGG.—On August 16, 1909, at 61 Osborne Place, Aberdeen, to Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Begg, a daughter.

BALEAN.—On September 14, 1909, at 4 Hongkong Road, Shanghai, to Dr. and Mrs. Balean, a son.

WINTELER.—On September 16, 1909, at Shanghai, to Mr. and Mrs. M. Winteler, a son.

STRUCKMEYER.—On September 16, 1909, at No. 4 Yates Road, Shanghai, to Mr. and Mrs. O. Struckmeyer, a son.

SCOTSON.—On September 28, 1909, at the Nursing Home, to Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Scotson, a daughter.



Marriages

O'SULLIVAN—CROAD.—On August 9, 1909, at Beira, Portuguese East Africa, by his Britannic Majesty's Vice-Consul, Colonel Gerald Hope Wildig O'Sullivan, late Royal Engineers, Inspector Geral da Fazenda, Companhia de Mozambique, to Clara Louisa, only daughter of the late Albert Croad, Esq., of Shanghai, China.



DESCHAMPS—FOVARGUE.—On September 14, 1909, at the Parish Church, Eastbourne (England), by the Rev. Canon Goodwyn, assisted by the Rev. W. P. Jay, Jean Charles Deschamps to Ethel Mary, elder daughter of H. W. Fovargue, Town Clerk of Eastbourne.

Deaths

HIRT.—On September 6, 1909, at the Municipal Hospital, Shanghai, Georg Hirt, of F. W. Rosenbaum's, aged 32 years.

LOUREIRO.—On September 7, 1909, at the General Hospital, Shanghai, Lizette Elaine Loureiro, the beloved wife of J. E. Loureiro, aged 40 years.

SEVERIM.—On September 8, 1909, at Hankow, S. M. Severim, aged 53.

BOHM.—On September 15, 1909, at Chaosan, near Changsha, E. Bohm, Capt. of N.D.L. Steamer *Mei Yu*, aged 35 years.

SIMONSEN.—On September 17, 1909, Peter C. Simonsen (U. S. Navy, retired), aged 60 years.

STEVENSON.—On September 23, 1909, at the Shanghai General Hospital, Andrew Stevenson, Third Engineer of the C.M.S. *Irene*, aged 23 years.

PHILLIPS.—On September 26, 1909, at 13A Weihaiwei Road, Shanghai, Herbert Francis, only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Phillips, aged 1 year and 11 months.

HOAG.—On September 27, 1909, at Chinkiang, of dysentery, Dr. Lucy H. Hoag, of the Methodist Episcopal Mission.

KULING

THE ever popular Kuling seems to have been more popular than ever this season. We are told that the number of visitors this year exceeds those of former times by nearly two hundred, and in all made a total of 1,247 compared against 1,053 last year. The weather has been abnormally good, although, perhaps, a little too hot mid-day for those who like to be out all the time, but evenings and

a pair of lovers who were so lost to the world that they neglected to take their bearings when out for their evening stroll, consequently, the world of Kuling lost them and they were obliged to spend the night far from home on the mountain side. Search parties were unsuccessful in finding their whereabouts, but a slip of paper brought in the morning revealed the fact that they were safe and had



KULING SWIMMING SPORTS.

nights were delightful. Sports have been the order of the day and enthusiastically patronized by many. Especially popular was tennis, for, although the number of courts have been increased, they were not sufficient to meet demands.

The Annual Meeting of Landrenters was as interesting as usual, and a new diversion was introduced by the disappearance of

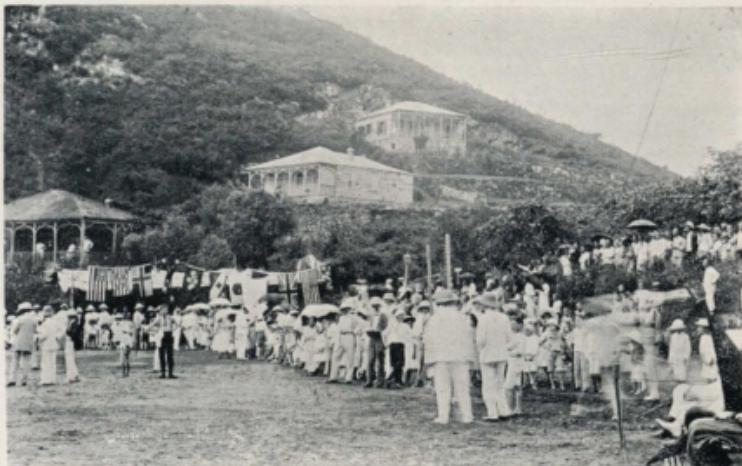
taken refuge in a coolie's hut. All's well that ends well !

Kuling day, the day of days from the children's point of view—when their annual sports take place—fell on the 17th of August this year.

The programme consisted of about twenty events which were well contested. Two booths were erected for tea and

refreshments and were much appreciated. The previous day the aquatic sports were held at the pool, but for some reason or other the events were fewer than usual and the number of entries decidedly less than hitherto, however, some very good exhibitions of swimming were seen.

fields and villages. This in itself will be a great advantage to travellers to Kuling, by doing away with the most tedious and trying part of the journey from Kiukiang, but when to this is added the prospect of an up-to-date electric railway up the mountain side, the journey becomes a



SPORTS ON KULING DAY.

With a record of good health and good weather Kuling may be counted one of the successes of the season.

The latest news from Kuling tells us that arrangements have been made for a wide direct road across the plains by which the journey may be made by carriage instead of the old tiresome route by chair and round-about paths through

luxury and will be accomplished comfortably in two hours, instead of uncomfortably in six or perhaps more as often happens with the present system. These improvements will be accomplished in two years according to estimate, and then Kuling may be counted as the mountain resort of the Orient as our American cousins would put it.



HIS TROUBLE!

AT a fashionable resort an old bedridden fisherman whose end was approaching was asked by the clergyman if his mind was at ease. "Oo, ay, I'm a' richt," came the feeble reply. "You are sure there is nothing troubling you? Do not be afraid to tell me." The old man seemed to hesitate, and at length, with a faint return of animation, said, "Weel, there's just ae thing that troubles me, but I dinna like to speak o't." "Believe me, I am most anxious to comfort you," replied the clergyman; "tell me what it is that troubles and perplexes you." "Weel, sir, it's just this," said the old man eagerly—"I canna for the life o' me mak oot hoo ye manage to get into that waistcoat."

OUR MONTHLY DIARY

AUGUST

Aug. 1st.—Great fire in Osaka, over twenty thousand houses destroyed.

,, 2nd.—Affray in Hongkew between a foreigner and Chinese assisted by the Pao-shan Police, in which a Chinese woman was seriously injured.

,, 4th.—Mr. Charles Leopold Albert Oppenheim-Gerard, chief shipping clerk of the Standard Oil Co., committed suicide by shooting himself.

,, 6th.—Arrest of Mr. Charles A. Engelbracht, formerly marshal of the American Consular Court at Shanghai, on a charge of embezzlement of moneys received in his official capacity.
International Swimming Club's Gala.

,, 7th.—Cricket match between the Shanghai Cricket Club and Shanghai Public School, past and present, resulting in a win for the Public School.

Departure of Mr. George Butler for home

,, 14th.—Serious earthquake in Japan, resulting in great destruction to property and life.
Fire in Soochow Road at the hong known as Shun Tai.

,, 16th.—Boiler explosion on board H.M.S. *Otter* at Weihsien, resulting in two deaths and two injured.

,, 17th.—Tennis Match held at Country Club between Commander Wisselde and Mr. R. H. Eckford, representing Tsingtao, and Messrs. G. M. Wheelock and R. I. Fearon, Shanghai, resulting in a win for Shanghai by two sets to nil.

,, 18th.—Interport Polo Match between Tsingtao and Shanghai, resulting in a win for Shanghai by seven goals to two.

Aug. 18th.—Mr. J. H. Teesdale's house in Sinza Road entered by burglars and a quantity of clothes, some money, and a watch and chain stolen.

,, 22nd.—Marriage at the Sikh Gurdwara, of a Sikh to a Chinese bride, who, at the same time, embraced the Sikh faith and distinguished herself as the first Chinese convert.

Capt. Leary, Chief Ordnance Officer, North China Command, killed by a train at Chienmun Railway Station, Peking.

,, 23rd.—Raid on the Jessfield Club by the Municipal Police.

,, 25th.—Serious affray at the Jessfield Club. Detective-Sergeant Kennerly was shot in the leg and Constable George was seriously bitten in the arm by a Sikh watchman. Two Indian watchmen and one Cuban were arrested.

Horrible murder of a Chinese woman in Hongkew.

,, 28th.—Shanghai Rowing Club held its fourth Annual Swimming Gala and Aquatic Sports.

Departure of H.E. Yuan Shu-hsun, late Governor of Shantung, to take up his office as Acting Viceroy of Canton.

,, 29th.—Arrival of Prince Tsai Hsun and Admiral Sah in Shanghai.

,, 31st.—Reception given at the residence of the Consul-General for the Netherlands in honour of the birthday of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland.



Photo

AN UMBRELLA COURTSHIP

W. Howell



Two Sections of the latest Panoramic View taken by D. Satow



KULIANG

KULIANG is a mountain resort situated nearly nine miles east of Foochow, where a number of foreigners seek refuge from the great heat which usually prevails during the summer months in the coast ports of this district.

can be easily ascended by means of chair or "shanks's mare" through a good stone road, which leads from base to summit of the hill, where the temperature is ten or fifteen degrees cooler than that of the plains.



Here something like a hundred residences have been built, and foreigners from Amoy, Swatow, and Foochow flock to its cool and invigorating altitudes every year.

Kuliang, which means Drum Pass, is 2,400 feet above the level of the sea and

By way of diversion the sojourner in Kuliang may revel in delightful walks, wandering through magnificent scenery; tennis, a tournament of which is held every year; also swimming, there being several deep pools to be found in the



TWO VIEWS OF KULIANG



A VIEW FROM THE MAIN ROAD



LOOKING SOUTH FROM THE MAIN ROAD

cooling streams which wander down the mountain side.

A favourite point of interest, which entails a delightful walk of about six miles from Kuliang through glorious scenery, is the Kushan monastery which is situated on the south side of the Kushan Mountains, about 1,700 feet from its base.

"A thousand years ago—or any number of years you please—an unknown explorer, and as brave as he is unknown, while pursuing his investigations on these dizzy heights discovered a stone resembling a drum. That in itself was quite a discovery, but when he discovered that in some mysterious way the winds by sweeping



THROUGH THE PINES

The name Kushan signifies in English "Drum Mountain," and of this a legend is told by the Rev. P. W. Pitcher, M.A., in his "Sketch of Kuliang Mountain and Environments" as follows:—

over this particular stone produced a sound very like the music occasioned by beating upon such an instrument, he found something which was worth discovering. He was not slow about telling it, nor the



"ON SHANKS'S MARE"

people in believing it. Hence his memory, if not his name, became immortalized by ever after calling the mountain—'Kushan.'

"In the year A.D. 899 the work of building the monastery was begun. The site on which it now stands was formerly a great deep chasm—for convenience, say a mile down—where a cruel old dragon lived, and enjoyed life by bringing divers disasters of storm and flood upon the

the priest climbed to the top of the mountain and began his difficult task—*by reciting his prayers.*

"Well, to make a long story short, there was something about the rhythm of the recitation, or a sweetness about the cadence of the old priest's voice, that so charmed the dragon that he was completely overcome and resolved to pack up his *trunk*, and immediately leave the place never to molest the people more. So he left and



BY COOLING STREAM

people of the plain. They became so aggravating that the Prefect of Foochow instituted measures to dislodge the old offender in A.D. 773. He called to his assistance a certain priest, and commissioned him single-handed to proceed to the mountain and drive the monster away. Like a good and faithful old knight

journeyed toward the sea. From last accounts he was somewhere around New York harbour.

"It was the laudable work of a so-called King of Foochow, A.D. 899, to have the chasm filled up. (Where he got the mile of earth from is not stated.) But being once filled he commemorated the event by



THE FISHPOND AT KUSHAN MONASTERY



KUSHAN MONASTERY



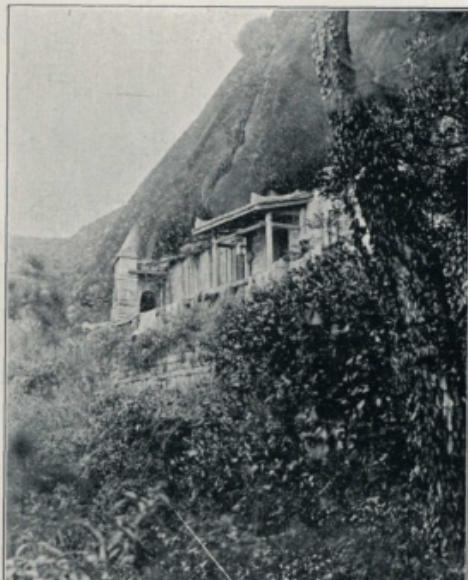
NEAR KUSHAN MONASTERY



A LOVELY WALK

building thereon 'The Grand Court'—which was the commencement of the Kushan Monastery."

The beauties of this spot may be somewhat realized by our illustrations.



MOON TEMPLE

Five Arab Maxims

NEVER tell all you know; for he who tells everything he knows often tells more than he knows.

Never attempt all you can do; for he who attempts everything he can do often attempts more than he can do.

Never believe all you may hear; for he who believes all that he hears often believes more than he hears.

Never lay out all you can afford; for he who lays out everything he can afford often lays out more than he can afford.

Never decide upon all you may see; for he who decides upon all that he sees often decides on more than he sees.



WINE AND



WALNUTS



Quite a Model Place

WE were seated in a fairly-filled third-class carriage, not timed to make a stoppage for an hour or so, and during the first half of this period one of the passengers, a very excitable and talkative individual, loudly inveighed against things in general, and the places he happened to have visited in particular.

All at once a quiet and sedate old gentleman, who had up till then sat silently in one corner, remarked:—

“How would you like to live in a place where no one drinks any intoxicating liquor, or even smokes a cigar?”

“It would be excellent,” replied the grumbler.

“And where everyone goes to church on Sundays?”

“That would be a delightful place.”

“And where no one steals or forges or cheats?”

“But such a place is impossible. Tell me where there is such a perfect place?”

“You will find it in His Majesty’s Prison, Portland,” was the quiet reply; and the grumbler was silent for the remainder of the journey.



Awkward

“THIS custom of having two telephones in the office has its disadvantages, too,” said the business man. “We’ve got a new office boy, and one of his duties is to answer the telephone. The other day he heard the bell ring, and, coming to me said: ‘You’re wanted at the phone, by a lady.’”

“Which one?” I inquired, thinking of the phones, of course.

“Please sir,” stammered the boy, “I—I think it’s your wife.”

Remembered Him

A YOUNG lady entered a Broadway car recently, and her rich and elaborate toilet seemed to attract considerable attention. On the side of the car opposite her sat a neatly attired young man with very white hands, and an air generally suggestive of the clergy. He glanced at the fair vision in the corner from time to time in a reproachful manner.

She looked furtively at him from beneath her lashes and, with a pretty puckering of the brow, seemed trying to recall where she had met him. That his face was familiar was evident, and she concluded to end his misery by recognizing him. He was well-dressed, and apparently well-bred; so, turning with a little start of recognition, their eyes met, and she bowed stiffly.

He seemed delighted and, changing his seat to her side, said: “You are very kind to remember me.”

“Oh, no,” she replied, with an air of polite reserve; “I recall perfectly the occasion on which we met.”

A few commonplaces followed, and, emboldened at his success, the gentleman said gravely, as he produced a card: “I hope you will permit me to call upon you again.”

She glanced at the card, a wave of colour swept over her face, and, the car stopping, she drew down her veil and bounced out with the swiftness of a tennis ball. The address upon the card was: “J. Goldsmith, chiropodist. Corns and bunions removed without pain.”

A Born Diplomatist

CHARLEY was caught napping on the verandah of the seaside hotel. A pair of soft little hands covered his eyes, and a sweet voice commanded: "Guess who it is?" Nothing very dreadful for Charley in this, you think, but, then, you don't know that Charley was engaged to two girls, and, for the life of him, couldn't decide which voice it was, which made it a very embarrassing situation for Charley. A wrong guess would lead to complications awful to think of. But a happy thought inspired Charley and he announced: "It's the dearest, sweetest little girl in all the world." "Oh, you lovely boy!" gurgled the satisfied one, as she removed her hands.

And now Charley thinks of applying for a foreign ministry, feeling that his talents would be wasted in any other than a diplomatic field.

**Anything Would Do**

ETHEL: You were wrong in that quarrel with your husband.

MAUD: That doesn't matter. He has no idea what I was mad about.

**A Common Occurrence**

SHE: Oh, he is so rude and forward. How do you account for his getting in society?

HE: I understand that he slipped up on some money, and fell in, as it were.

Just Help Himself

HE: If I tried to kiss you, would you call for help?

SHE: Would you need it?

**Much Better**

"MADAME Bleach has invented a complexion remedy that is going to bring an immense fortune to her."

"Does it make one fair as a lily in one application?"

"Pooh, no! It makes you look as sunburnt and freckled as if you'd been away for the whole summer."



TOMKINS: "Do you take any exercise after your bath?"

SIMPSON: "Yes, I usually tread on the soap as I get out."

**Going to Get Wed**

AN enterprising ironmonger in a small country town, recently posed the following announcement in front of his shop:—

"The reason why I have been able to sell my goods so much cheaper than anybody else is that I am a bachelor, and do not need to make a profit for the maintenance of wife and children. It is now my duty to inform the public that this advantage will be shortly withdrawn from them, as I am about to be married. They will, therefore, do well to make their purchases at once at the old rate."

**THE GIFT OF THE SEX**

"How fallacious some of these proverbs are," remarked the sagacious man. "Take, for example, that one about there being nothing new under the sun."

"Is there anything really new?" said his wife.

"Of course there is. Don't you read the papers? Don't these X-rays enable you to take a man and see right through him?"

"Yes, William, dear," she answered, gently. "But any woman could do that before X-rays were even thought of."

The Paoshan Road-making Episode

FOR some time the Paoshan district has been a prickly thorn in the side of our Municipal Council, but the situation reached its culminating point when the authorities set up their boundary stones right across the line of the Municipal road.

The necessity of a new road, leading to the North Szechuen Road Extension

strip for which the title-deeds had not been yet given up.

THE ATTACK.

Large gangs of Municipal coolies began carting materials into the neighbourhood, for purposes of making up the road, and trenches were cut each side of the projected road (always excepting the before mentioned strip), when on Friday, August



THE TENT ERECTED BY PAOSHAN OFFICIALS NEAR THE GROUND IN DISPUTE

district, has been a long-felt want, and in the early part of this year arrangements were made between the Municipal Council and the Land Investment Company for a mud road to be made at once, and completely constructed within three years, the cost to be borne equally between the Council and the Land Investment Co.

All necessary preliminaries had been settled and at the beginning of September, the Public Works Department proceeded to stake out the line of the new road which is to be known as the Dixwell Road Extension, and boundary stones were placed along the route at short intervals, with the exception of a small

2nd, the Paoshan authorities appeared on the scene and proceeded to put up



PAOSHAN MOUNTED POLICE WATCHING THE PROCEEDINGS

boundary stones marked C.P.R. (Chinese Public Road) and to dig trenches right through the strip which the Council had marked off, and actually cut trenches for a road thirty feet wide, on the West side of the Municipal thoroughfare, one trench coming almost down to the middle of it. They uprooted the M.C.R. stones in their route and replaced them with C.P.R.

THE REPULSE.

Meanwhile interest in the proceedings had become decidedly warm, and when Mr. Barton, accompanied by Mr. Pratt and Colonel Bruce, arrived on the scene about six o'clock, a large crowd of Chinese was waiting and eagerly watching proceedings, and although not in evidence, thirty armed police were held in readiness at



MUNICIPAL CONVICTS HAULING ROAD MATERIALS

stones, and became generally insolent, assaulting one of the Council's workmen.

On Saturday, relations between the Paoshan and Municipal authorities had become decidedly strained, and as the trespass also involved two British Consular lots, Mr. Barton, senior Vice-Consul, visited the scene and later on called upon the Taotai.

Harbin Road Police Station in case of trouble arising.

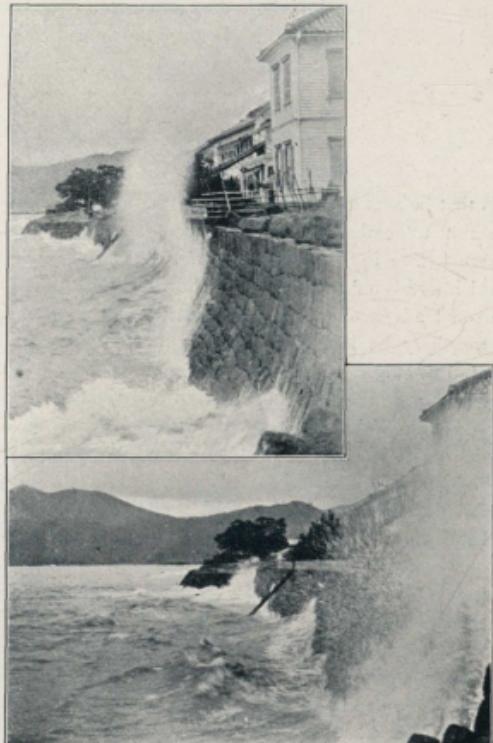
Mr. Barton and party were met on the spot of contention by Mr. Godfrey, Acting Municipal Engineer, and Mr. Peebles on behalf of the Shanghai Land Investment Co., while the Inspector of the Paoshan Police, the Taotai's interpreter, the Paoshan Magistrate, their Surveyor

and a few mounted Paoshan Police represented the Chinese side.

Mr. Barton then proceeded to give instructions that the C.P.R. stones should be removed from the Consular lots, and the Municipal coolies proceeded to dig them up and lay them in an adjacent field, and soon the C.P.R. stones had all been removed from the Municipal thoroughfare.

It is quite evident that the whole affair was intended to be a pure case of obstruction on the part of the Paoshan officials,

but its utterly humiliating failure has, we hope, taught them a lesson, and a repetition is hardly likely to occur. On the part of the large crowd of Chinese spectators there was no sign of hostility, and it may reasonably be surmised that they prefer a Municipal road, rather than native, being cut through their property, considering that the native authorities very seldom pay for land which they appropriate for such purposes.



A STORM AT OBAMA, JAPAN

Pointed Pars from the Press of China

BUT it may be permissible to find a deeper significance in the presentation of the Prince's flag than even the obliteration of former unworthy prejudice. The undoubtedly sense of good-fellowship that exists between the Chinese volunteers and the rest of the Corps, and the popularity with which the Company is received, for example, at the annual inspection of the Volunteers are but one aspect of the genuine sympathy between Chinese and foreign residents of Shanghai, finding expression in many directions.—*North-China Daily News.*

H.E. YUAN disclaims any ambitions of his own and holds that he acts as he does out of a desire not to embarrass the Government. Once before in his career he has put the real interests of the country before his personal advancement, and for that alleged treachery he is suffering to-day. It will be interesting to see under what circumstances he will eventually return, if he ever does, to Peking. It is certain that if he does so it will be on his own terms at the invitation of the Prince Regent and with full assurance that when he has put his hand to the plough the horse will not be unhitched and the ploughman sent home to be treated for gout.—*Shanghai Mercury.*

As a pot brimming over, China will overflow, and her line of expansion will probably be down the valley of the Brahmapootra to India. North she would hardly extend into frozen Siberia. West is the Gobi desert and Thibet. Her influence extends right to Chinese Turke-

stan. But these latter are uninviting countries, for some geological formations of the earth's surface have made them uninhabitable in the present day.

With the temptation of the wealth of India, therefore, the line of China is clear. "China for the Chinese" is the watchword of every secret society, and, hostile as all China is to the white race, the cradle of the awakening in China is Shanghai. Leaders only are wanted, and the Japanese will supply them.—*Hankow Daily News.*

THE work of Tuan Fang, during his tenure of office at Nanking, has been of such an unusual character as to attract a large measure of public attention to him. He became well-known to foreigners during the Boxer outbreak in 1900, when he succeeded in saving the lives of many missionaries by allying himself against the forces of disorder. When he was transferred to Wuchang as Governor, he found a warm welcome from foreign officials and residents, and during the seven years of his sojourn in the Yangtse Valley he has fully realized the high hopes that were expected of him. His trip to Western countries as Commissioner for the Investigation of Constitutional Government, brought him into relationship with many of the leading statesmen of Europe and America. The impression which he made during his extended trip was most favourable for his own country, and did much to give himself a new outlook upon affairs, not only of his own country but also of the countries having Treaty relations with China.—*Far Eastern Review.*

MR. CHIROL has done a great service in his articles by calling attention to present conditions, even though, according to our opinion, he has been misinformed on certain lines. It is full time that the world should know China's present predicament, in order that something may be done to preserve the integrity of this ancient Empire. No shilly-shally manœuvres, nor attempts to cover up the real condition, will meet the case. Thorough-going measures must be adopted. On the other hand, it will not do to overlook the inherent strength of the Chinese people, which is so great and so persistent that it can doubtless withstand even greater calamities than have yet come upon it. While not neglecting to point out the mistakes of foreign critics, it is worse than idle to overlook the value of these criticisms in their relation to the future of China. No nation can live to itself. China has various and heavy national obligations to foreign countries, which necessitate an interest in her affairs on the part of other nations. The best thing for her to do is not to disregard criticism, but to so revise her methods of action as to make outside criticism unnecessary.—*Shanghai Times.*

THE authorities in Peking have just concluded the examination of a number of candidates for selection as government students in the United States, and seldom has there been better material from which to select. The selected students, numbering some fifty, will leave Shanghai by the Pacific Mail Steamer *China* sailing on or about October 12th. The will be accompanied by H.E. T'ang K'ai-sun, Chancellor of the Waiwpu, who is going to America on a mission in connection with the great educational scheme thus initiated, and may possibly proceed to Europe. With the despatch of this first

batch of young men the organized foreign educational movement receives a great impetus which will be augmented by succeeding migrations of large numbers in the near future.—*National Review.*

IN the northern parts of Manchuria it is said that dog farming is carried on much after the manner of sheep farming in Australia. In some places the dogs are reared in connection with goats, and a single farm may have a hundred or so. In such regions dogs are often given as wedding presents, and a girl may receive a half dozen as her dowry. Inasmuch as a dog is ready to breed in eight months it will be seen that a fortune could easily arise from such a beginning. Such dogs are fed upon millet; and they have also what they can get by foraging outside. The flesh of the animal is used for food, dog meat being largely eaten in both Manchuria and Korea. In Seoul there are certain seasons when the flesh of these animals is considered the sweetest.—*The China Critic.*

UNUSUAL scenes were witnessed at the Chinese Post Office last Wednesday morning on account of the issue of the commemoration postage stamps. The announcement that only a limited number of these had been made and that once the issue was exhausted no more could be obtained, combined with reports that there would be a rush for them, was instrumental in drawing a fairly large number of people to the office some time before nine o'clock in the morning, and under the impression that they were being sold only at one counter the prospective purchasers hustled and squeezed to get first chance. In anticipation of something like a rush, however, the postal officials had made arrangements for distributing the stamps at the additional desks, and though the

congestion was thus relieved the clerks were kept busy all morning handing out the prized stamps. Not a few of the purchasers, whether or not philatelists could not be determined, took whole sheets, and to start with, at any rate, no single specimens were asked for. Besides the large number of foreigners who made purchases, the Chinese also came in good crowds and were just as eager to secure the stamps as anyone.—*Union.*

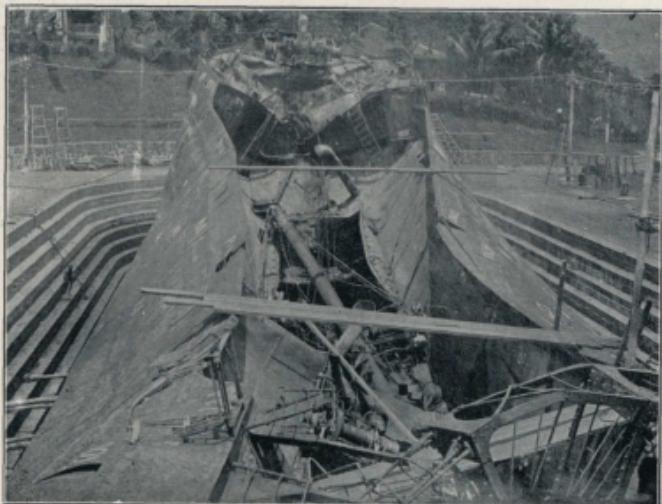


A CURIOUS discovery has recently been made in the newly-opened Astræa Channel. While sweeping the northern part of the fairway, the timbers of an old wreck were discovered just to the north of the western danger line and two cables above the No. 1 Lightboat.

Nothing is known of what the strange wreck may have been, nor how long she has lain in the mud at the bottom of the river.

She is a vessel built of some hard timber; about 150-ft. in length, and certainly of foreign, possibly American, build. The tides of ages have scoured away her upper works and ground the hull down to the level of the 'tweendecks, so that there can be little indication of who she was or when she was lost.

One exceedingly old Woosung Chinaman says he has a dim recollection of seeing, as a little child, a large foreign ship on fire, which swept up the river—Gough Island did not exist then—and foundered. That is all; that and a few charred timbers.—*Leading Light.*



SS. NETHERTON

We are indebted to the *Leading Light* for the above illustration which shows the conditions of the ss. *Netherton* after having been burnt whilst lying in Sumatra with a cargo of benzine.



Garden Notes



OCTOBER

THIS is the month during which preparations must be made for housing all the less hardy plants; in the earlier part of the month, the days are often rather warm, averaging about 78°, but the nights are cool and dewy, the early mornings being delicious; towards the end of the month the cold winds may come down at any moment.

Levelling and turfing if required, should be in full swing, and continued until the frost sets in badly; the leaves are falling throughout the month, and the approaching winter is visible everywhere; the grass ceases to grow, and does not require cutting after the fourth week, but the weeds should be dug up, and the holes filled with sifted mould, rolling to be done after rain.

The tallows, maples and Virginia creepers all turn their beautiful copper colour about the third week.

The principal flowers in the open are cosmos, which last about three weeks, tube roses, asters, dahlias, plumbago, sun flowers, guillardias, zinnias, convolvulus, etc., whilst chrysanthemums begin to blossom about the middle of the month, and require a good deal of attention, potted plants being kept under shelter during rain; the Chinese understand the cultivation of this flower very well, and should not be checked in their desire to have the plants well manured in the

summer; the picking off of caterpillars and superfluous buds is of course necessary, and the native thoroughly enjoys this sort of work, to the exclusion of everything else; the plants are generally grown with half-a-dozen flowers tied to sticks; they also can be grown as standards and look very pretty. Poinsettias also require much attention, they should be housed every night, and only put out in the sun.



A CORNER OF THE ROSARY IN MRS. DABELSTEIN'S GARDEN.

Violets can now be thinned out if necessary, but they are better left untouched for two or three years; new plants, and perhaps older ones, will be the better for some old stable dressing. Sweet-peas and poppies—sow in the open ground but not too thick, cover the young seedlings with old stable manure, and they will stand the winter very well, a little protection from sparrows is necessary for sweet-peas at first; coreopsis—self-sown seedlings will probably be found in

considerable quantities, and can be thinned out and planted when they can be left to bloom.

Gardens begin to look very untidy as there are so many leaves about; collect them all and dig a pit where they can be left to rot; it is better to burn any other kind of litter such as weeds, green-house sweepings, etc., to get rid of the insects and larvae: mix the ashes with earth, rotten leaves and sand, when a good potting compost can be obtained.

If the weather is very hot, do not move shrubs, nor in any case until the leaves are well off the deciduous kinds. All pots before being put on shelves, should be washed outside, and this can be done on a rainy day by the otherwise idle native; the same day should be utilized for a final exposure of palms and ferns, as a few hours rain does more good than a week of syringing.



Propagation of Violas

In order to obtain strong plants with large flowers in spring, annual propagation is of the greatest value. It is the custom of amateurs, and even with some gardeners in private places, to lift their violas from the beds in autumn, and lay them in closely somewhere out of the way, or to leave them in the beds until spring, when they are lifted and broken into pieces for refilling more beds or borders. In other cases, they suffer even greater neglect by being left in the beds, or as mere edgings from year to year, while the plants get weaker and the flowers smaller. Under this system the plants gradually die out, and growers wonder why they disappear. They should now be propagated from cuttings, put in light soil in a frame, or on borders behind a north wall in the open air for southern parts, and in front of a south wall in northern counties, where they should be shaded for a few days if

the weather is dry and bright. Side shoots are best for cuttings, and root suckers may be had in plenty, many of which will be partly rooted. Beyond the removal of the lower leaves very little preparation is needed, unless the shoots are old and spongy, when they must be cleanly cut close below a joint. Use a blunt piece of wood to make holes, and press the soil firmly round them. In the coming spring they will be well rooted, and will begin to grow rapidly and bloom freely when fine weather comes.



Manuring Plants

Although this is not a pleasant subject to dilate upon, there is no doubt whatever that your Chinese gardener, if he has any pretensions to knowledge of agriculture or floriculture, understands when and how to apply the necessary stimulus to growing plants: it is objectionable, of course, to go into your greenhouse or reserve garden, and be driven out by the odours which are not those of Araby, but there is no help for it, and if you want fine specimens, it must be put up with: chrysanthemums especially, require a most liberal application of the usual Chinese fertiliser, it is therefore not advisable to interfere with the "High Priest" when he is engaged in his native rites, and as the nuisance is not very long lived, it must be borne with equanimity, at the same time you should never permit such methods if you grow strawberries, lettuces, and any vegetable that is eaten uncooked—the produce of Chinese gardens is often consumed with impunity, but there is a danger of typhoid being incurred, and it is not worth the risk. One of the best fertilizer for chrysanthemums, palms, and ferns is Chinese beancake: it will have to be soaked in water, and the latter applied once a week or thereabouts, during the summer when the pots are out of doors, as the smell of beancake is not pleasant.

One of the numerous failings of the Chinese gardener is to pretend he has tied up dahlias, gladiolus, etc., more often than not he puts in a bamboo or stake alongside the plant, and walks off: in a large garden it is not always easy to detect this lazy manoeuvre, which is soon made apparent in the first breeze which breaks the promising shoots, and reveals the fact that no tie has been made: the usual excuse is, "no got string," so a ball of strong twine or plenty of odd lengths of string, had better be provided.

The Rose

WOULD Love appoint some flower to reign
In matchless beauty on the plain,
The rose (mankind will all agree),
The rose the queen of flowers should be,
The pride of plants, the grace of bowers,
The blush of meads, the eye of flowers;
Its beauties charm the gods above;
Its fragrance is the breath of love;
Its foliage wantons in the air,
Luxuriant, like the flowing hair;
It shines in blooming splendour gay,
While zephyrs on its bosom play.



HE WENT THE PACE

AN amusing story is told of the late Rear-Admiral Daniel Ammen, who was a schoolmate of General Grant, in connection with one of his fads of keeping a record with a pedometer of the distance he would traverse, whether on duty on board ship or on shore for exercise. While only a lieutenant and a watch officer on one of the wooden ships of the early days, he had a young midshipman, George Bigelow, as a junior watch officer, whose duty it was to look after the forward part of the ship. His slack attention to duty caused young Ammen to suspect him of going to sleep on watch or sitting down on the gun carriage instead of keeping his eye on the crew on deck and below.

So one night Ammen said to the "middy," as he displayed the pedometer, "Did you ever try one of those instruments?"

Bigelow had not only never tried one, but he had never before seen a pedometer, which fact he admitted. Then Ammen continued:

"It is an instrument that notes the number of movements of the ship, either rolling or pitching, in a given time. Put it into your pocket and test it."

At the end of the four-hour watch Ammen asked for the pedometer, and as he looked at it, he savagely remarked, "Mr. Bigelow, you are not an efficient officer, sir; you've neglected your duties, sir; for I find that you've not walked more than half a mile. I've a mind to report you to the Captain, sir; but I'll be lenient with you this time, sir."

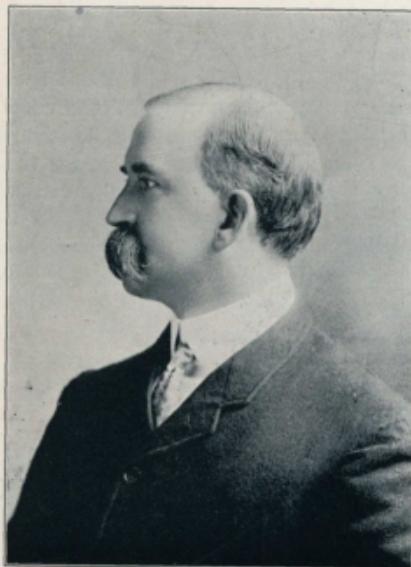
The next time the two officers were on watch together Ammen gave Bigelow the pedometer for another test. But Bigelow was determined not to be fooled again, so he went forward, took a seat under the forecastle, and then, with the little telltale instrument in his hand, he waved it quickly backward and forward after the motion of walking, but at a swifter pace. At the end of four hours he reported to Ammen, and as the latter took the pedometer in his hand and glanced at it, he said, in a most serious tone, "I see you are improving, sir; you've walked just twenty-four miles and fifteen feet, a most remarkable distance in four hours on the deck of a ship with a turn of less than fifty feet each time."

J. C. FERGUSON, PH.D.

DR. JOHN C. FERGUSON who was born on March 1st, 1866, was educated at Albert College, Belleville, Canada, and afterwards at Boston University from whence he graduated as B.A. in 1886 and took his degree of PH.D. in 1902. He first came to China in 1887 and devoted his first year to the study of the Chinese language, residing meanwhile in Chinkiang; but afterwards he went on to Nanking where he superintended the erection of the Nanking University, and became first president. Filling this position till 1897, he saw the graduation of the first class of the Chinese students there, but left to fill a similar position at the Nanyang College, Shanghai, which was designed and reared under his supervision. In 1899 he became vice-president of the Kiangnan Provincial College, but in 1901 was deputed by the Chinese Government on a special commission to investigate commercial schools in Europe and the United States, and on his return to China in 1902 he became chief secretary to the Imperial Chinese Railway Administration.

Since 1898 Dr. Ferguson has been foreign adviser to the Viceroy of Nanking, and in 1900 he also undertook the same office to the Viceroy of Wuchang, and in 1904 went on special missions for the Chinese Government to the United States. During the administration of Viceroy Liu Kun-yih it fell to Mr. Ferguson's lot to undertake much diplomatic work such as the extension of the International and French Settlements and the Ningpo joss-house dispute, and during the Boxer's trouble in 1900 he took an important part in the negotiations for the defence of the south-eastern provinces; but although he so ably fulfilled the duties of diplomat when called upon to do so, his heart and inclination are most drawn to educational matters, and he is a member of several learned societies, among

which may be numbered the North-China branch of the Royal Asiatic Society of which he is the honorary secretary, and in which he takes a very active interest. He was also one of the chief instigators of the founding of the Public School for Chinese and is a member of the Committee.



J. C. FERGUSON, PH.D.

In 1887 Dr. Ferguson married Miss Mary E. Wilson who is now living at their Boston home superintending the education of their numerous family. The Chinese Government have bestowed on Mr. Ferguson the 2nd-class button, and the Chinese order of the Double Dragon, 2nd grade 3rd class, but besides these he holds the decorations of the French Legion d'Honneur, Russian order of St. Anna and Japanese Order of Sacred Treasure.

Leaves from an Old Diary

By GEORGE WASHINGTON BAFFEY,
Who served under General Gordon

 WING to the difficulties in deciphering the Old Diary we have mistaken the date in our last instalment of this article, it should be dated 1865 not 1866.

MY IMPRISONMENT. 1865. ON THE RELIEF.

This was on the 10th August, and I waited till November before I troubled him, I then wrote to him asking for a trial, not exactly asking but demanding one, not to leave me to serve a term before he knew me guilty or not. He answered me and told me to wait as he had not yet written to Peking and reported the affair, but he would do so immediately.

About this time Mr. G. F. Seward came on a tour and visited me on board. He informed me that perhaps he would hang me, etc., this and his blackguarding me before all the crew, made me determined to leave the ship as soon as possible. Four days afterwards the officers of the ship had a theatre on board, and had invited some Portuguese gentlemen, these and the crews of some German vessels that were receiving coolies, came on board in boats. The play had no inducements for me, so when they were all engaged, I slipped into the Portuguese bandsmen's boat and coiled myself up in the bow as close as possible. After the play was over the band got into their boat and I had music all the way to the shore. As soon as they had left the boat, so did I, but it wanted eight hours to the time of the starting of the Hongkong boat.

MY ESCAPE TO HONGKONG AND SHANGHAI.

The next morning, after having spent the night in a Chinese house, I went on board the Hongkong steamer. The first man I met was an acquaintance, he knew all and did not ask any questions, but gave me his room as long as I liked to stay on board. That night found me in Hongkong, and four days afterwards I was on my road to Shanghai, as quartermaster on a steamer.

When I arrived in Shanghai my first doing was to go to work in the gas works. I remained here till April, then I left, for something seemed to tell me that Seward would never let me remain in Shanghai.

I also got word from Nanking that I was going to get a job there in Bailey's place, and I went up there expecting to be taken on in the course of a month or so, but I was not lucky enough. Certainly it was God's will for Bailey was taken sick and arrived in Shanghai two days after me. I took him to the General Hospital and two days after he died in my arms. This cast me down considerably as I had only two friends and he was one of them, however the other came to Shanghai and took me back with him on speck and did all that lay in his power to make me feel at home, after being up with him for nearly two months, I got news of Mr. George F. Seward's looking for me, just as I am getting acquainted with those who can assist me, never mind I am not caught yet.

JUNE 5th, 1866.

I left Shanghai for Nanking in a Ningpo boat and stopped for the night at the Three Arch Bridge. The next morning got under way at 9 a.m., overtook Joe Driver. We passed Quinsan, did not stop as we had a fair wind. At 6 p.m. we arrived at Soochow, it was too late to go in the city, so we brought up outside the East Gate, and at daylight the next morning went to the Water West Gate.

On June 7th, at 8 a.m., I went into the city. McCartney had not come down, so went to his house and walked back with him. At 11 a.m. we started, could not see any improvements going on around Soochow, everything was looking just the same as when it was taken from the Taipings. At 9 p.m. we arrived at Wusih, the place seemed to be thriving, and the creeks were crowded with boats along the banks. There was nothing to be seen but lime kilns all in working order, indeed it seems to supply all the surrounding country with this very useful commodity. We did not stop there as we had such a fine wind and knew how very miserable it is travelling in a Chinese boat when you get a head wind.

EXPERIENCE TEACHES WISDOM.

On waking on the morning on June 8th, we found ourselves gliding along between very high banks. We were told that Changchowfoo was visible, at 6 a.m. we arrived at the East Gate and found the creek blockaded on account of them repairing the wall, where Gordon's Mercenaries had breached it. We did not see one single trading boat at this first-class city, it looked deserted and in fact more like a graveyard—for there are plenty of graves around it—than a city. An hour later we reached Tanyan, this was a third rate place, and seemed more miserable if possible than Changchowfoo. We stopped here to purchase some provisions and take breakfast.

We left about 9.30 a.m. and found the country looking very thriving and happy. We were followed by some small boys along the banks singing "lau yei tung tchien" signifying in English "Excellency scme money," we gave them some, telling them to go, but it was no use they followed us for about three miles.

The banks of the Grand Canal have what seem like locks, but they are all in ruins like everything else. On every one of these quays was a Buddhist priest with a small bag tied to a bamboo pole, which he held out to the passing boats for a few cash, telling them he would pray to the God of Wind for them, he never asks a man with a head wind. The boatmen never refuse him a few cash.

By 10 p.m. we were in bed, and as we had a fair wind thinking we were all right, but alas we were doomed to disappointment, our dreams were rudely broken with a crash and a yell; I thought we were boarded by pirates, but no, our boatman was having a nap and allowing the boat to do as she thought fit, we ran into a passenger boat, they boarded us in the smoke and commenced stripping us of our mats; it seemed as if bedlam was let loose, but a few delicate blows of a bamboo pole delivered with the kindest intentions settled it, and we proceeded minus a rudder. Sleep was banished for a time, but as we were close to Chinkiang we remained awake. We arrived at the North Gate, there was a barrier across, and on asking the mandarin to let us through, he told us we must stop as no boats were allowed to pass at night.

We were up next morning at daylight thinking we had nothing to do but proceed. We got within half-a-mile of the river and then there was a jam. On asking a boatman that was in front of us to get on, he told us he had been trying to get through for the last ten days. We tried to hire boats outside and the men knowing

we could not get through wanted three times the usual fee, this we would not give and returned to our boat. At eight o'clock a mandarin came along and for a wonder seemed in a hurry; he had soldiers with him and they commenced working a passage. We followed as close as possible and at 11 a.m. found ourselves in the main river or Yangtsekiang, with a fine breeze blowing.

We were not long getting clear of Chinkiang. This famous settlement numbered three European houses besides the Custom house, which is neither European nor Chinese style, but a mixture of both. There were several bulks anchored in the river for the reception of freight. At midnight we anchored at Nanking but were cut off, the wind having

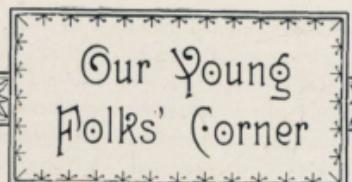
died away. The next morning at daylight we got under way, and at 7 o'clock we reached Hsia Kwan or Stone Fort as it is called in English. Here I expected to get employment as the Chinese kept an artillery camp of instruction, and Colonel Bailey the commander of it having died about a month previous, but on asking the mandarin he said no, but when he went to fight he would want another foreigner; this was very consoling, as he was likely to take the field in one or two years. We did not stop long here but proceeded to Colonel Doyle's camp, here there were two Europeans, instructing Chinese in the use of Artillery, one receiving five hundred dollars, and the other, Captain Woolley, three hundred dollars.

(To be continued).



WEARY WILLIAM

WEARY he rested, weary he rose,
Weary from foot to hand,
Too weary to walk—a weary doze:
He's one of the weary band.



The Alligator's Last Hunt

THIS story comes from Orlando, Florida. It is written from the account of Colonel Josiah Schalk, an ardent motorist, and a member of the American Automobile Club. To begin with, there was the road—a long, straight, dusty stretch, with scarcely a tree to shade the traveller from the fierce Florida sun. Here and there quaint cottage broke the bare monotony, from which, at times, dusky dames would stroll and shout words of warning to a score of little niggers rolling in the dust.

Lower down, on the other side, was a marsh. This was forbidden ground to the nigger children. For in the large pools lived many alligators—great lizards that craved for nothing better than to breakfast on a nigger child—at least, so their mothers told them.

One of the pools as the home of a large and somewhat ancient alligator. Food was not so plentiful nor so easy to obtain as it used to be, when the men were fewer. Now he had to hunt cautiously. For large and fierce though he was, he feared the white man with his traps and guns.

One morning, after a vain hunt, the alligator crept to the road. Up one way he looked without discovering a vestige of anything that would heal that gnawing craving within him. Then he slowly turned his head towards the cottages.

Those children—why did they not venture down to the marshes? What a meal even one of them would make!

Something like that no doubt, the alligator thought. Then, unexpectedly, a pleasant vision crossed his path. A little nigger boy, in a snowy shirt, and holding in both hands a big white hat, ran shouting towards him.



Our Portrait Gallery
PHYLLIS DOREEN KITCHINGMAN

The alligator crouched low in the grass. On came the little nigger, shouting and laughing as he struck out vainly with his big hat at a butterfly that he was pursuing. Then out the big reptile rushed, his grinning, saw-like teeth extended wide. The child screamed, and, turning quickly fled. After him came the alligator.

In the distance a whirring speck was fast flying down the dusty road. Every minute it grew larger, and the sound of its machinary more noisy.

So intent was the alligator on the pursuit that he did not hear the approaching "monster." The boy was his. The child was breathless. A few more yards and then——. The little nigger darted across the road. Not three feet behind him the alligator followed with open jaws ready for the feast.

Half-way across the road the hoot of a motor-horn sounded. A cloud of dust hung over the road. Something struck the scaly monster violently on the neck. A motor-car leaped in the air. Mad with pain, a great rage filled the alligator. It bit furiously at the tyres of the car, then, rolling over, died.

To-day, this same alligator reposes in a handsome glass case in one of the rooms of the American Automobile Club. It was presented by Colonel Josiah Schalk, the driver of the car that so strangely saved the little nigger's life. On the case an inscription in gold letters announces that within is seen the first alligator that has fallen to a motor-car.

Told Age by his Horns

MR. JOHN MORLEY, a few days after the publication of his "Life of Gladstone," told, in a speech at Sheffield, a story of Mr. Gladstone's boyhood.

"The lad," he said, "was in the country. A farmer was shewing him over his estate. The farmer would pause before each field to describe it, and before every cow, horse, and pig he would make a brief biographical address.

"Finally, they came to a small field that contained a large black bull.

"That is a fine bull there, Master William," said the farmer—"a very fine, strong, two-year-old bull."

"Two years old?" said the boy.

"Yes, two years, sir."

"How do you tell its age?"

"Why, by its horns."

The little boy frowned. He paused a moment. Then his countenance cleared.

"Ah," he said, "by its horns. I see—two horns, two years."



Stand in the Sunshine

STAND in the sunshine sweet,

And treasure every ray,

Nor seek with stubborn feet

The darksome way.

Have courage! keep good cheer!

Our longest time is brief.

To those who hold you dear

Bring no more grief.

But cherish blisses small,

Grateful for least delight

That to your lot doth fall,

However slight.

And lo! all hearts will bring

Love; to make glad your day;

Blessings untold will spring

About your way.



Quaint Sayings

THE RETORT SIMPLE

AUNTIE: "It isn't good form to hold your fork in that way."

LITTLE NIECE: "Auntie, do you think it is good form to stare at people while they are eating?"



THE ALTERNATIVE

"Ef you please, Mrs. Willis, me and Billy and Tom wanter know ef you will let Jack come an' have a game of cricket wiv us?"

"Thanks kindly, George, but Jack's in bed with a bad leg."

"Ef you please, Mr. Willis, then, wojer mind lendin' us his bat and ball?"

QUEER DEFINITIONS

AMONG humorous mistakes are the definition of the "Suez Canal" as the "Sewage Canal," of "Lavar" as the "stuff which the barber puts on your face," and the "Blizzard" as "the inside of a fowl."

ECONOMY

CHILD: "Please, papa, give me twenty pennies. I should like to see the boa-constrictor in the menagerie."

FATHER: "Here, my darling, is the magnifying glass. Now go out and catch a worm."

GRANDMA, BE GRATEFUL!

"OH, children! You are so noisy today. Can't you be a little stiller and better?" "Now, grandma, you must be a little considerate, and not scold. You see, if it wasn't for us you wouldn't be grandma at all."

WANTED THE REWARD

LADY: "What do you want, my little man?"

LITTLE BOY (carrying a cat): "I want that five dollars you offered as a reward for the return of your canary bird."

LADY: "That's not a canary: it's a cat."

LITTLE BOY: "I know it; but the bird's inside."

WILLIE AND THE SNAKE

IT was the first time that four-year-old Willie had ever seen a snake; and, as it writhed and squirmed along, he ran into the house to tell of his discovery. "Oh, mamma!" he exclaimed. "Come here, quick! Here's a tail wagging without any dog!"

A SCHOOLBOY'S TROUBLE

"Do you like going to school, Johnny?" asked the visitor.

"Yes, sir," answered the truthful urchin; "and I like coming home, too, but I don't like staying there between times."

A Story of an Apple

LITTLE Tommy and Peter, and Archy and Bob,

Were walking one day when they found An apple; 'twas mellow, and rosy, and red,
And lying alone on the ground.

Said Tommy, "I'll have it." Said Peter,
"Tis mine."

Said Archy, "I've got it, so there!"
Said Bobby, "Now let us divide in four parts,

And each of us boys have a share."

"No, no!" shouted Tommy; "I'll have it myself."

Said Peter, "I want it, I say."

Said Archy, "I've got it, and I'll have it all;
I won't give a morsel away."

Then Tommy he snatched it, and Peter
he fought

("Tis sad and distressing to tell);

And Archy held on with his might and
his main,

Till out from his fingers it fell.

Away from the quarrelsome urchins it flew,
And then down a green little hill;
The apple it rolled, and rolled, and rolled
As though it would never be still.

A lazy old cow was cropping the grass,
And switching her tail at the flies;
When all of a sudden the apple rolled down,
And stopped just in front of her eyes.

She gave but a bite and a swallow or two,
That apple was seen no more.

"I wish," whimpered Archy, and Peter,
and Tom,
"We'd kept it, and cut it in four."

The Shanghai Gun Club

THE Shanghai Gun Club enjoys the reputation of being one of the very few remaining clubs in our rapidly-changing community, where all the members know each other very well, and in this way it enjoys a social as well as a sporting atmosphere.

contemporary. Besides this annual affair, several matches take place between the Shanghai and the Sportsman's Gun Clubs every year.

In 1905 Mr. H. J. Craig presented a handsome silver cup for competition between the several gun clubs of the Far

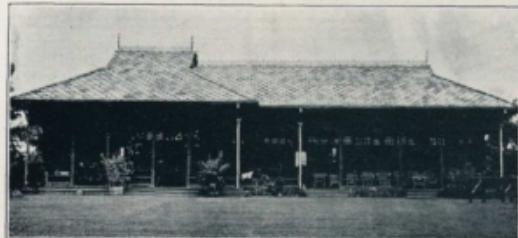
Eastern ports, and this competition takes place on August 12th of each year. The rules are that five men from each club may enter, and 40 birds are pulled to each member of a team at 187 yards distance.

This cup was held by the Shanghai Gun Club in 1906, who won with 158 birds, but it was wrested from them in the

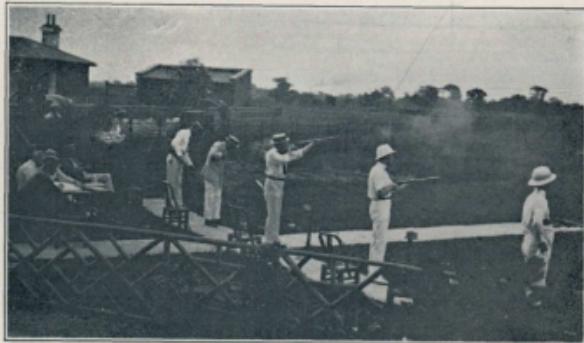
following year by Foochow. Although the cup itself was carried away by the winning club, each member of the Shanghai team retained a memento in the shape of a miniature facsimile, it being the custom to present these individual souvenirs to the winners each year.

Founded in 1895, the first home of the Shanghai Gun Club, was on the ground of "Trefancha," on Markham Road, but in 1903 the lease was obtained of a plot of land bordering on Connaught Road, which was in every way more suitable for the purpose. Here a small Club-house has been erected, and competitions are held weekly between members and others, and an Interport Competition takes place annually against Foochow.

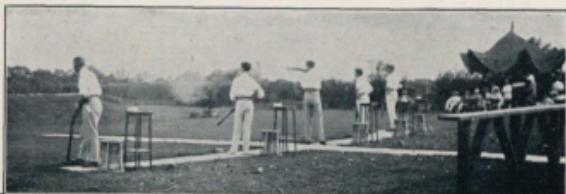
For some time these competitions were very equally contested, but since 1901 the Shanghai Club has held the palm, and consistently vanquished her Foochow



THE CLUB-HOUSE



A COMPETITION



A GROUP OF MEMBERS



A WITNESS

THE lawyer for the defendant was trying to cross-examine a Swede, who had been subpoenaed by the other side as a witness in an accident case.

"Now, Anderson, what do you do?" asked the lawyer.

"Sank you, Aw am not vara well."

"I didn't ask you how is your health, but what do you do?"

"Oh, yas; Aw work."

"We know that, but what kind of work do you do?"

"Puddy hard work; it ees puddy hard work."

"Yes, but do you drive a team or do you work on a railroad, or do you handle a machine, or do you work in a factory?"

"Oh, yas; Aw work in fact'ry."

"Very good; what kind of a factory?"

"It ees a very big factory."

"Your honor," said the lawyer, addressing the court, "if this keeps on, I think we'll have to have an interpreter."

Then he turned to the witness:

"Look here, Anderson, what do you do in that factory—what do you make?" he asked.

"Oh, yas; Aw un'erstan; you want to know vat Aw make 'n fact'ry, eh?"

"Exactly; now tell us what you make."

"Von dollar an' a half a day."

And the interpreter was called in to earn his salt.

MARIA'S WINDFALL

By DOLLY OLIVER

(Author of "*The Vampire Nemesis*," "*China Coasters*," etc.)

CHARLES HENDRIK, savant and sinologue, sat in his dingy room in his no less dingy house in Boone Road, poring over a musty Chinese manuscript of the T'ang Dynasty. Hendrik himself might, from his appearance, have been in the first bloom of his vigorous manhood when the quaint characters on the manuscript he fingered glistened wet from the brush of their originator eleven centuries back.

His acquaintances, friends he disdained, looked somewhat askance upon the shrivelled old survivor of a bygone age, wondering if, perhaps, he had found the elixir the early taoists had sought. Except for a periodical visit to the rooms of the Royal Asiatic Society in Museum Road to rummage among their treasures, and a rarer one to the British Post Office in Pekin Road hard by, he very seldom cared to risk the rejuvenating influences of the outer air. To him, a dust-laden Chinese manuscript was a glorious Golconda of precious lore, to be patiently burrowed into until his dim old eyes refused to see aught but mist and blur through his brass-rimmed spectacles, when he would write out a brief summary of some of the wisdom he had gained—never all, he was too wary an old bird to part with his all—but enough to satisfy the hunger of the editor of some erudite English magazine, in return for which there arrived the inevitable postal order for a few dollars.

It was the posting of these, and the subsequent cashing of the order that took

old Hendrik to the post-office, and he sighed as he lifted and cautiously shroffed the dollars, one by one, to think that the cruel demands of his old housekeeper, who would insist upon placing before him food for which he had no relish, should compel him to exchange for these worthless coins the precious wisdom he had culled from the sages of a bygone age.

Yet, and he spread out his wrinkled hands helplessly at the thought, he must live, else how could he read? and Maria, the old shrew, had a most irritating habit of demanding money to meet the compradore's exigent demands for a settlement. To him, the compradore was one of those cruelly necessary inflictions that supplied us so readily, and with so large a trust, with the frugal necessities of our daily lives, and then clamoured vociferously for the money.

He was still meditating discontentedly on the perverse tendencies of a nature that whispered imperatively of Stomach when we would entertain no thoughts but of Mind, when Maria entered with his frugal mid-day repast of Shantung cabbage and some scraps of meat, and rudely pushing aside the manuscript he fingered, plumped the dish, with an air of finality before him.

Maria, his housekeeper since houses were invented, was of that distressingly complex medley of races that has the Chinaman upon one branch of the family tree and anything under the sun upon the others, and is summed up in the comprehensive term "Portugee." She had spun for old Hendrik while he delved, for

more years than either could recall, and her's had been the more onerous portion of the divided labour, for though his delving brought forth but little, she had to make it spin out a great deal.

Hendrik pushed his spectacles up on his forehead and sat back with an air of resignation while she swept aside his books and finished the laying of his scanty table. But when the last utensil was placed, she hung about the room with a timidity new to her until, seeing that he took not the least notice of her manœuvres in deep water, she sidled up to the table, saying, as one uncertain of her ground: "Master, I have buy one lottery ticket."

Maria, though she could speak English plainly enough, preferred the easy fluency of "pidgin English" as a medium for conveying her rather limited ideas.

"You've done what?" asked the old man in some surprise.

"I have buy one piecee ticket in Hankow lottery," Maria repeated, producing a long, yellow slip of thin paper divided into ten portions.

"And where the devil did *you* get money to throw away on lotteries?" asked Hendrik incredulously.

A leer of cunning wrinkled itself into the leathery countenance of the old lady as she produced from somewhere among the voluminous folds of the garment she called a "dress," an old stocking knotted at the calf, in the much-darned toe of which still jingled on odd dollar or two against some smaller coins.

"I have save," she said significantly.

"And what did you waste on this, you foolish woman?" asked Hendrik, as he picked up the paper between a scornful finger and thumb.

"Leven dollah," Maria answered.

"What!" cried the old man in amaze. "Eleven dollars, haven't all your years

given you sense enough to look after your money, you old fool."

Maria had obviously expected some such outburst, for she only sniffed and said, exultingly:

"First prize b'long hundred t'ousand dollah!"

"A hundred thousand fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Hendrik angrily.

"You old idiot, you have as much chance of winning that prize as of getting your eleven dollars back! Can't you see that if there are fifty thousand other competitors you have just one chance in fifty thousand of winning the prize?"

Maria looked annoyed and somewhat disappointed. She had fondly cherished the old fallacy that, as someone had to win it, she stood as good a chance as anyone else. But her master's erudition had its due influence on her and tended to make her uneasy.

"Here, take your prize," said old Hendrik roughly, pushing it across to her, "and when you learn sense, go and buy yourself a decent dress instead of wasting your money on lottery tickets." The number of the ticket—06674—printed conspicuously on each slip caught his eye as she folded it up and he laughed grimly to think of the chances of No. 06674.

Maria retired with the ticket, sniffing disdainfully, and Hendrik fell to at his meal without further thought of his housekeeper's foolishness. It was nearly a fortnight later that old Hendrik had occasion to visit the Soceity's rooms in order to return a manuscript he had borrowed, and while waiting in the hall, a discarded newspaper caught his eye, lying on a neighbouring chair. Hendrik hated newspapers and proceeded to remove the offending journal to the floor that he might occupy the chair himself. As he gingerly swept it off, an advertisement in large type headed "Hankow lottery results" caught

his eye, and prompted by sudden curiosity he leaned forward and picked up the paper.

"The following are the winning numbers of the lottery drawn at Hankow on June 4th" he read, and then, immediately beneath, in letters that burned into his brain, were the words "1st prize \$100,000 Number 06674!" He read no farther, but rubbing his spectacles, commenced all over again. When he got down to the fateful number, he squinted at it first with one eye, then with the other. No, the numbers remained the same—06674. Maria's number! Maria had won one hundred thousand dollars! Trembling greatly, the old man crushed the paper into his pocket and, forgetful of the precious manuscript that lay beside him on the chair, hobbled out into the road. He made straight for The Bund that the cool breezes from the river might steady his shaking nerves. On the way he bought another of the despised news-sheets and eagerly scanned its columns. Yes! there it was; just the same as the other, "1st Prize \$100,000 Number 06674." With his shaking limbs hardly supporting him, he tottered on toward Hongkew to convey the wonderful news to Maria. Once or twice on the way he stopped and stood blinking in the sunlight as if a new idea were moving in strange devious paths in his brain, and then, most wonderful of all, for the first time in his life, he turned into the Gardens and, sinking onto the nearest bench, removed his dilapidated hat and sunk his wrinkled chin on his breast, deep in thought.

After half-an-hour's earnest cogitation, he rose and replaced his hat with the air of a man who has reached a momentous decision, and with less of hesitancy in his stride, continued on his way to Boone Road. Ere reaching the house he threw one of the papers away and, carefully folding the other, stowed it safely in his breast pocket.

"Yes," he muttered, as he ascended the stairs, "it will be at least a week before the Chinaman who sold the ticket comes round with the list."

He reached the parlour, and seeing his old housekeeper busily dusting, marched straight up to her, boldly put his arm round her waist, and waited, like a man who has fired a powder-train, to see what would happen.

The old lady looked up in startled surprise and would have hurriedly withdrawn her bony form from his embrace, but he detained her and, with an obvious effort, leaned forward and planted a sounding kiss square on her wrinkled cheek. Maria gave a gurgling little scream and, gazing at him aghast, would have fled, but having so successfully broken the ice, Hendrik detained her with the fervour of an ardent young lover, pouring burning words of love into her unaccustomed ear.

"Dear Maria!" he croaked, "I did not know what a treasure you were until I saw the wonderful results of your thrift in that old stocking."

"Oh master; what thing?" was all the astonished old lady could ejaculate.

"I love you very, very much, Maria," pursued old Hendrik, pressing her gaunt waist affectionately.

Still Maria failed to grasp the significance of these amorous advances. She stood with her mouth wide open as if the pressure on her waist were having fatal effects. Having committed himself so far, her wooer lost no time in going his whole hog. "I want you to marry me, Maria dear," he said, moistening his thin, cracked lips with his tongue.

"Oh, master," said Maria once more, something of her long-buried maiden bashfulness working its way to the surface in her shrunken bosom.

"I am an old man, Maria," went on Hendrik boldly, "and I need someone

to take care of me. Will you marry me, Maria?"

"Master no wanchee my housekeep?" asked the puzzled Maria coining a verb in her wonderment.

"I want more," said Hendrik fervently, "I want a companion; I want a wife; I want *you*!"

Silence a moment while he tentatively squeezed the waist his arm encircled.

"And you must not call me 'master' any more," he cried with fond command. "To *you* I am Charles—Charlie."

"Charlie!" faltered Maria softly, coyly hiding a withered face, that might have been blushing, on her lover's shoulder.

"I will go round and notify the Consul at once of our intended union," said Hendrik with amorous precipitancy, seizing his hat.

When he returned, he bestowed another chaste salute on the maiden cheek of his bride elect and then, his duty accomplished, fell to building gorgeous castles in the air. One hundred thousand dollars! He could have a house of ten rooms on Bubbling Well Road, nine of which should be devoted to a library. And he would buy up all the works of Lao-tsz, and Mencius, and Leih-tsz, and a hundred others, and would—yes, he would buy himself two new suits of clothes and half-a-dozen shirts. Here he glanced up, to see Maria, with a new thoughtfulness, taking out his coat to sew on a button that had come off years ago. Suddenly he remembered the paper in the pocket and almost screamed—

"What are you doing with that coat?"

"Wanchee sew on button," said Maria, with a sweet smile.

"Put it down!" he cried hastily. "Put it down, do you hear? The button is all right as it is!"

Maria dropped the coat and retired, puzzled.

Before the wedding-day, Hendrik had reluctantly to spend the whole of his last remittance in suitable outfitting, but he cast it cheerfully into the rapacious maws of the tailors and drapers in Broadway, thinking gleefully how small the sprat for so huge a whale.

At last the fateful day arrived and Hendrik stood manfully forth and swore to take his trembling bride, "to have and to hold, for better, for worse"—he stumbled a little over the last word, it should not be in the service—and then they stepped forth from the grounds of the British Consulate, man and wife. Disdaining to walk on so auspicious a day, Hendrik had chartered a carriage from the stables in Soochow Road and they stepped in.

The old man was in a fever of excited impatience by the time they reached the house, and Maria looked with coy approval on the fiery ardour of her erstwhile senile spouse. Once within the sheltering portals of their home, he threw his arms around her bashful, bony form in an ecstasy of delight, and then, with the air of the mariner who, navigating through treacherous shoals, has at last brought his bark to anchor in the longed-for haven, he asked eagerly :

"Maria darling, where is that ticket of yours?"

"What ticket?" she inquired blankly, too blissfully happy to think about such trifles.

"Why, the lottery ticket!" old Hendrick said with a slight show of impatience.

"Lottery," murmured Maria, with difficulty wrenching her mind away from the delightful present.

"Yes, yes!" cried her husband sharply "The Hankow lottery ticket with a prize of a hundred thousand dollars."

"Oh, that!" sighed Maria, coyly looking up into his face for his approval. "After you talkee, I makee sell—that ole cheat thing to José Emanuel for ten dollah!"

To the Dear Homeland

A MONTHLY LETTER

"In the dear Homeland far across the sea,
I wonder if they miss me, do they think of me?"

DEAR BARBARA,

At last we have said good-bye to the real hot weather which has somewhat outstayed its welcome this year. It began to break up on September 5th, when between two and three in the afternoon a huge deluge, which had been heralded by the darkness of judgment-day, burst upon us. The flood that ensued during the few hours of rain, fully balanced up the abnormally dry summer that we had had this year, for between two and half-past five the rainfall measured 3.70-in., and for a short time parts of the Settlement were under water. This was particularly noticeable in Kiukiang Road, between Szechuen and Kiangse Roads, where the water was over the footpath, and the cellars of Kalee



MR. DABELSTEIN'S LAWN DURING THE STORM
ON SEPTEMBER 5TH, 1909

Hotel were flooded to a depth of four and a half feet. The requisition of the fire engine to pump out the latter attracted a crowd of people, and gave rise to the wild unfounded rumour that there had been

Floods in September

2nd, 1905



Photo

CORNER OF WOOSUNG AND MINCHONG ROADS



Photo

R. Roth

WOOSUNG ROAD

an outbreak of fire in the building, but water, not fire, was responsible for the inconvenience experienced by the inmates in having to do their own elevating to the upper floors for three days.

A valued weekly contemporary says, "water invincible," but too much of even a good thing is bad sometimes. This was the general opinion of those who live on the top floor of Kalee, when the engine that worked the lift got water-logged.

In the outlying districts many of the lawns in private grounds were completely submerged as you will see from my snapshot of Mr. Dabelstein's garden, taken just after the storm.



Photo QUINSAN ROAD C. R. Stewe
SEPT. 1905

Members of the Shanghai Club who had taken refuge there earlier in the evening were obliged to call sampans to their aid, and these yulohed up to the verandah to take off the marooned ones, in fact boats were as common as rickshaws in the streets.

In the early morning Shanghai presented a sorry sight, with its uprooted trees and overthrown telephone and telegraph poles.

As a consequence of torn-down electric wiring an unfortunate coolie met his death by electrocution, but this was about



Photo R. Roth
WOOSUNG ROAD NEAR THE MARKET
SEPT. 1905
THE TYPHOON OF 1905

This storm revives recollections of that which took place on September 2nd, 1905, and which holds the record for being the worst that Shanghai has ever experienced. It was accompanied by the highest tide that could be remembered by the oldest inhabitant. To give you an idea of this deluge, I send photos which show some of the streets under water. The river overflowed till it reached up to the steps of the buildings on the Bund, and rushed along at the rate of several knots an hour.



Photo R. Roth
MINGHONG ROAD
SEPT. 1905

the only fatality in the Settlement. However, on the river and at Pootung several natives were drowned owing to the washing away of houses and the wreckings of junks and sampans.



Photo

WEST END LANE
SEPT. 1905

resorts, a number of residents were coming from Japan by the *Empress of Japan* and much anxiety was felt when she became twenty-four hours overdue, and several anxious husbands were to be seen at the

Cathedral on Sunday morning looking ill at ease, and eagerly waiting for news of the steamer which should have arrived at this port on Saturday at daylight. However, by one o'clock on Sunday the *Empress* was at Woosung with her burden of sorry passengers, who told a most "distressful" story of the rough time they had gone through. The steamer had not escaped without damage to the captain's and after bridges, they having been carried away, and part of the library stove in. Nevertheless those on board

were only too thankful to reach Shanghai with whole bodies, to mind much about the ship, and those waiting on shore breathed a deep sigh of relief when it was known their friends were safe.

HEAVY DAMAGE IN THE SETTLEMENT

The most serious outcome of this typhoon was the large pecuniary loss to the community caused by damage to property, and the merchandise stored in godowns. Unfortunately, the godowns were exceptionally heavily stocked, and the loss to Shanghai was approximately estimated at nine or ten million taels, which according to insurance parlance was accounted an "Act of God," therefore no insurance company was responsible for the damage done.

OUT AT SEA

Being the time of the year that people hie Shanghai-wards from the summer



Photo

MINGHONG ROAD
SEPT. 1905

C. R. Sloane

GOOD-BYE SUMMER

In the early part of September, a typhoon is always looked forward to as a climax to the hot weather and it usually heralds in the cool nights. This year, either the typhoon did not come near enough, or it was not sufficiently severe, for the cool nights that September introduces have been conspicuous by their absence, and it has been one of the most trying months of the hot season, the natural consequence being a good deal of

dysentery. Fortunately, however, such typhoons as that of 1905 do not often come our way. They are usually manufactured somewhere East of the Philippines and then take their way towards Japan, so we only get a mild reflection just sufficient to cool our shores for the time being, and bring refreshment to our jaded bodies. With October we begin to live again and gladly bid farewell to the hot season.

NANCY.



THE VIOLET

LET others praise the hyacinth,
The rose, the mignonette ;
Far from the garden's labyrinth,
I'll sing the violet.

It was not in the waving field,
Nor in the birchen bower ;
But it was in the dale, concealed,
I spied the pretty flower.

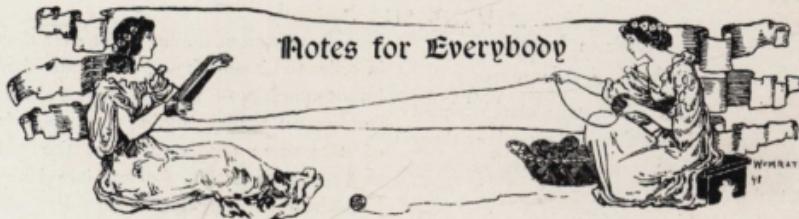
It lifted not its lovely head,
But lowly sought the ground ;
And from its bracken covert shed
A fragrance all around.

No busy bee, in quest of food,
Its treasured honey drew,
No butterfly the blossom woo'd
Unknown, unsought it blew.

Wee modest flower, sweet worthy gem,
That shunn'st the curious sight,
More dear than those with long straight stem,
That open to the light.

O teach my soul humility,
Like thee, to shrink from view ;
That none but God alone may see
The good that I may do.

V. A. NORONHA.



Notes for Everybody

For the Amateur Nurse

MEDICAL USES OF HEAT

IN making use of heat for medicinal purposes it must not be forgotten that a much higher temperature can be used in dry heat than in moist. Steam can be borne at a much higher degree than water, while dry air can be used up to a very high temperature. The reason for this is that perspiration is much more free in air than in water, and the moisture of the perspiration helps to reduce the heat. Heat may be used either for a stimulant or for a sedative. In cases of heart failure, shock, extreme exhaustion, or collapse from some poison, the quick application of heat, by surrounding the body with hot-water bags, hot bricks, or any other handy method, will help to draw the blood to the surface of the body and stimulate the heart by relieving it. Used as a sedative, it acts again by drawing the blood from the large vessels to the surface, relieving tension, and bringing a wonderful sensation of comfort and rest.

SICK-BED HINTS

A MOST trying time for the sick person is between the hours of one and four in the morning. Vitality becomes diminished, and the strength should, therefore, be fortified as far as possible with some strong food, either soup or egg or milk, about midnight. It is a mistake to leave untouched food by a person's bedside in the hope that he will eat it later on. He will simply be disgusted with food altogether. Many sick people have a great craving for tea, and when this is the

case the tea-leaves should be infused in boiling milk, instead of water, thus forming a very strengthening and refreshing beverage.

For Parents

CHILDREN'S APPETITES

To promote children's appetites there is no better plan than to give them plenty of outdoor exercise—fun and frolic make them regular in their habits—and diet only upon plain, nourishing food, and they will seldom, if ever, complain of a lack of appetite. If children are fed upon rich or highly-seasoned foods, or are allowed to eat between meals, it is hopeless to expect them to have an appetite for their proper meals. Sickness is the most expensive nuisance in the world; and the best way to make children happy and good is to keep them well. Don't allow them to study too much, and especially keep them from reading sensational stories.

For Swimmers

UNDER-WATER SWIMMING

THE ability to swim under water is, of course, useful when engaged in rescue work or entangled in weeds, but the constant practice of it is not advisable. Many serious accidents have happened in competitions, and some of the associations have issued distinct pronouncements against the holding of such contests. The breast stroke is the one generally used, although the side stroke is occasionally tried by experts. The head is kept well down and the hands forced slightly up as each stroke is taken.

For Delicate Lungs

PREVENTION OF BRONCHITIS

ALL persons who have the slightest tendency to bronchitis, and especially those who have already suffered one or more attacks, should dress carefully, using soft, woollen clothing, and distributing it equally over the body. Sometimes it is desirable to wear an extra woollen jacket, preferably knitted so as to be soft, light, and porous, and to protect the chest. On the other hand, it is a mistake to overdress and hover about the fire-grate. It is a good practice to bathe the neck and chest each morning with tepid or cold water, and then apply vigorous friction. Deep breathing and other chest exercises taken in the fresh air or before an open window serve to strengthen the chest and ward off colds and inflammations. Avoid undue exposure to wet and cold. This applies especially to the weak and aged. If your feet get wet or you are out in the rain without adequate protection, take a hot foot or full bath, take hot drinks, and put on dry, warm clothing. This simple precaution will ward off many an attack of bronchitis as well as other inflammatory disorders.



For Housekeepers

CANDIED WALNUTS

Ingredients :—

- 1-lb. walnuts. $\frac{1}{2}$ point of water.
- 1 lemon. $\frac{1}{2}$ white of an egg.
- 1-lb. sugar.

Method.—Make the syrup first by dissolving the sugar in a saucepan on the fire in the half pint of water, add the white of egg, well beaten. Allow it to boil, and then the scum will rise. Skim, and then throw in about half a pint of water and boil up again; remove the scum when the syrup is said to be clarified. Crack the walnuts, without breaking the

kernels, then pour boiling water over them in order to blanch them; after, put them into a saucepan of boiling water and stew gently until tender, adding a teaspoonful of salt; when tender take out the nuts and dry them well. Squeeze the lemon juice into the clarified sugar, dip each walnut into the syrup, and then allow them to dry until crystallised.



TO DARKEN LINOLEUM

RUB it well with paraffin oil, and you will find that it will become darker, but, of course, you must be extremely careful about fire, and should not have a fire or a light of any kind for some long time after doing this.



SWEET PICKLED GREEN TOMATOES

TAKE 6-lb. of green tomatoes, 1 quart of best vinegar, 3½-lb. of brown sugar, ¼-oz. each of mace and cloves, and a small onion, sliced.

Cut the tomatoes into three or four pieces, according to size, and pack them in a large jar or basin, with salt sprinkled amongst them. Pour over them boiling water, and leave till next day. Then drain the tomatoes from the brine on to a sieve, place them in a preserving pan with the vinegar, boil a few minutes, then add the onion, sugar, and spice, and boil again for ten minutes. Turn into bottles, and tie down.



SHRIMP SALAD

MAKE a nice shapely mould of lettuce (broken into small pieces) upon a dish, scatter over the heap a pint of fresh shrimps, just picked from their shells, surround them with curled, blanched and boned anchovies, and send the Mayonnaise in boats to the table. Do not pour the sauce over this salad.

The Visit of the Dutch Fleet

On September 11th Shanghai was visited by the Netherlands-Indies Squadron consisting of the cruisers *de Ruyter*, *Koningin Regentes*, and *Martin Tromp*, which are making a tour of the Philippines, China, and Japan, and are under the command of Division-Commander G. F. Tydeman on board H.N.M.'s flagship *de Ruyter*.

This fleet left Soerabaya on August 10th and after calling at Manila en route, arrived at Hongkong on August 30th, where it was given a warm welcome; leaving there for Amoy, from whence it proceeded to Shanghai.

The three white vessels with their yellow funnels presented a smart and very creditable appearance, as they came to their moorings opposite the Bund. They are almost exactly the same in type and size, the *Tromp* being slightly bigger than the other two, but in complement and armament they are alike. Each carries ten heavy guns, 344 officers and men, and has a speed of 16.5 knots.

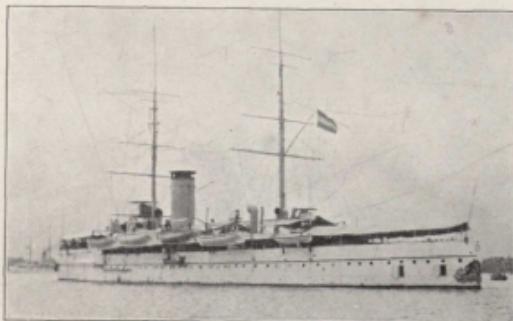
It was formerly intended that the squadron should go to Nanking to pay a visit to the Viceroy, but on account of Prince Tsai Hsun's visit, time would not allow of this and Commodore Tydeman accompanied by the Acting-Consul-General for the Netherlands in Shanghai, Captains Pinke and Termytelen and Lieutenant Albarda, his A.D.C., went to Nanking by rail to pay their respects.

From Shanghai the fleet proceeded to Chinwangtao whence its representatives

will visit Peking and Tientsin, for the purpose of audiences with the Prince Regent and Viceroy of Chihi respectively.

From Chinwangtao they intend to go to Japan calling at Kobe and Yokohama and will probably visit Tokio for an audience with the Mikado. At Yokohama the fleet will turn about, and come back to Hongkong and a visit to the Viceroy of Canton will be paid by the Commodore and party.

The officers in charge of the visiting fleet are: Captain G. F. Tydeman, Commodore; Captain F. Pinke, commanding the *Koningin Regentes*; Captain



ONE OF THE NETHERLANDS-INDIES FLEET WHICH VISITED SHANGHAI

J. W. Termytelen, commanding the *Tromp*; Captain-Lieutenant P. H. v. Voorthuysen, commanding the *de Ruyter*; Captain-Lieutenant A. H. C. Heydeman, First Lieutenants G. K. graaf v. Hogendorp, C. J. v. d. Hegge Spies, A. Pieren, C. L. v. Buuren; First Surgeon G. J. Colder, First Lieutenants A. F. Oooszen, J. D. Albarda, A.D.C. to the Commodore, Jhr. S. de Ranitz; First Surgeon F. Sikkema; First Paymaster C. P. Soutendam; First Engineer G. H. Brakke; First Lieutenant

R. H. van Meerlant; First Engineer A. F. G. Croese; Second Paymaster G. J. Jutte; Second Lieutenants G. J. W. Putman Cramer, J. C. Jager, F. J. Witteveen, C. J. E. Brutel de la Rivière; Second Paymaster J. Dolk; Second Lieutenants J. W. A. Mulder, Jhr. R. F. O. Groeninx van Zoelen, J. J. Roog; Marine Lieutenant P. J. J. Michielsen, Second Engineer E. M. Buych; Marine Lieutenant L. Spiegelberg, Second Lieutenants E. Th. de Veer, W. Voorbeytel Cannenburg; Second Surgeon H. F. Minkema; Marine Lieutenant H. F. Clarkson; Second Engineer M. B. van Till; Second Surgeon F. H. ter Poorten; Second Lieutenant J. J. Dikkers; Second Engineer H. J. Schreuder; Second Surgeon L. K. Garf; Second Lieutenants H. A. Cronnlin, S. Visman; Second Paymasters A. A. Lagaya, H. Hylkema; Second Lieutenants J. E. Meyer Ranneft, H. Jolles, J. F. van Aalst, Jhr. O. v. d. Brandeler; Midshipmen L. Brouwer, L. C. M. v. Eendenburg, L. W. Bast, E. B. Willemstyn, J. Ph. P. Holtrop, A. Dubois, H. Nieuwenhuis, H. G. Jurriaans, J. G. Veenenbos, H. van Rooy, J. C. E. baron v. Lynden, C. Schluter; Assistant Paymaster J. G. van Kregten.

Owing to the fleet's arrival happening identically with the Conservancy impasse, an absurd rumour was spread to the effect that the Dutch ships were sent to back the East Asiatic Co., but this suggestion cannot be taken seriously of course.

On Saturday evening, September 25th, Mr. and Mrs. van der Loo entertained the officers of the visiting fleet at an impromptu dance, which was attended with much success. A cotillon was the most important item of the evening, and this comprised many pretty and interesting figures; but the most successful and distinctively Dutch figure was that in which Mrs. van der Loo appeared in a picturesque and correct Dutch costume, leading a live donkey decorated with the Dutch colours and laden with two baskets of posies which Mrs. van der Loo presented to all the men present. A charming unconventional supper was a crowning point to a very enjoyable evening.

At the present moment the Netherlands Navy is conspicuously represented in both the Eastern and Western hemispheres, two ships being on a visit to the United States. The *Noord-Brabant* is taking part in the celebration of the rebuilding of San Francisco, while the *Utrecht*, belonging to the West Indian Squadron, is visiting New York for the Hudson-Fulton Festivals.

❖

N.B.—Since this article was penned, Captain Tydeman has been received in audience by the Prince Regent and was awarded the decoration of the "Double Dragon," First Division of the Second class.

The Mikado has also decorated Commodore Tydeman and six other officers of the fleet visiting Japan.

SEPTEMBER

A MAIDEN born when autumn's leaves
Are rustling in September's breeze
A sapphire on her brow should bind;
Twill cure diseases of the mind.

TREES OF THE EARTH

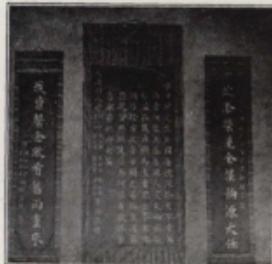
BY G. T. MURRAY

1

Around my garden is a leafy dell,
So fair to see, so fair to see ;
Wherein the thoughts of my ambition dwell,
Whose sweet perfume inspires me.
But those who aye the fullest shadows
 throw,
Are they on which the pretty *Ladies* grow.

2

The mighty *Oak*, proud father of the wold,
From tiny acorn did it spring.
Here, in its prime, the gnarled arms enfold
Each verdant and pellucid thing.
To storms it bends; no tempest ever broke,
No tyrant e'er subdued thee . . . *Heart*
 of Oak.



"AMBITION!"

3

There, by the brook, a lofty *Pine*,
A stately hermit, may be seen ;
A giant in its strength adamantine,
Its drooping branches evergreen.
Elastic, swift, the famous clipper sails,
Whose timber from this Nestor's bosom
 hails.

4

See, where the *Maple* waves its starry
leaf
Basking in Summer's balmy gales.
How, during early morning's slumber brief
Each leaf, each twig, the dew inhales.
And, emerald-green, as in its youth 't was
 made ;
In purple glory does its leafage fade.



"THE MIGHTY OAK"

5

With *Laurels* will I crown thy curly hair,
Oh, come to me, oh, come to me !
And blind thy eyes with Fame, as if that
 were
In such reflection fair to see.
And on Olympus should the branches fall
Dumb at thy feet—thou Greatest of us
 all.

6

Weep gentle *Willow*, o'er that little grave,
Where my ambitions buried lie.
Where, gently drooping, thy green branches
crave
A tear from ev'ry passer-by.
For, underneath its sod, the world apart,
Lie only ashes of a broken heart.

7

In *Orange-Blossoms* were her tresses clad,
When first she came, when first she came !
Behind a vision which my spirit had,
I saw the ruins of my fame.
There, as she at the altar's railings stands,
She holds my destiny in her fair hands.

8

The *Cypress* and the *Cedar* both maintain,
What old assert, what young deny :
That life is short, that fleeting joy is pain,
That he who lives must surely die.
Cycles of ages have they gazed upon,
Since first they spread their roots on Lebanon.

9

Wistaria ! drooping, clinging in embrace,
Whoever on her way she meets.
In clusters falling o'er her fragrant face,
Each year her charms of grace repeats.
Thou darling, loving, virgin Fuji San :
I brought thee on my bosom from Japan.

10

My Orchard holds the *Cherry*, *Plum* and
Pear,
Forbidden Fruit grows o'er the wall.
Bananas; *Apricots* without compare,
And gentle nature guards them all.
And *Honeysuckle*, true to all it cleaves ;
And *Ferns*, that bear their seed upon their
leaves.

11

Old Bacchus, when the ev'ning shadows fall,
Comes sneaking in, comes sneaking in.
To taste the luscious *Grapes* upon my wall,
Which highly please the manikin.
And, tipsy-turvy, in his revels stays,
Till driven forth by Sol's resplendent rays.

12

In space apart the *Tree of Knowledge* stands,
Where in the boughs my Eva lives ;
Where, daily, from her dainty, tap'r'ing
hands,
I eat the apple that she gives.
Where thrushes, larks, and all the birds
above,
Each morning sing the eulogy of Love.

13

Fruitful, my trees, in each returning year,
Forever shed their charms anew.
Each day created under sunshine clear,
And born again in morning's dew.
In solitude with them ! What can I crave ?
Until they gently waft me to my grave !



“PRETTY LADIES”

14

Cold winter does not kill their buoyant
souls ;
Calmly they wait the coming Spring.
When frost and whilom sleet their fate
controls,
No sobbings from their hearts they wring.
They juicy substance and their sappy glow
Benignly housed in the shelt'ring snow.

* * *

But those that aye the sweetest shadow
throw,
Are they on which the *Pretty Ladies* grow.

The Chinese Company S.V.C.

DURING the riots of 1905, Chinese traders and residents suffered considerably by inconvenience and loss of property, and a band of influential merchants and compradores resolved that the time was ripe for a native volunteer corps, who could take their share in protecting their own interests should a similar rising occur. To this end 300,000 taels were collected for the equipment and formation of a Chinese Volunteer Corps, and a plot of



CAPTAIN CUBITT

land was purchased beyond the Settlement near the North Chekiang Road, on which were erected a drill shed, gymnasium, and



YU YA-CHING

In the uniform of President of the Chinese Physical Recreation Association

club room, and it was known as "The Chinese Physical Recreation Association." A consignment of 100 rifles of German pattern was imported with a supply of ammunition, and about 500 men enrolled as privates, mostly infantry, but a small mounted troop was formed also.

The drilling of these was undertaken by ex-students of St. John's College, Jessfield. However, owing either to the noticeable fact that Chinese under Chinese instructors invariably lose enthusiasm, or perhaps that

the members of the association were not permitted to parade the streets of the Settlement under arms, the movement began to lose ground, and towards the end of 1906, their numbers had dropped to 150, while the mounted company had ceased to exist.



Photo

Denniston & Sullivan

LIEUTENANT GRAYRIGGE

At present Commanding the Chinese Company

At this point some of the leading men, who were sincerely convinced of their right to share in keeping the peace of the Settlement, made a formal application to the Shanghai Municipal Council for the admission of a Chinese Company to the Shanghai Volunteer Corps, which was accepted on condition that the company should not exceed 100 men nor be less than fifty, and on March 13th, 1907, a company of eight-three men was finally enrolled at the Town Hall.

The conditions of enrolment are that each man joining the Company must be guaranteed as respectable and engaged in

commercial, not official, pursuit, also that the officers must be foreigners only.

Captain Cubitt, who had served in the S.V.C. for over a period of seventeen years, was detailed to take command of the new company, in addition to his duties as Captain of the Customs Company, but at the beginning of 1908 he relinquished his connection with the Customs Company in order to give his entire attention to the Chinese unit. The other two officers are 1st-Lieutenant Grayrigge, and 2nd-Lieutenant Saker.

Lieutenant Grayrigge came to Shanghai in 1906, having formerly served as captain in the Bombay Rifles. On arrival here he was attached, first to the staff, then temporarily to "A" Company and was given

**LIEUTENANT SAKER**

a lieutenant's commission in the Chinese Company at the time of its formation, and when Captain Cubitt went on home leave this year, Lieutenant Grayrigge assumed command of the company in his stead.

Lieutenant Saker, formerly served as lieutenant in the Customs Company, but resigned to join Paget's Horse, with which corps he saw two years' active service in South Africa, gaining a medal with three bars.



SERGT. JULIEN T. A. ZIE

On returning to Shanghai he was granted a commission in the Chinese Company on its formation.

The first sergeants to be enrolled in the company were Sergeants J. T. A. Zie,

B. Y. Woo, King Ki-yang, Zah Yung-jei, and Yuen Hung-kee.

Sergeant G. T. A. Zie is the zealous, hardworking and very popular Secretary of the Company, and his duties are no sinecure.



SERGT. B. Y. WOO

One of the prime movers in the inception of the Chinese volunteer organization was Mr. Yu Ya-ching, compradore to the Netherlands Trading Society, and a Director of the Ningpo Bank. He is



SERGT. GEORGE Y. WOO



SERGT. KING KI-YANG

one of the leaders of Chinese opinion in Shanghai and is interested in most branches of commerce. He possesses the rank of Expectant Taotai and is President of the



SERGT. YUEN HUNG-KEE

Chinese Merchants' Physical Association. Mr. Yu Ya-ching has the distinguished honour of having been the first recruit enrolled for the Chinese Company Reserve, in which he holds the rank of private.

The Chinese Company has just scored its first success as a company, by a team winning the Novices' Cup with a record score, viz.:—

"A" Company, 1907.....121 points.

"A" Company, 1908.....103 points.
Chinese Company, 1909....135 points.

The Cup has to be won three times before being won outright.



CHINESE CO.

Novices' Cup Team 1909

Lieutenants Grayrigge and Saker in the centre.

Corporal Liu Zer-sung this month has won the S.R.A. "Astor" competition with a score of 68 points, being one of 109 entries for this event.



OFFICERS AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF CHINESE CO. S.V.C.

The average attendance of over 80 per cent of the men at parades and drills is in itself a proof of the keenness displayed by the members of this company, and so eager are the Chinese to join, that there are as many as 60 men waiting for vacancies to occur. Taking this fact into consideration, a suggestion for increasing the strength to 150 and making two companies of seventy-five men each has been mooted, but has not yet been sanctioned.

The Company's first Annual Rifle Meeting will take place in November, and considering the enthusiasm of the men, some interesting competitions may be expected.

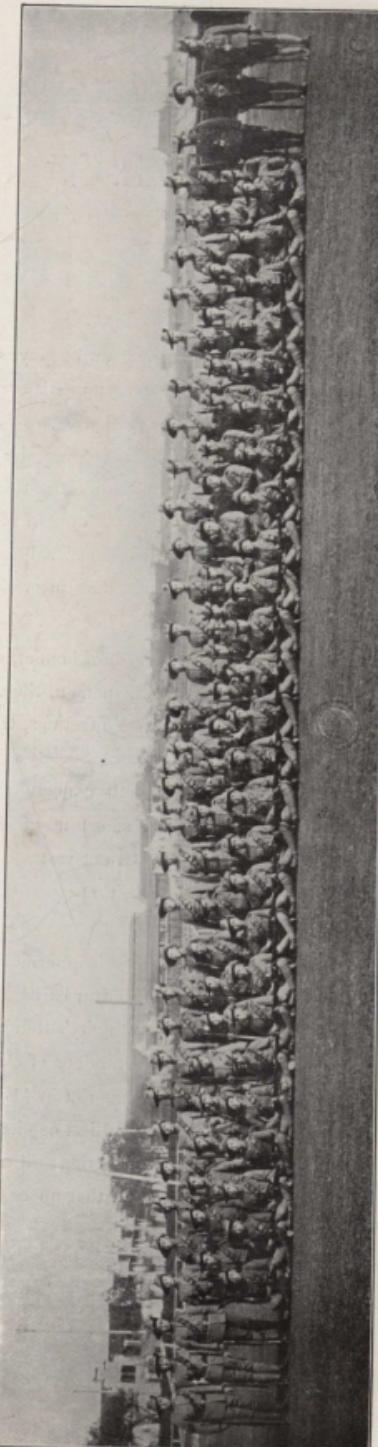
The first official recognition of this Company, by the Chinese Government, took place on September 15th, when Prince Tsai Hsun presented the colours on behalf of the Prince Regent. At a banquet given at the Palace Hotel on the same evening, by the officers of the Chinese Company, Prince Tsai Hsun spoke in very congratulatory terms, of the good impression made upon him by this well-equipped force, and called upon its members to be loyal and dutiful to their officers, showing his appreciation of the work performed by the latter, and of Colonel Barnes' supervision as Commandant of the S.V.C., by presenting each with a handsome gold medal.



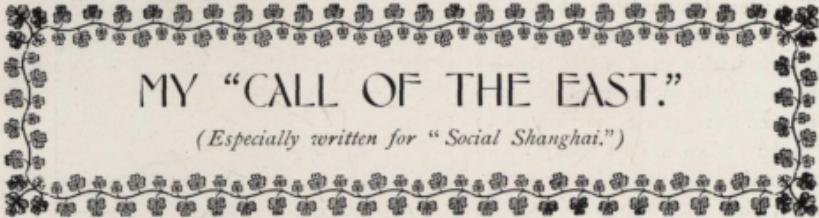
Hard Lines!

"POOR JACK! He never could spell, and it ruined him."

"He wrote a verse to an heiress he was in love with, and he wrote 'boney' for 'bonny.'"



CHINESE COMPANY S.V.C.
Inspection, April, 1909



MY "CALL OF THE EAST."

(Especially written for "Social Shanghai.")

IT came as a lilt on a lewd zephyr's wing,
While I sat, on a soft summer's eve,
In a smug English garden where weave
The rosebuds soft dreams with the lays the birds sing ;
And the fruits of my homeland their rich banquets yield,
For a blend with the perfume of meadow and field,
In fulsome delights of a sensual feast,
It came not for such, that queer Call of the East.

It lisped not of village, of hamlet, of town ;
Of the squire and the parson, the school-boy and girl ;
Of the clubs, mothers' meetings, the bustle, the whirl,
The scandal and gossip, Society's frown,
All the paltry and petty concerns and unrest
That comprehend the sum total of life in the West ;
With accents from Orient vastness released
It lisped not of such, that queer Call of the East.

It conjured in Memory's innermost cell,
As a pageant bedecked in barbaric display,
With the dust of Antiquity's thousand-year day,
The pomp and the grandeur of old Asia's spell,
The romance that runs riot in Mystery's train,
Where Tradition and Licence give fancy full rein ;
It tugged at my heart-strings till petulance ceased ;
I've followed its beck, that queer Call of the East.

A. BERNARD HIND.

The Manila Carnival

ONCE a year, in the month of February, Manila revels in the greatest spectacular function that can be seen in this part of the world, namely, the great Manila Carnival.

For a week everybody and everything resigns all efforts to fun-making, and frivolity reigns supreme. Thousands of pounds of confetti and miles of paper ribbon are thrown amongst a motley crowd of people arrayed in fantastic garments, on the principal avenue of Carnival City.

The coronation of the monarchs of the Occident and the Orient is one of the brightest and most interesting features of carnival, and the selection of the queens and their consorts, is eagerly looked forward to. For the Occidental court Europeans are selected and the Orient is represented by Filipinos.

In our illustration will be seen Miss Marjorie Colton, first Queen of the Philippine Carnival.



MISS MAJORIE COLTON
The Queen of the Occident and her pages at Manila's first Annual Carnival

A Shanghai Marriage

INVOLVING LIFE A LITTLE FLAT, HARD WORK, "DOING WITHOUT,"
AND MANY OTHER TERRIBLE THINGS

ISABELLE, who proposed that I should write this article, and who is looking over my shoulder at this very moment in a reprehensible paroxysm of curiosity, says that when, "a penniless lass, wi' a lang pedigree," she was taken to wife by Rex, a "lad" in much the same condition, it was the most sensible and prudent and praiseworthy action that the pair of them ever accomplished.

No one thought so at the time, I remember; and their relatives unitedly prophesied that they had married for "worse" instead of for "better."

You see, Rex's income was only a very few hundred dollars a month; and none of that was *certain*—sometimes it was more, sometimes less; and a fluctuating income is one of the hardest things in the world to live inside of, especially if, like Rex, you also rejoice in "expectations" of the flimsy, not the negotiable, kind.

THE UNFORTUNATE ETONIAN.

Unfortunately, too, economy is not part of the Eton curriculum. Nor had it ever occurred to those who superintended Isabelle's girlhood that household management was a suitable accomplishment for the daughter of a Shanghai taipan, even though times were bad.

Consequently, friend Reginald and Isabelle, his wife, had anything but a cheerful time of it at first; and the blossom of their honeymoon was considerably blighted by the pages of their account-books.

And presently there were one or two debts.

This is the point where my tale—Isabelle's tale, I should say—diverges, and becomes entirely different from the plot of any novel you have ever read, thus proving once again how very much more original truth is than fiction.

The usual, customary procedure for Rex and Isabelle, of course, would have been to get into deeper debt, to extort huge sums from the more yielding of their rich relations, to luxuriate on credit, to accumulate bills as though they were bric-à-brac; and, finally, having descended to depths of infamy of a varied and blood-curdling kind to point the moral and conclude the tale by an appearance in the Bankruptcy Court, and possibly the Divorce Court, too.

If they had done that, I should have made them into a novel, instead of one brief article.

"You may state that we are both of us persons of average intelligence and remarkable common sense," puts in Isabelle over my shoulder, "and that we realized that it ought to be entirely possible, as well as desirable, to support life on the sum at our disposal. Many most charming people enjoy themselves hugely on infinitely less!"

"Well, of course!" I said. "There was a couple I once knew——"

"Hadn't you better keep them for another article?" suggested Isabelle. "This is about us—you *said*."

"Well, begin about us, then. We had got to 'there were one or two debts,'"

"And we made up our minds that there weren't going to be any more of them!" Rex said. With a fluctuating income—here to-day and gone to-morrow, don't you know—the one thing needful was to save money. We decided we'd keep our expenses down to a certain minimum, though we starved on it, until our debts were paid, you know, and we'd a nest-egg in the bank. It was rather eccentric, I admit, but that happens to be Rex's personal idea. I suppose his Scotch blood makes him more cautious than most people."

"And was it his caution that led him to marry?" I asked.

"Of course!" said Isabelle. "Then we went through the list of our expenses, and eliminated everything that wasn't incontrovertibly essential. You have no idea how many superfluities there are in the daily life of the simplest household. Flowers on the table, for instance (no one has them in France, the home of dining), and cake for tea, and carriages, and electric lights galore; and oh! sheafs of things that one never thinks about till one finds how easy it is to go without them."

"What did your families say to all these things?" I asked with interest.

WHAT MAMMA SAID.

"Rex's family were safe in Scotland, fortunately, but mamma sat in the drawing-room of our flat in Hankow Road, and wept to see the day; and it wasn't a bit of good trying to explain to her that the woman in the fourth-floor flat, with only three-quarters of our income, looked upon her husband as a highly successful man!"

"My gracious! How I used to envy that woman! She'd been born to economy, you see, and felt alright about it. We didn't!"

"Was it so beastly?" I asked.

"It was, rather," Isabelle confessed. "At the time we pretended to each other that it was a kind of picnic, but now it's over we admit that there were many bad moments."

"I made Rex keep up his club subscriptions, because if a man isn't seen at the clubs he loses touch with all the people he likes to talk to; but it used to annoy him dreadfully hearing the other men discourse about their polo ponies and their holidays in Japan, and their new motor-cars. And then he adores Bridge, and couldn't make them remember that he was seriously off it, even for the smallest points!"

"You see, it's the fashion to be hard-up nowadays, and to say you don't know where to turn for to-morrow's dinner-gown, to next week's extravagance, so that most of our acquaintances thought our poverty was three parts *pose*."

"Then, when we had to turn up at some party—we didn't exactly encourage invitations, as you may suppose, but there are some parties to which you simply have to go, unless you mean to disappear entirely from that position in life in which it has pleased Providence to place you—Rex simply hated seeing the other women look at my gowns. Before we were married, I used to praise him for being able to appreciate my pretty things; but I learned to wish he was one of those moony men, to whom satin and sackcloth look the same."

"Still, it was very human of Rex, wasn't it? And what about your housekeeping, all this time? I've always believed domestic economy to be an art which took some acquiring."

MRS. BEETON LEADS ASTRAY

"Of course I muddled things frightfully at first. I believed implicitly in my 'No. 1 boy cook,' and in 'Mrs. Beeton's Household Management,' which was my

godmother's wedding-present, bound in pale blue vellum, with our crest and monogram in the centre—beautiful to see. The result was that in one week we used seven dozen eggs. It's hard to believe I was ever so silly—*now!* I just stopped short of ordering a leg of beef and a whole samli—like Mrs. David Copperfield—and that was all.

“But the next six months were better. Even the most ignorant person, if she studies the store prices, learns in time; and I bought a ‘cheap’ cookery book, and cooked things myself, and so on.”

“That was about the time when I first knew you,” I put in. “Fanny Adair introduced us, I remember, and I thought you the most fascinatingly frivolous and gay and light-hearted person of all my acquaintances. How deceitful your appearances were, Isabelle.”

“It was largely *appearance*, I confess,” said Isabelle, with justifiable pride. “Anyone would make a point of seeming gay and frivolous in public if they knew that their friends considered they had made a horribly bad match, and that their nice husband was a dead failure, whose one rich uncle had just cut him off with a shilling. Wouldn’t you now? Besides, it wasn’t really so bad after all—by then!

“If you aren’t rich enough to disport yourself in a wealthy and expensive way, it is really better fun to be so poor that there’s heaps of excitement in arranging

the daily meal so it shall be cheap, but *not* nasty.

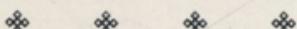
“The woman who just runs through the menu suggested by her cook, and who eats strawberries in April, and green peas in January, misses all the triumphant joys I used to experience when I had discovered some really cheap and good dish, and I saw that Rex was thoroughly enjoying, not the masterpiece of a hireling, but the *chef d’œuvre* of a clever wife!

“And d’you know, though I remember I simply loathed the little flat when we went into it, I *cried*—actually shed tears into my boxes—when I was packing to leave it when the end came, and Rex’s horrid old uncle was discovered to have died intestate, so that, instead of being cut off with a shilling, Rex came into a third of the fortune!

“Mamma still regrets that we didn’t wait to marry, till Sir Henry died. (As though anyone could have known he’d die so soon, and without making a will, after all his talk about it!)

“But Rex and I—well if there is one thing more than another that Rex and I feel certain about, it is that we shall never regret for one moment that we ‘married imprudently,’ and were so eccentric as to honestly grow thin on our income (living like paupers, mamma called it) in a Shanghai flat, instead of dishonestly living beyond it, or sitting down singly to wait for ‘dead men’s shoes.’”

T. S.



THE ENEMY

SPINKS, who has been dining at the club with Jinks; “Just come in a minute, old fellow, and have a night-cap.” Jinks: “I am afraid it’s getting a little late. Let’s see —how’s the enemy?” Spinks: “Oh, that’s all right! She’s in bed.”



Literary Jottings



"Historic Shanghai"

By C. A. MONTALTO DE JESUS

So little seems to have been written on the early history of Shanghai that one hails the work of Mr. de Jesus' pen on this subject with much pleasure, especially as it is enhanced by some most interesting illustrations.

the foreshore lay the dilapidated towing path of old, where a cheering throng used to urge on the immense fleet of tribute-laden junks as each glided down the river. But for the bustle on such occasions, the future Bund lay undisturbed save by some lonely fisherman with his net or some busy boatman scouring his sampan at the



THE SIGNING OF THE TREATY OF NANKING ON BOARD H.M.S. "CORNWALLIS"

The first attempt to open trade in the port of Shanghai was attended with much tribulation to Mr. Hugh Hamilton Lindsay, who undertook the embassy in 1832, and it was not till 1842 that the treaty of Nanking was signed, and Shanghai was declared open to foreign trade on November 17th, 1843.

Of Shanghai, as it appeared to the founders of the Settlement, Mr. de Jesus says—"The locality chosen was then mostly under cultivation, intersected by several small creeks, with a quiet hamlet nestled here and there among its shady trees, while far and wide the turf heaved in many a mouldering heap over generations of peasants there resting for ever on the very scene of their former toils. Along

outskirt of verdant fields, where rice, corn, and cotton were grown."

An illustration shows The Bund as it was when "to the natives the market value was from fifteen to thirty-five thousand cash per mow, for the finest lots along The Bund."

These paragraphs draw a vivid picture in contrasts, to the mind of the reader who only knows his Shanghai of to-day, and are perhaps inclined to make us wish we had been on the spot in "the good old times" when a few thousand cash literally "bought the earth."

A large proportion of this book shows us Shanghai as it was affected by the Taiping Rebellion.

One of the most interesting chapters in this work is on "Municipal Evolution,"

showing the difficulties which had to be overridden by early representatives in bringing about the present system of self-government.

This work contains some most interesting old illustrations and shows throughout, an infinite amount of careful research and should be read by all who are interested in the rapid building up of this metropolis of the Far East.



**Received from Messrs. Macmillan & Co.
Open Country. A Comedy with a Sting**

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

THE principal figures in this book are those of John Senhouse and Sanchia—Josephine Percival, and these characters are made to speak and write theories that are almost Ruskinian in their Utopian idealism.

John Senhouse spoken of by some as the "Gentleman-Gypsy," is described in the words of the author as "a great reader but a fitful, an excellent Grecian, and left the University without attempting his degree."

"On a certain May morning in the year 1885 he rose as usual, dressed as usual in grey flannel trousers, white sweater, and pair of nailed boots . . . and walked out of his college, out of Cambridge, never to return."

After this he peregrinates the country in a tilt-cart drawn by a lean horse called *Rosinaute*. "He lived in a tent of his own stitching, and he seldom stayed in one place more than a week."

It was during one of these encampments in the park of an old school fag at Rugby, that he met Sanchia Percival (who was staying at a neighbouring country-house) under most unconventional circumstances.

Let it be known that John Senhouse was an artist by nature, and profession, inasmuch as the sale of his pictures served to provide him with the few necessities of life that he required, and by way of recreation he was a horticulturist, his aim being to make the country of England into a lovely garden; his method, that of transplanting seeds and plants from other shores into our English woods. Sanchia was also an artist and their acquaintance very quickly ripened. "At the end of a week, it will be related, they were fast allies, at the end of a fortnight inseparable companions, sketching together every day, and he teaching her to read Greek of the Anthology. At the end of three weeks they were eternal friends, and swore it to each other."

After this, their correspondence begins, and it is his clever letters to Sanchia that form the bulk of this very fascinating book. In these, he airs all his purifying philosophy which is something to be considered and remembered.

This book should have a permanent place on the bookshelf, to be read, marked and "browsed over."

* * *

Quite a new departure in the journalistic line in Shanghai, is a monthly magazine of Insurance yclept *The Shield*, which is published by the China Mutual Life Insurance Co., Ltd.

It contains a fund of information as regards insurance matters, interspersed with amusing anecdotes, curious epitaphs, and laughable mistakes made by applicants in filling in applications, and has also some well-illustrated portraits. The whole forms a very acceptable and amusing little pamphlet, and reflects great credit upon its instigators.

THE GRIFFIN'S PROGRESS

BY A. H.

C LAUDE BIRKETT was a "Griffin," that is, he had been in Shanghai just a month, and had not yet joined the Shanghai Club, but of course he was going to be put up, because "all the other chaps were members." Having been a junior clerk in a London office, he couldn't afford to be a member of any club before, but now with the large sum of 250 taels per mensum, which was equal to over £350 sterling a year, he could afford all kinds of luxuries that even in his wildest dreams he had never counted on having. For instance, he would buy a pony and learn to ride, and he supposed he had better join the Race Club to get into the horsey set.

Then Blake wanted him to share a yacht with him. He knew a little about sailing, having spent an occasional summer holiday with some cousins in Ireland, who did a bit of sailing sometimes, so it would be rather nice to have a half share in a yacht, "it is so jolly to spend Saturday afternoons and Sundays sailing on the river!" Of course it would mean joining the Yacht Club, but it wasn't very expensive, and then he wouldn't take it up till the weather was warmer. Meanwhile there was golf. He had always wished to learn the game, but never had had the chance before. The Golf Club didn't cost much, and he could manage a game in the tiffin hour if he left the office on the stroke of twelve; he couldn't do it after five very well because there were calls to make; "a chap doesn't get invited out if he doesn't call on the ladies, you know!"

Every man ought to belong to the Volunteers, so he would join the Light Horse, "quite a jolly good way to learn to ride too!"

"Of course you simply have to join the Cricket Club: all the chaps belong to the Cricket Club you know!"

Claude spent a very jolly winter and wrote home to his friends that "Shanghai

was just ripping." He was asked to a good many dinners, and went to all the dances, and had a splendid time altogether, only he found that every month the visits of shroffs became more pressing and most were told to come again next month. They came again next month, with a few more added, which is a peculiarity of Shanghai shroffs. they go on multiplying most mysteriously, but on the other hand salaries have a way of evolving into problems of subtraction, and although two and two make four, four can't be subtracted from nothing, so—"oh well come again!"

Meanwhile Claude was tempted to dabble in shares. "You don't need money to buy shares you know! It is quite easy, just tell a broker that you want so many shares at a certain price for three months hence, and if they boom—well you're on top." But poor Claude's didn't boom, and he found himself very much at the bottom, with a debt of several thousand taels hung round his neck, and all the shroffs still waiting, and the compradore most disobliging. He felt like hanging himself really, but the other chaps were so merry, he soon forgot about it when they were together, and he kept away from the Shanghai Club as much as possible; he he didn't tiffin there now, "*chow* was so beastly bad." (Claude used to lunch at an A.B.C. shop in London, so he was very critical) But even long-suffering brokers won't be put off for ever, and eventually the taipan was approached on the subject of a "little matter of five thousand taels that Birkett had not yet settled."

Claude Birkett was suddenly transferred to Hongkong, but when he arrived there a cable from the Home Office required his urgent return to London.

He can often be found about noon in an A.B.C. shop telling a friend that the Shanghai climate played the deuce with his health, but the compradore—well that is another story.

The Quiet Hour

The Invaluable Gift

THERE is nothing more distressing in this world than the offer of sympathy, either at the wrong moment or in the wrong fashion. There are times when every heart cries out for comfort from one's fellow-creatures, and yet how seldom does the truly sympathetic person appear. Those who do happen to possess this invaluable gift have a key that will, at some time, unlock almost every human heart, so strongly do we all of us feel the need for solace from others when we are in trouble.

There are so many wrong ideas as to what really constitutes true sympathy. The average man's way of expressing what he thinks to be sympathy is to slap his friend on the back and say: "Cheer up, old fellow; you'll get over it!" adding a few tactless remarks which leave the sufferer in greater despondency than before. He then explains to another friend how deeply he has been sympathising with poor B—.

A woman often thinks that the best thing she can do, in order to sympathise with a friend of her own sex, is to sit and weep in company with the latter, and to assure her that she knows plenty more who have suffered that particular trouble—as if the knowledge that there are millions of others thus afflicted ever soothed anybody's grief.

These are examples of the false or useless sympathy, the distinguishing characteristics of which are a saddening lack of tactfulness and an utter want of thought. True sympathy is all too rarely found.

Some possess the gift naturally, others cultivate it, and certainly it *can* be cultivated. If you would do the latter you must first strengthen your love for your fellow-creatures.

Then you must learn to be a judge of character and to understand varied temperaments, for each person to whom you would extend your sympathy will require individual treatment. With some a silent grip of the hand is all that is needed, and you know that that will be preferred to any spoken word. With others you know that the best way to cheer them up is to get them to confide in you, and you encourage them to discuss the trouble for as long as they like.



Real Happiness

HAPPINESS is to the heart what sunlight is to the body, and he who shuts out either is an enemy to society. There are persons who will work for the good of their fellow-men, who will give money and time, labour and thought, to reforms and schemes for general welfare; who will not hesitate to make sacrifices to perform benevolent and kindly actions; but who never give free and hearty utterance to the gladness that they feel or the pleasure they enjoy. It is not that they intend to deprive anyone of happiness, but they do not realize how much they could thus bestow. While trying in many ways to give light and warmth to their fellow-men, they bottle up their sunshine, forgetting that its influence might extend far and wide.

THE LIGHT HORSE INTER-TROOP CRICKET MATCH



TEAMS OF THE LIGHT HORSE INTER-TROOP CRICKET MATCH

Reading from left to right—

Top Row.—T. C. VERNON, H. E. D. HANCOCK, W. LECKIE, T. ORCHARDSON, N. L. SPARKE,
G. GOWLAND, J. MCGREGOR, C. BESWICK, PETERS, T. G. DRAKEFORD, H. E. SPARKE.

2nd Row.—E. H. MCMICHAEL, F. ELVERS, H. C. ASPINALL.

3rd Row.—A. A. BRADY, H. QUELCH, G. JOHNSON, P. CRIGHTON, H. P. SOUTER.

Standing (from top to bottom).—F. J. BURRETT, A. H. HATHERLY, N. DYER, C. A. MCLELLAN.

THE above illustration represents the teams of the Light Horse inter-troop cricket match, which was played on the 27th of September, on the Police cricket ground, and which resulted in a victory for the "A" Troop.

Those who were the privileged spectators of this match were afforded much amusement by the "style" of some of the batsmen who had evidently more experience in handling the lance than the "willow," while a member of "B" Troop was particularly conspicuous in baffling his opponents by the resourcefulness of his bowling!

Tiffin was served in the Grand Stand of the Race Club, and even the most uninitiated batsman showed his efficiency in this part of the programme. Stumps were drawn at 6.30 p.m., and the match having been thoroughly enjoyed by all participants, was a great success.

SOCIAL SIDELIGHTS

BY BELLE HEATHER

A Tragedy of the Stable

MANY people wonder what becomes of the ponies that take part in the Races every meeting. Some are sold immediately after the Races are over, whilst others are utilized as polo ponies, but most of those that make a name for themselves are pensioned off in some way. The other day when I was at a football match on the Polo Ground I happened to be standing near a well-known member of the Police Force, who is much interested in ponies, and who told me, during the half-time interval, quite a number of interesting details concerning the ponies in the Police Force, many of which have at one time taken a prominent part in our Races.

I was particularly struck with one story he told me about "*Gadfly*" which many race-goers will remember as a very handsome pony that looked just like a little horse, and which won the champions in both the Spring and Autumn Races of 1903, and just missed being champion in the Spring and Autumn of 1904. They may also remember that he had a very decided objection to standing around at the start doing nothing, so that he was usually taken on to the course accompanied by an "amah" pony, and was mounted at the last moment, after which he proved to be more or less bidable, and moved like the wind.

Well, it appears something went wrong with *Gadfly's* anatomy that put him out of the running as far as racing was concerned, but did not interfere with his ordinary usefulness, so he was handed over as a gift to the Police Force, where animals are well taken care of, and usually live much longer than the average pony. Before he could be made any practical use of, he had to be trained into standing still when necessary. He strenuously objected at first to the hobbling process which this part of his education necessitated, but after about a week or so, calmly gave in, and became more or less docile.

And here comes the pathetic part of the story, which somehow reminds me of poor old "*Daybreak's*" sympathy for the trials and tribulations of ponies. At this part of the proceedings all those who were interested in the mounted portion of the Police Force were congratulating themselves on having secured a very valuable and good-looking addition to the stables, when one morning not long after *Gadfly* had "given in," he suddenly refused to move out of his stable. Every inducement was tried to make him come out, but no, he simply refused to budge. When they insisted he just looked at them reproachfully, and suddenly lay down. All the insistence in the world was useless after that—he had simply given up and died. The verdict after surgical examination was, that *he had died of a broken heart*.

Household Finance

" This world is no blot for us,
Nor blank ; it means intensely, and means good.
To find its meaning is my meat and drink."

BUT few people in Shanghai have time to enter into Browning's sentiments as expressed in the above lines, as most of them desire something far more substantial in the way of meat and drink than finding out the meaning of the world.

At the present time the majority of taipans are pretty well convinced that the world is very blank in the way of dollars, and they are therefore not at all keen about inquiring into its meaning, as there does not seem to be anything to gain by such a fruitless investigation.

I find meat and drink of a more substantial character is of far more importance to Shanghai people, so I have been studying the matter as far as my limited time would allow, and I hope before long to put a theory I have long held to the test. It is a very simple theory, namely, that no one except a practical *chef* or a woman, can manage a Chinese mess without a loss of some kind and I have also come to the conclusion that no human being can keep an eye on the Celestial sufficiently to stop a tremendous leakage in foodstuff, unless he or she is prepared to devote the major part of his or her existence to the process.

One hears considerable grumbling on the score of the high rate attained by current domestic expenses, and when one inquires into the reason, it is found to be

either exorbitant squeeze on the part of the Celestials, or a want of domestic knowledge on the part of the employer, and very often the former reason is due to the latter.

On the other hand, the housekeeper who is intensely keen on stopping squeeze, is said to fare even worse than the careless or ignorant housekeeper, so that one's aim ought to be to hit a happy medium.

Personally, I have an intense dislike to the domestic side of life in the Far East. It is so delusive. That is, it looks so easy and comfortable, and would be so, if only one were not pulled up every now and again with a round turn, and made painfully aware that the possession of a confiding nature is not at all a paying faculty to possess.

As far as Social Shanghai Tea Rooms are concerned, I have tried a manager and a manageress, and have come to the conclusion that providing wholesome food in a dainty home-like way, is essentially a woman's business, and that a man cannot possibly cope with it.

On the other there are phases in the provision of dinners and suppers that only a man can look after with any degree of success.

I have tried to provide for all these points by enlisting the interest of a little company of capable people who all take a personal interest in the Tea Rooms, and I am very much interested in watching what the result will be, and shall be intensely disappointed if they do not attain the success I anticipate.



TOO TRUE

TRAVELLING in the trams is sometimes quite entertaining. The other afternoon a lady was having an animated conversation with a gentleman who was apparently of a cynical turn of mind, and who did not approve of matrimony.

SHE: Well, married men have at least one asset that bachelors lack.

HE: What may that be?

SHE: They each possess a better half.

HE: Well, if it comes to that bachelors in Shanghai very frequently possess something married men do not have.

SHE: What may that be?

HE: Better quarters.

Social Notes

THE most tragic event of the month was the almost simultaneous attack of cholera on Mr. Daniel Coath and Dr. Goddard culminating in their deaths which took place within the same hour. This case was rendered particularly pathetic by the facts that the widows are sisters, and that Mrs. Coath had married Mr. Coath only about three months previous to his death. Mrs. Goddard was in America, having just passed through a dangerous operation, and Mr. Coath's daughter had recently left Shanghai for the States.

Owing to the deaths of Mr. Coath and Dr. Goddard this function was rendered quieter than was formerly intended and the band was dispensed with as a mark of respect, as Mrs., Miss Coath and Mrs. Goddard were members of the Club.



DESPITE the fact that when Mr. Specht Grijp left Shanghai two years ago he was known to be dangerously ill, the news of his death was received with much regret and surprise, as the latest news spoke of improvement in his state of health. Much



Photo

Denniston & Sullivan

RECEPTION GIVEN TO MR. AND MRS. FAIRBANKS BY THE AMERICAN WOMAN'S CLUB
ON THE ROOF GARDEN OF THE PALACE HOTEL

On September 9th the American Woman's Club was responsible for a very pleasant little function in the shape of a reception given to Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks who spent a few days in Shanghai en route to Manila via Japan.

The reception was held on the Roof Garden of the Palace Hotel, which was prettily decorated with bamboo foliage and plants, and here Mrs. Hykes and Mrs. Marshall welcomed the guests, and presented them to Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks.

sympathy is extended to Mrs. Specht Grijp who was very popular during her residence here.



THE annual gala of the Shanghai International Swimming Club this year was conspicuously successful and congratulations are due to all those concerned in its arrangement. The baths were very prettily decorated and all the events were marked by enthusiastic interest on the part of both audience and competitors.

One of the most interesting competitions was the Ladies' Sweepstake Handicap which was finally won by T. Wigton for Miss Ollerdessen. E. Prince made a very plucky fight for it, but a handicap of six seconds was too much for him.

In the 220 yards Shanghai Championship, R. W. MacCabe proved his claim by finishing in 36½ mins.

Much interest was taken in the Long Plunge Championship which was won in fine style by P. Fowler, who registered fifty-one feet; but by far the most exciting event was the Polo Match played between Shanghai International Swimming Club and the Rest of Shanghai.

From the outset the Rest of Shanghai showed excellent training and combination, so it was not surprising that they won the match by six goals to one.

At the conclusion, very handsome prizes were gracefully presented by Mrs. Stanley to the lucky winners, after which Mr. P. Fowler, picturesquely garbed in the order of the bath, made a fitting little speech conveying the thanks of the Club to Mrs. Stanley, at the same time presenting her with a lovely basket of flowers. Dr. Stanley replied to this, at the same time congratulating the Club on its great success and good management and concluded by calling for three cheers, to which a hearty response and a tiger were given, also three enthusiastic cheers for the President (Dr. Stanley) and his wife, which brought the very pleasant episode to a conclusion.

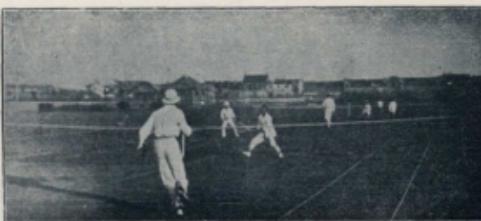


A SUCCESSFUL entertainment was given at the Palace Hotel on Thursday, September 16th, in aid of the Hanbury Institute and Sailors' Home. The uncertainty of the weather caused the original idea of having the concert on the Roof Garden to be

abandoned for that of arranging the platform in the dining-room, which with its plentiful supply of fans was rendered very cool and comfortable. Mr. S. Barton ably filled the duties of chairman and announced the performers.

The programme was opened by Mr. E. Hall who gave a very clever rendering of Raff's "Fantasia Impromptu" in his own brilliant style, and this was followed by Mr. Railton singing of Sargent's "Blow thou winter wind," which was good song well sung. Professor de Graca then earned an encore by his performance of Brahms's "Hungarian Dances" to which he responded by giving Godard's "Berceuse de Jocelyn" in his best style.

Mr. Lewis quite captivated his audience with a new song entitled "Young Tom O'Devo," and was vociferously encored,



TENNIS AT THE RECREATION GROUND

and this was followed by the *chef d'œuvre* of the evening, namely, Madame Thue's brilliant rendering of Bemberg's "Nymphes et Sylvanus" following by D'Hardelot's "I know a lovely Garden." This lady was in excellent voice and its wonderful flexibility and softness was shown at its best in her first song.

Again, Mr. Hall delighted his audience with Rubenstein's "Valse Caprice" and Mr. Meyers's rendering of "Son of Mine" was received with much appreciation, this was followed by Professor Graca's rendering of Raff's "Cavatina" and Mr. Railton again appeared and sang the well-known "Bandelero." The programme was then

concluded with one of Mr. Stormes' inimitable comic songs. The accompaniments were ably undertaken by Miss Urbanek, Mr. Young, and Mr. Flack.



A FORMER resident of Shanghai writes from St. Andrews the following, which is interesting reading, to China friends of Lady Wolseley.—

"I am here for a few days with Lady Wolseley. She has been undergoing a cure for heart, and has come here to be braced before going to Staffordshire.

This is a quaint little town with bits of ruins scattered about, but rather flat, not as pretty as some parts of Scotland. However, the air is good. Every one is mad on golf and talks of nothing else, but as I know absolutely nothing about it, I find the people here not very interesting, as they talk nothing else and have regular golf faces.

The weather is fine and sunny, though cold, with such a nip in the air at nights that fires are necessary. We keep a good deal to ourselves, but fortunately have much in common, and many languages to carry on our conversations in."



AMERICAN HUMOUR

SPARING HER NERVES

THE mistakes which were plentifully sprinkled along Mrs. Comer's career were never regretted by anyone more than by Mrs. Comer herself, "I used the very best judgment I had," she said, referring to one unfortunate occurrence, "but, as usual, everything went wrong.

"You see, I went to Greenville in the morning with Mrs. Hobart, intending to go on to Nashua; but I changed my mind when the weather turned cool, and spent the day with Anna Woods, going home at dusk. I'd forgotton my little bag with my key in it, so I went right over to Mrs. Hobart's.

"She'd gone down the road to Mrs. Cole's, but I found her key behind the left-hand blind, and went right in.

"The house was dark, but I said to myself, 'I won't light a lamp for fear of scaring her, a timid woman living all alone as she does.' So I sat in the dark till I heard her coming up the walk.

"When she found the door was unlocked she gave a kind of a gasp; so I stepped forward, and then, long as I had a cold so my voice didn't sound natural, and I was afraid 'twould scare her, she being so timid, I put out my hand and laid it on her arm.

"And if you'll believe me," finished Mrs. Comer, plaintively, "she fell right over in a faint, and cut her forehead on the edge of the rocking-chair, and I thought I'd never bring her to!

"There's no use trying to be careful with a woman like her."

OUR MONTHLY DIARY

SEPTEMBER

Sept. 4th.—Death of Mr. George Baker, Superintendent of the Cosmopolitan and International Docks.

,, 5th.—Heavy storm and floods, in which the yacht *Chrissie* turned turtle and foundered, the laodah being drowned.

Fire in Messrs. Shewan, Tomes & Co.'s godown in Tiendong Road, resulting in almost total wreck.

,, 6th.—An affray in Hongkew between Japanese and American sailors.

,, 7th.—Arrival of Chapman-Alexander Mission in Shanghai.

,, 8th.—Chinese Commemoration stamps on sale for the first time in Shanghai, 40,000 being sold in one day.

,, 9th.—Reception given to Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks, by the American Woman's Club, at the Palace Hotel.

Death of Dr. Goddard and of Mr. Coath.

,, 10th.—An extensive fire in Seward Road, resulting in destruction of ten shops and houses, and considerable damage to several others.

Fire on board s.s. *Glenavon*, lying at C.M. Lower Wharf, Hongkew, resulting in considerable damage to cargo.

,, 13th.—Trial trip of the Szechuen Transportation Co.'s boat *Shu-tung*.

,, 14th.—Departure of Mr. Crawford D. Kerr from Shanghai for England.

Final of the Shanghai International Swimming Club's Gala.

,, 15th.—Astrea Channel officially opened for navigation at night, the tender *Victoria* in charge of Captain Anderson being the first vessel to negotiate the new waterway.

Sept. 15th.—Presentation of the Prince Regent's banner to the Chinese Volunteers by Prince Tsai Hsun.

Banquet given at the Palace Hotel by the officers of the Chinese Company S.V.C. in honour of Prince Tsai Hsun's visit, at which the Prince presented the European officers of the Company with gold medals.

,, 16th.—Concert given at the Palace Hotel in aid of the Hanbury Institute.

,, 17th.—Wreck of the *Maori King* on Longhuasho Island.

,, 18th.—H.M.S. *Astrea* sent out to look for H.M.S. *Clio* which was five days overdue on her passage from Shanghai to Hongkong. Much anxiety felt on her account.

,, 21st.—C.N. Co.'s. *Kweiyang* reports H.M.S. *Clio* anchored in Haitan Straits.

,, 22nd.—Benefit tendered to Miss Beattie Gilardi.

,, 23rd.—Interport Swimming Competition held in Hongkong, between Hongkong and Shanghai.

,, 24th.—Interport Swimming Match continued.

,, 25th.—Interport Swimming Match concluded —victory for Hongkong.

The Shanghai Taotai issued second proclamation re Kiukiang boycott.

Opening of the Imperial Chinese Wireless Telegraph Station.

,, 27th.—Arrival of Lord Kitchener in Hongkong by M.M.S. *Sydney*.

Death of Miss Lucy Hoag, M.D., at Chinkiang.

,, 30th.—Escape of two convicts from chain-gang working on Yuenfong Road; a passing Chinaman accidentally shot by Skih policeman, who firey upon the two convicts.

The charge for announcements of Births, Marriages, and Deaths (which must be authenticated by the name and address of the sender) is \$1.00.

Marriages

MEYER—BRAMSEN.—On October 27th, 1909, at Shanghai, before Th. Hansen, Esq., Consul-General for Norway, Acting Consul-General for Denmark, Vilhelm Meyer, Danish Vice-Consul, son of Louis Meyer, Esq., of Copenhagen, to Kirsten, daughter of Aage Bramsen, Esq., of Copenhagen.

WIDLER—KORKIN.—On October 28th, 1909, at Weihaiwei, before R. Walter, Esq., Secretary to the Government and Magistrate, Emile Widler, eldest son of the late David Widler (Shanghai), to Agnes, daughter of Sophronie Korkin (Vladivostok).

HEUCKENDORFF—STEWART.—On September 30th, 1909, at St. Nicholas Church, Newchwang, by the Right Rev. Bishop Corfe, and afterwards at the Russian Consulate by A. Beltchenko, Esq., Acting Danish Consul, Arthur Thomas Heuckendorff, son of Mrs. Arthur La Roy Smith, Newchwang, to Grace Eileen Stewart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mathew Stewart, Campbellton, New Brunswick, Canada.

JORGE—LINEKER.—On October 20th, 1909, at St. Joseph's Church, Shanghai, by the Rev. Father Le Gall, Charles, second son of the late H. Jorge and Mrs. Jorge, of Shanghai, to Catherine Lineker of Fareham, Hants, England, only daughter of the late James Lineker.

Birth

STEDMAN.—On Friday, September 3rd, 1909, at Tientsin, to Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Stedman, a son.



Deaths

TARRANT.—On October 12th, 1909, at Victoria Nursing Home, Bertram H. Tarrant, Architect, aged 39 years.

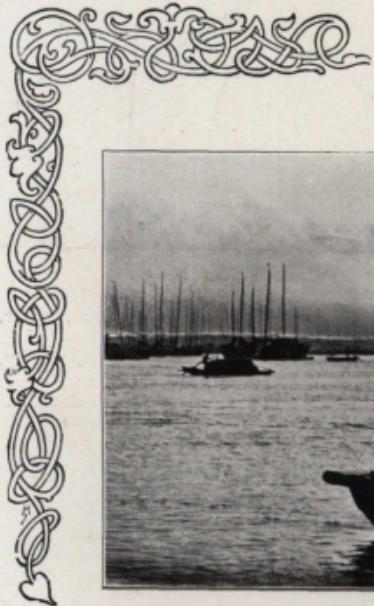
CHAPMAN.—On October 26th, 1909, at Wenchow, Bertha Mary, wife of Thos. W. Chapman, M. Sc., United Methodist College.

BELL.—On October 27th, 1909, at 38 Rue Eugene Bard, Margaret Elizabeth, daughter of Alexander and Nora Bell, aged seven months.

MCCANN.—On October 27th, 1909, at Lintsinchow, Shantung, James Hamilton, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McCann, aged one year and eleven days.

FOLLOCK.—On October 31st, 1909, at Swatow, China, Margaret Cowie, wife of the late William Pollock, I.M. Customs, Ningpo (by telegram.)

GENSBURGER.—On October 31st, 1909, at the General Hospital, Shanghai, Charles, the beloved son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Gensburger, aged 8 years.



A River Scene



MATCH BETWEEN SHANGHAI GOLF CLUB AND TIEWO 1905

Reading from left to right—

Back Row.—MESSRS. VALENTINE, J. JOHNSTONE, WALKINSHAW, W. COX, COLLYER, DREW,
CUNNINGHAM, HICKLING, A. M. MACLEAN

Front Row.—MESSRS. SELBY MOORE, ANTON, MCMURTRIE, TRIPP, MCKIE, FORREST, R.
SUTHERLAND, V. H. LANNING, W. J. GRESSON



FORMAL OPENING OF THE GOLF CLUB 1898

The Shanghai Golf Club

HISTORICAL SKETCH



HE Committee of the Shanghai Golf Club have just issued to the members a small book containing the Rules of the Game and a short historical sketch of the Club, which has been compiled with a view to placing on record how it was first started.

The Shanghai Golf Club took its rise at a meeting held at the Shanghai Club on the tenth of January, 1894, there being present: Messrs. E. F. Alford (later Sir E. F. Alford), E. O. Arbuthnot, R. H. R. Burder, J. B. Cameron, Alex. Campbell, R. Carr, B. A. Clarke, A. Duncan, J. Ferrier, Wade-Gardner, E. L. Hunter, C. O. Liddell, J. McEuen, J. Macfarlan, A. G. Rowland, J. R. M. Smith, A. H. Stewart, and H. J. H. Tripp.

At this meeting Messrs. E. O. Arbuthnot, J. Ferrier, Wade-Gardner, E. F. Alford, B. A. Clarke, were elected as the first Committee, with Mr. A. G. Rowland as Honorary Secretary and R. Carr, Honorary Treasurer. At the first meeting of the Committee Mr. B. A. Clarke was elected Captain.

The following is a list of original members of the Club:-

T. J. Abbott	J. Cameron
H. Adams	Alex. Campbell
E. F. Alford	R. Carr
F. Anderson	A. Choulton
W. H. Anderson	B. A. Clarke
E. O. Arbuthnot	E. W. Clements
J. H. Bateman	F. Clifton
C. E. V. Birt	G. D. Coutts
H. L. Bridges	P. A. Cox
T. Brown	F. L. Crompton
R. H. R. Burder	F. A. Cumming
H. T. Butterworth	A. Cushny, Jnr.

H. W. Daniel	J. McEuen
L. K. Davies	J. McKie
J. Dewar	G. Miller
C. Dowdall	H. Morris
A. Duncan	W. C. Murray
C. M. Ede	G. W. Noël
J. Ferrier	C. L. Perks
J. Findlay	W. G. Pirie
A. Fleet	L. Plummer
H. G. Gardner	C. A. Pullan
J. Wade-Gardner	A. W. Reid
W. J. Gresson	D. J. Reid
E. Gumpert	H. A. Ritchie
J. Hall	A. G. Rowland
W. Hardie	J. L. Scott
W. M. Harvie	E. W. Sharples
E. L. Hunter	A. Shewan
W. S. Jackson	J. R. M. Smith
J. Jones (B. & S.)	E. K. de St Crox
J. Keddie	A. K. Stewart
C. O. Liddell	A. P. Stokes
W. D. Little	R. Stokes
D. MacCallum	C. Thorne
J. Macfarlan	A. Thurburn
D. Martin	J. Tippin
G. A. Matthews	H. J. H. Tripp
C. Mayne	R. Tristram
G. McBain	E. P. Wickham

At this time the interior of the Race Course was let out for grazing to the Shanghai Horse Bazaar, and the first step to be taken was to approach the Trustees of the Recreation Fund to obtain their permission to play on the ground, but in the first annual report of the Committee we find the following item:-

"During the year a course of nine holes has been laid out, and the links were formally opened on the 1st October (1894). Since then the Municipal Council have leased the property of the Recreation Fund Trustees, and have done so much towards its improvement that the links

are now probably the best in the Far East from a golfer's point of view, there being plenty of hazards, bunkers, and ditches, etc., to delight the old and experienced, and the reverse to the novice.

"For what the Council have done the Committee, on behalf of the members of the Golf Club, desire to accord them their very best thanks."

In the Cash Account accompanying this Report we find *inter-alia* the following:—

Bar boy 5 per cent on takings \$1.61.

At this time the Club was renting a room in the Old Horse Bazaar premises near the Loong-fei Bridge, now occupied by Mr. G. Dallas' Stables and it was not until March 1898 that the erection of a Club Pavilion was taken up, and after lengthy negotiation with the Shanghai Race Club which has the right of view over the interior of the Course and who naturally jealously guard the

rights of its members it was arranged that a pavilion should be erected on a "portion of the reclaimed ground" between the Cricket Pavilion and the Swimming Bath in a line with the Bath and Grand Stand; a particularly convenient spot being at the same time near the road and within easy distance of the first tee.

The pavilion was designed and erected under the supervision of Mr. W. Harvie and the cost defrayed partly out of monies in the hands of the Club and partly by 120 six per cent debentures of Tls. 25 each. These debentures were all redeemed by September 1904. The Club pays a nominal ground rent of Tls. 5 per annum to the Trustees of the Recreation Fund.

As the conditions under which the Club is allowed to play on the links do not appear to be generally understood it may be well to refer to a ruling made in 1896, viz., that "being public ground, no part



A GROUP TAKEN IN 1906 AFTER THE CHAMPIONSHIP HAD BEEN PLAYED FOR BY
MR. WALKINSHAW AND MR. V. H. LANNING

of the course could be placed under the control of any body but the Council, and that any expense incurred by the Golf Club in laying out the greens, etc., was for their own pleasure and convenience and in no way affects the above position."

The entrance fee at this time was \$5 and the annual subscription \$10. The former was increased to \$25 in 1901 and again to \$50 in 1905.

In 1898 the membership had reached 150 and at an annual general meeting it

Championship Cup instituted in 1904, the "Ferrier Cup" presented by Mr. J. Ferrier in 1897, the "Campbell Shield" presented by Mr. Alex. Campbell in 1898, and the "Hankow Cup" presented by the Hankow Golf Club in 1895. The Shanghai Golf Club subsequently (1897) presented a cup known as "The Shanghai Cup" to the Hankow Golf Club.

Any historical sketch of the Shanghai Golf Club would be incomplete without a record of the officers of the Club who



THE SHANGHAI GOLF CLUB

was decided to limit it to that number, but this restriction was shortly afterwards removed and at the present time the membership roll stands at 634 and 80 lady associates.

While on this point it may be well to mention that the Ladies' Golf Club is a separate club managed by the ladies themselves. The ladies' room is available for use by any lady who has a husband, father or brother a member of the Shanghai Golf Club.

In 1905-6 extensive alterations were made in the pavilion although the exterior remains much the same and the Club will always be indebted to the late Dr. Ward Hall for his services in connection with the furnishing and decoration of the pavilion.

The Club is particularly fortunate in its possession of several handsome challenge trophies that are played for periodically, amongst which may be mentioned the

since its commencement have done so much to bring the Club to its present unique position.

Season.	Captain.	Honorary Secretary.	Honorary Treasurer.
1894	B. A. Clarke	A. G. Rowland	R. Carr
1894/5	J. Ferrier	H. J. H. Tripp	L. F. Bridges
1895/6	Wade Gardner Alex. Campbell	C. A. Pullan C. Hanbury H. E. Shadgett	"
1896/7	Wade Gardner	H. T. Butterworth	
1897/8	J. Ferrier	H. G. Gardner	E. O. Cumming
1898/9	A. Shewan	"	
1899/1900	I. Cooper	C. R. Shaw	
1900/1	E. O. Arbuthnot H. G. Gardner	"	H. J. H. Tripp
1901/2	"	C. H. Godfrey	A. J. Wicks
1902/3		"	
1903/4	C. E. Anton	C. H. Godfrey	
	J. H. T. McMurtie	"	
1904/5	"	H. J. H. Tripp	
1905/6	H. J. H. Tripp	C. H. Godfrey	
1906/7	"	C. H. Godfrey	A. W. Walkinshaw
1907/8	G. M. Wheelock J. Ward Hall (Actg.)	Secretary. G. D. Main	
1908/9	G. M. Wheelock	"	

From 1896 to 1906 Mr. H. J. H. Tripp acted as Honorary Ground Secretary.

The Quiet Hour

DOWNRIGHT sour sulkiness we can all recognise as detestable, but it may be doubted if most of us also recognise that laughter is a kind of virtue. Yet it is. It is the outward sign of a genial disposition. Any man with a power of laughter in him may be trusted to prove himself a genial companion; and in the long way of life, which has so many toilsome miles and hard bits of climbing, few things are to be more coveted than genial comradeship. Anyone who has ever been on a tour with a friend knows before many days are past how to set a high value on mere geniality. I have had comrades on such tours who have kept me in a constant condition of suppressed irritability by their petulance over the small inconveniences of travel; and I have also had comrades whose laughter has in itself been a holiday to me. And it is much the same in the long journey of life. The merry heart makes the road easy, and the heavy heart makes it rough.

For instance, who can exaggerate the value of a laughter-loving disposition in the mated life of marriage? I have seen a good many homes spoilt simply because when the household gods were set up the little god of laughter was not included. Sometimes the fault has been the man's, sometimes the woman's. The man has come home from the office night after night with a sour face, and has brought gloom with him. Or perhaps the man has been a good, cheerful fellow, but his wife has had no native geniality of temperament. She has listened with cold disapproval to his little jokes. She has damped his cheerfulness promptly with dismal stories of household worries. Instead of meeting him with cheerful alacrity, she has lingered in the kitchen scolding the servants, and

has employed the dinner-hour in discussing their misdemeanours. After awhile the man has become slightly indifferent to his home. Very soon he has neglected it. There has been no vice to spoil his married life, but the absence of geniality can work as much mischief as the worst vice. If a true census could be taken, I believe it would be found that nine-tenths of the domestic unhappiness of the world is due to ill-temper and the lack of laughter.



Every Woman's Duty

To win love is often a difficult task, but "to keep in love" is far more difficult and vastly more important. We are often told that the true love-story begins at the altar, and most of us realise that there lies before a newly-married couple a contest which requires patience, wisdom, and generosity. "If young wives only took as much pains to charm their husbands as they did to please their lovers, we should hear less of marital unhappiness and wives bored with life," said a French philosopher, and the truth of the comment is evident. Oftener than we know, the poetry and romance of married life has been killed by a carelessness as to personal appearance, a heedlessness as to the other's little prejudices and predilections, a persistence in some irritating habit. In this world surface values count for much, and though the young wife may protest that she will be loved for herself, not for what she wears or for some trick or gesture, the fact remains that these things influence even those who love us most. After all, though they may not be indicative of what is best in us, they are still signs of something which lies beneath the surface.

Inspection of the Volunteer Corps by Lord Kitchener

THE crowds of people that thronged the Maloo and wended their way to the Recreation Ground on October 5th, were an undeniable demonstration of the deep interest felt by all classes of residents in Lord Kitchener's visit. Never has such a large and eager crowd been seen in Shanghai as that which gathered to see the inspection of the Shanghai Volunteer Corps by Field Marshal Lord

base and the "march past" began, led by the Light Horse in very smart style. After these came the Artillery and Maximis, then "A" Company, "B" Company, Customs, German, American, Japanese, Portuguese and Chinese, all of whom acquitted themselves most creditably, but the erratic time of the band left much to be desired and must have made the "march past" somewhat difficult.



LORD KITCHENER AT THE RAILWAY STATION, LEAVING FOR NANKING

Kitchener, which took place on the Polo Ground. As most business establishments closed early, there was a large muster of Volunteers, and in the absence of Lieut-Col. Barnes (who was too ill to attend) Major T. E. Trueman was in command.

About five o'clock, Lord Kitchener in field service uniform, arrived, accompanied by Mr. David Landale, Civil Commandant of the Corps, Colonel Bruce, Capt. Fitzgerald and Capt. Davidson. The troops had been formed up facing west, and mounted police and Sikhs, besides foot police and Sikhs, were stationed along the boundary of the parade ground.

Lord Kitchener and party made a thorough inspection of each unit and then he took up his position at the saluting

However, Lord Kitchener seemed well pleased with what he saw and evinced the keenest interest in the international combination of our Volunteer force.

After the "march past" Lord Kitchener addressed the Corps, thanking them for the honour they had paid him in parading, congratulating the volunteers on their smart appearance and efficiency, and concluded by wishing them increasing success. The commandant then called for three cheers for Lord Kitchener which was heartily responded to, not a few *Banzais* being distinctly audible. As Lord Kitchener rode off, he was continuously cheered by the on-looking crowd, and he graciously acknowledged these demonstrations by saluting.

SOCIAL SIDELIGHTS

BY BELLE HEATHER

Voting at Flower Shows

THE commotion that has been made about the *Social Shanghai* Cup at the Horticultural Show reminds me of a funny incident that occurred about ten or eleven years ago, with relation to awarding the first prize.

At that time voting was in vogue, and was absolutely unfair, as a new-comer had not the ghost of a chance against an old resident. I used to write for *Sport and Gossip* at that time, and as a new-comer, I protested. No notice was taken of my protest, so after the next Show I related one of many examples of how votes could be acquired. I helped two Shanghai girls to fix up a table, and during the exhibition, one girl said to the other, "Oh Carrie! there is Mrs. So and So, with a bushel of voting tickets in her hand. Let us ask her for them." "Not a bit of use," Carrie replied, "I overheard her say that she liked our table least of all; that it was much too heavy." "Oh! that doesn't matter a fig. I will go and have a try for them anyhow." She got them without any difficulty, as the owner never even asked which table she gave the votes for.

ANOTHER ATTEMPT

Well, that did not have any effect, so I thought I would try something else at the next Show, which took place in two big marquees, on the foreshore. I picked out a specially scrubby-looking table which later on, I found out had been rigged up out of left-over scraps, to fill a corner. I then set about getting votes for it.

At the end of the day, when the Committee counted the votes at a little table, I waited patiently till they finished, and was much pleased when they announced that a very wilted red poppy table had won the first prize, and that the scrubby table had come in an easy second. I just marched them all off to look at the latter. Mr. Drummond Hay, who was Secretary then, looked at it with disgust, and said,

"How on earth did that get the prize?"

"I got it," I replied.

"But how?"

"I just asked for votes and got them, and if I had thought of it a little sooner I would have got it the first prize."

"Whose table is it?"

"I don't know. However, the name in the sealed envelope will soon tell."

Next time there was no voting. That is why I was so down on the voting system; it may pan out all right, but at the same time it may not. Nowadays of course it is different, and the most effective and beautiful table is almost sure to come out on top, except that if there were two tables running close together, the balance would probably be tipped in favour of an old resident as against a new comer. The only satisfactory way of course would be to adopt both the public vote system and also the old one of "judging by points," and give prizes for both.

When I was at Home I made a point of going to all the Flower Shows, and taking notes of the winning tables. My first experience was quite useful and

occurred at a lovely Rose Show which took place in the City of London. The most beautiful and effective rose table decoration I ever saw attracted my attention instantly, and I was most surprised to learn that it had received no notice whatever from the judges. So much so indeed, that I asked the owner—a pretty white-haired lady—the reason. She laughed and said it was too unpractical. That one of the judges said that guests seated at such a table would have to be supplied with telephones in order to communicate with each other comfortably.

The first prize on this occasion was won by a table simply decorated with a low centre vase and four-corner ones filled with Lord Penzance roses arranged artistically with their own foliage. The table centre was of white lace over silk of the same beautiful flame tinted yellow as the flowers. Simplicity and utility formed the keynote of all the prize winners; two attributes which were painfully lacking in the exhibits at our last Flower Show, but of course one must remember, that in competing for votes, one must strive for effect at any cost, and if one succeeds in the attempt, one has only to carry out the same arrangement every time to make almost sure of winning some kind of prize.

Two ladies who won prizes at the Spring

Show adopted this idea at the Autumn Show, and used almost the same table arrangements with a variation of flowers, and both took prizes. Indeed it would be very difficult to compete with the table which Mrs. Snethlage has exhibited twice, as on the last occasion it left absolutely nothing to be desired as far as beauty and effect were concerned, and it is little wonder that it gained about four or five times as many votes as the second and third tables.

There was no doubt about which came in first on this occasion, as it was just like the rose table I have already mentioned, a positive joy to look at.

I am always amazed at the large number of ladies who mean to decorate tables every Flower Show, yet don't. Which reminds me to say I was also much surprised at the number of people who took part in the "Jaggle" competition in the *China Weekly*, for the best sentence from the words beginning with the letters in any word taken from the advertisements in the trams. One man sent in nine attempts which were all good, and the agents for "Veluvine" were so struck with the competition, that, I understand, they are offering as a prize to give the paint and decorate a room with "Veluvine," for the best jaggle on the words, "Veluvine Paint."



A RADICAL CURE

MRS. VERNON BROWN: "Why on earth don't you get your husband to cut off his whiskers?"

MRS. SMIFFIAN JONES: "I wouldn't have him do it for the world. I want him to let them grow, and get them all out of his system."

The Regatta at Henli

Officials:—Henli Regatta Sub-Committee:—
Messrs. A. Hide, H. P. Winslow, F. W.

Valpy, and W. O. Koehler.

Umpire:—Mr. H. P. Winslow.

Judges:—Messrs. D. Siffert, M. Mueller, and
B. A. Clarke.

Referees:—Sir Pelham Warren, K.C.M.G., and
Sir Havilland de Saussarez.

Starters:—Messrs. E. T. Byrne and E. D. Sanders.
Timekeeper:—Mr. Jas McKie.

Committee:—Messrs. A. Hide, A. L. Anderson,
E. D. Sanders, D. M. Graham, and W. O.
Koehler.

Here we may revel in the fond delusion that we are on the Thames, and Henli being thirty miles or so away from Shanghai is marked as an ideal spot for the holiday excursion which, till quite recently, has been to the Shanghailander, conspicuous by its absence.

Despite the special arrangements and facilities afforded by the Shanghai-Nanking Railway for the comfort of holiday makers, the Regatta was not as well attended as



COMPETITORS IN THE ROWING CLUB REGATTA

Stewards:—Messrs. J. T. Disseldorf, F. B.
Walker, P. M. Lancaster, E. Schulze, A. L.
Anderson, H. Browett, H. D. Parkhill, E. C.
Pearce, and G. L. Oberg.

* * *

ALL opposition on the part of the Chinese to the Rowing Club holding their regatta at Henli seems to have been amicably settled, and it is to be hoped that the Henli Regatta can now be counted as an annual fixture.

was expected, and the Grand Stand erected by the Railway, was by no means well patronized, but the close proximity of the races would account for this apparent lack of enthusiasm. From the oarsman's point of view, the regatta was highly successful. The water was smooth and the weather good; the races were followed with much interest and some good oarsmanship was to be seen.

The second day being Saturday, and a half-holiday, was naturally the best attended, especially as the weather was everything that could be wished for. The scene was gay with house-boats, motor-launches and native craft all decorated with bunting in honour of the occasion.

The events of the first day were as follows :

3

Boat No. 3.—SCOTLAND

(Flag :—St. Andrew's Cross)

	lb.
Bow—K. W. Cargill.....	159
2—W. R. Butchart	163
3—A. W. Macphail.....	162
Stroke—C. H. Rutherford	176
Cox—A. M. Maclean	135



COMPETITORS IN THE ROWING CLUB REGATTA

Event No. 1.—INTERNATIONAL FOURS

4

Distance : One Mile and a Half

1

Boat No. 4.—GERMANY
(Flag :—Black, White, and Red)

	lb.
Bow—E. Roehreke	166
2—E. Durlach.....	178
4—F. Martin	182
Stroke—W. O. Koehler	176
Cox—T. W. Mitchell	126

2

Boat No. 1.—ENGLAND
(Flag :—St. George's Cross)

lb.

Bow—C. W. O. Mayne	156
2—G. Mayne	164
3—C. W. T. Elsworth.....	188
Stroke—H. R. H. Thomas	159
Cox—Bathurst Walker.....	130

Boat No. 2.—FRANCE

(Flag :—Blue, White, and Red)

	lb.
Bow—A. W. Brun	146
2—A. Rozier	149
3—M. Chapeaux	167
Stroke—A. Chapeaux	178
Cox—Dr. H. Fresson	156

It was a fine race and when the gun was fired Germany had beaten England by three-quarters of a length, Scotland's representatives being scarcely two lengths further away. The French boat was many lengths away and had given up racing. The time was 11 mins. 35 secs.

Event No. 2.—GRIFFINS' FOURS

Distance: One Mile

1

Boat No. 1

	lb.
Bow—A. E. H. Parrott	116
2—E. Bertram	125
3—A. Goering	146
Stroke—H. Borné	135
Cox—W. D. B. Miller	135



PLEASURE BOATS AT THE REGATTA

2

Boat No. 2

lb.

Bow—J. A. Pariny	150
2—Robert Wood	132
3—G. J. Robinson	150
Stroke—D. H. Cooke	177
Cox—T. W. Mitchell	126

No. 1 boat got the better start and was soon two lengths ahead of Cooke's boat. The griffins rowed well together and quite early the race promised to develop into an interesting one. At the pontoon No. 1 boat's lead was being reduced rapidly, but Borné's crew always kept the lead and in the end won by a length. Time, 9 mins. $21\frac{3}{8}$ secs.

Event No. 3.—JUNIOR SCULLS

Distance, One Mile

Boat No. 1

lb.

T. W. Mitchell	126
----------------------	-----

Boat No. 2

C. W. O. Mayne	156
----------------------	-----

This event was declared off as Mayne had scratched.

Event No. 4.—SENIOR FOURLS

Distance: Three-quarters of a mile

1

Boat No. 1

lb.

Bow—G. A. Robinson	144
2—J. Soerensen	160
3—G. Bärwald	171
Stroke—W. G. Ralphs	161
Cox—T. W. Mitchell	126

2

Boat No. 3

lb.

Bow—F. Roehrich	150
2—R. W. Wells	150
3—A. Goering	146
Stroke—T. Hutchison	151
Cox—H. Borné	135

3

Boat No. 2

lb.

Bow—W. D. B. Miller	135
2—E. Bertram	125
3—K. W. Cargill	159
Stroke—C. Blix	170
Cox—A. M. Maclean	135

No. 1 boat was never challenged and won the race by about five lengths in 5 min. 51 sec. No. 3 boat was second, and No. 2 boat a poor third. Time, 5 mins. 51 secs.



WATCHING THE REGATTA

Event No. 5.—FIRE BRIGADE v. CLUB

Distance: One Mile

1

Boat No. 2.—Fire Brigade	lb.
Bow—C. W. O. Mayne	156
2—G. Mayne	164
3—W. R. Butchart	163
5—A. Tilbrook	181
5—M. Chapeaux	164
6—E. Durlach	178
7—C. W. T. Elsworth	188
Stroke—A. W. Macphail	162
Cox—L. P. Dowdall	13

2

Boat No 1.—Club	lb.		
Bow—E. Roehreke	166	4—K. W. Cargill	159
2—S. Berry.....	169	5—A. S. Campbell	185
3—H. Robinson	161	6—W. R. Butchart	163
4—C. H. Rutherford	176	7—A. W. Macphail.....	162
5—A. S. Campbell	185	Stroke—C. H. Rutherford	176
6—H. R. H. Thomas.....	159	Cox—A. M. Maclean	135
7—F. Martin	182		2*
Stroke—W. O. Koehler	176		ENGLAND
Cox—A. Hide	150		

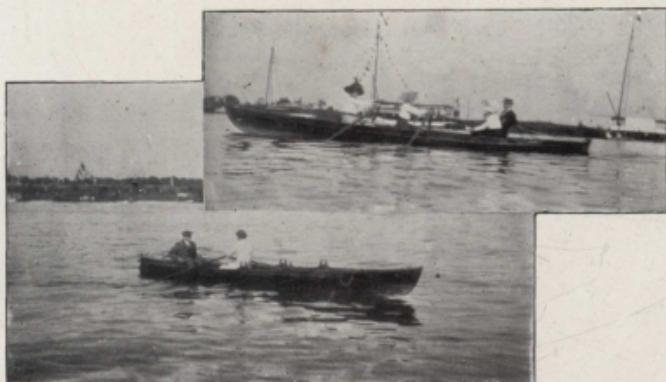
Won by the Fire Brigade by a length
in 6 mins. 38 secs.

* * *

The second day opened just after 3 p.m.,
with the International Eights which were
as follows:

lb.	
Bow—C. W. O. Mayne	156
2—H. Robinson	161
3—G. A. Robinson.....	146
4—G. Mayne	164
5—A. Tilbrook	181
6—S. Berry	169
7—C. W. T. Elsworth	188
Stroke—H. R. H. Thomas	159
Cox—Bathurst Walker...	130

* Dead Heat



PLFASURE BOATS OWNED BY ROWING CLUB

Distance : One mile and a half.

GERMANY	lb.
Bow—E. Roehreke	166
2—H. Borné	135
3—F. Roehrich	150
4—C. Fiebig	160
5—G. Bärwald	171
6—E. Durlach.....	178
7—F. Martin	182
Stroke—W. O. Koehler	176
Cox—T. W. Mitchell	126

1*

SCOTLAND	lb.
Bow—W. D. B. Miller.....	135
2—N. R. M. Shaw	140
3—T. Hutchison.....	145

This was an excellent race ; the Germans made a fine showing and won by a length and a half. There was a splendid fight between the English and Scotch crews for second place, which resulted in an exciting finish at dead heat. The official time was 9 mins. 32½ secs.

The Griffins' and Veterans' Race was scratched, and the Junior Sculls (which had been omitted from the first day's programme) took the place of this event. This was not an enthusiastic race and resulted as follows :

Distance: One Mile

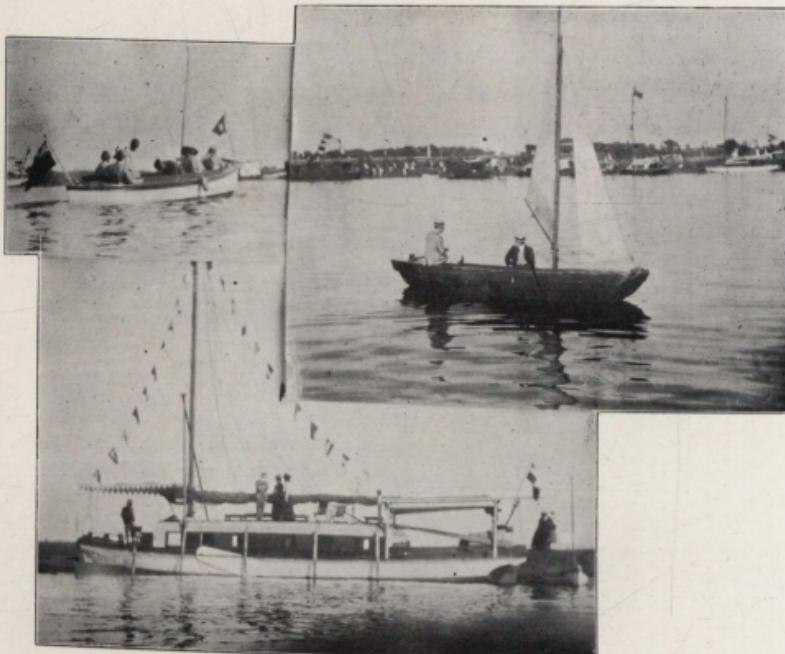
	lb.
1—T. W. Mitchell	126
2—C. W. O. Mayne.....	156

Time, 8 mins. 15 secs.

The S.V.C. Fours then followed and proved a very interesting race, particularly as a French crew had entered at the last minute. In this event the Germans again carried the day. The crews were as follow, and the time was 7 mins. 7 secs.

2	"A" COMPANY	lb.
Bow—H. Robinson	161
2—C. Blix	170
3—A. Tilbrook	181
Stroke—G. Mayne	164
Cox—A. M. Maclean	135

3	FRENCH VOLUNTEERS	lb.
Bow—A. W. Brun	146
2—A. Rozier	149
3—M. Chapeaux.....	167
Stroke—A. Chapeaux	178
Cox—Ch. Boissezon	—



THREE SPECIMENS OF CRAFT AT THE HENLI REGATTA
A MOTOR LAUNCH A MIDGET SAILING BOAT

A HOUSE-BOAT

1

GERMAN COMPANY

	lb.
Bow—E. Roehreke	166
2—H. Borné	135
3—F. Martini	182
Stroke—E. Durlach	178
Cox—L. P. Dowdall	135

4

MAXIM COMPANY

	lb.
Bow—G. A. Robinson
2—T. Hutchison	145
3—W. D. B. Miller.....	135
Stroke—P. M. Lancaster.....	176
Cox—T. W. Mitchell	126

The Shanghai Sculling Championship proved a very interesting contest between L. P. Dowdall and W. O. Koehler as they were very well matched; and resulted in the Championship falling to Mr. Dowdall, the time being 10 mins. 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs.

THE SHANGHAI SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP

Distance: One mile and a half	lb.
1.—L. P. Dowdall.....	135
2.—W. O. Koehler	176

The Club Eights then followed, but the daylight was waning and prevented spectators from following the race closely. This contest was won in 6 mins. 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs. by Berry's boat. The crews were:

1

Distance: One Mile	lb.
Bow—T. Kring.....	150
2—F. Emens	118
3—E. Röhreke.....	166
4—F. Röhrich	150
5—C. W. T. Elsworth.....	188

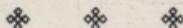
2

lb.	
6—J. Davidson	156
7—A. Tilbrook	181
Stroke—S. Berry	169
Cox—B. Walker	130

3

lb.	
Bow—T. Panny	150
2—G. A. Robinson.....	146
3—R. H. Wells	150
4—R. W. MacCabe.....	159
5—K. W. Cargill.....	159
6—O. A. Joergensen	167
7—F. Martin	182
Stroke—C. H. Rutherford	176
Cox—T. W. Mitchell	126

lb.	
Bow—H. Milles	150
2—E. Bertram.....	125
3—W. J. Ralphs.....	161
4—J. Soerensen	160
5—G. Bärwald.....	171
6—C. Fiebig	160
7—C. W. O. Mayne	156
Stroke—E. Durlach	178
Cox—H. Borné.....	135



GATHER YE ROSE BOWLS

Gather ye rose bowls while ye may,

Whiles high your handicap is;

For that same bowl ye covet sae

May be some ither chappie's.

Then be not coy, but tee your ba' ;

And while you may, go win them !

And let your wife exhebit a'

Her blooming roses in them !

Well-known Residents in Shanghai

AS manager of the Shanghai Dock & Engineering Co., Mr. J. Grant Mackenzie has, for the past three years, occupied an important commercial position in Shanghai. He left for home in September to enjoy a well-earned year's holiday, his total leave during his twenty-seven years' residence in Shanghai having amounted to only nine months.

A native of Aberdeen, Mr. Mackenzie first visited Shanghai in 1878, but did not take up his residence here till 1882. After serving for some years in the Shanghai Dock & Engineering Co., he was appointed to the important position of manager, a fact which points to his ability as an engineer.

Of a retiring disposition, Mr. Mackenzie has never taken a very prominent personal position in the social life of Shanghai, but has always shown a generous readiness to assist those who were less fortunate than himself. He was at one time a member of the Consulting Committee of the Electricity Works, also of the Society of Engineers and Architects, and St. Andrew's and also served on the Directorate of the Shanghai Cold Storage and Refrigerating Co. He is a member of

the principal local clubs and of the London Morayshire Club, also a member of the Institute of Naval Architects, London.



MR. J. GRANT MACKENZIE.

Mr. Mackenzie is a widower and has two daughters at school at home; his many friends in Shanghai wish him every success in the Homeland, and look forward to seeing him return in the best of health.

PITHY PARS

Learning to be content with what we have is hard work for most of us.
Use as much energy learning to prosper as you would learning to smoke.
Fortune is ever deemed blind by those on whom she bestows no favours.

POLICE SPORTS

THAT the Police Sports have increased vastly in popularity was attested by the huge crowd that turned out to witness them on the afternoon of Saturday, October 16th. That they considered the event worth wearing their best for was obvious from the many dainty frocks that were to be seen. That the meeting was a huge success and amply fulfilled the wearer's expectations needs no demonstration. Early though the commencement was, namely, 1 p.m., spectators were thronging the stand from the first and each event was keenly followed and, though the entries showed a slight falling off from last year, the quality of the sport was of a high standard.

The officials were—President: Mr. D. Landale; Vice-Presidents: Sir Pelham Warren, K.C.M.G., the Hon. R. S. Thayer, Mr. Lindsey Smith, and Mr. J. Prentice; Stewards, the Revs. A. J. Walker, C. E. Darwent, R. G. Winning, Dr. Marshall, Messrs. C. M. Bain, K. J. McEuen, Deputy-Supt.; Capt. Barrett, Asst. Supt.; J. Ramsay, Chief Inspector; H. G. Gardner, H. E. R. Hunter, S. Barton, Dr. Ransom,

and R. S. F. McBain; Judges: Messrs. B. A. Clark, A. P. Woods, and J. Pratt; Mounted Events: Dr. Keylock; Starter: Capt. A. Hilton Johnson; Assistant Starter: Mr. D. MacAlister; Time Keepers: Dr. Pratt and Mr. A. E. Algar; Lapkeepers: Det.-Sgt. Gibson, and Sgt. Givens.



OFFICIALS WITHIN THE ENCLOSURE
SIR PELHAM WARREN AND DR. KEYLOCK IN
THE FOREGROUND

Clerks of the Course: Messrs. R. M. J. Martin, M. O. Springfield, E. C. Creasy, 2nd Asst. Supts., Chief Det.-Insp. Armstrong, Inspectors Mackintosh, Wilson, MacDowell, MacGregor, Bourke, Chilvers,



SPECTATORS WATCHING
THE POLICE SPORTS



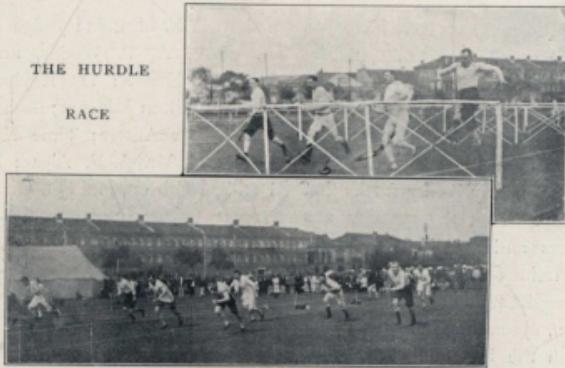
TENT PEGGING

Lynch, Dewing, Kinipple. Sub-Inspectors Morey, Morrison, Brown, Det.-Sergeants Gibson and Macdonald; Refreshment Stewards: Sub-Insp. Vaughan, Det.-Sgt. Brewster, Sgt. Crookdake, and Sgt. Persico; Committee: Capt. Barrett, Mr. R. M. J.

The Long Jump Handicap for a silver cup presented by E. D. Sassoon & Co. S. C. Young obtained first place jumping from scratch and covering 18-ft. 8-in.

Second, for which a pair of brushes were presented by Mr. C. M. Bain, fell to Con-

THE HURDLE
RACE

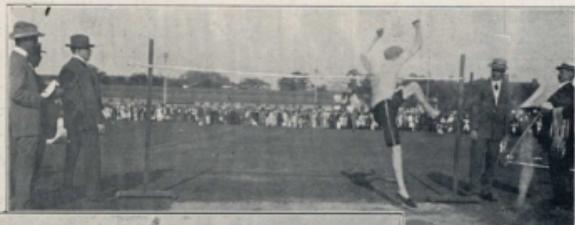


START OF THE 120 YARDS POLICE CHAMPIONSHIP

Martin, Chief Det.-Inspector Armstrong, Insp. Kinipple, Sub-Insp. Brown, Sergeants Young, R. C. Aiers, Dee, Mackintosh, S. Simpson, and Constable MacKay. Hon. Sec. and Treasurer: Det.-Sgt. Cruickshank; Assistant Secretary: Sgt. Steele.

Hamilton (1-ft.) for 17-ft. 11-in. which was tied by J. Hamilton (3-ft.).

In the 100 yards Shanghai Championship a curious discovery was made. The wind which blew across the course slightly retarded the competitors, but did not



MR. T. DUNNE



MR. J. MACDONALD TOUCHES THE BAR

account for the excessive time of $12\frac{1}{2}$ sec. In view of this the track was remeasured and it was found that the distance run was 120 yards. In the circumstances it was resolved to run it over again, though, by the time this decision was arrived at, Brandt, who had taken third

The Prizes were—

- 1st Prize—Gold Medal, presented by Shanghai Horse Bazaar Co., Ltd.
- 2nd Prize—Gold Watch Pendant, presented by Shanghai Horse Bazaar Co. Ltd.
- 3rd Prize—Silver Claret Cup, presented by Sino-Belgian Bank.



MR. C. HAMILTON PUTTING THE SHOT

place previously, had left the ground as also had other competitors. After consideration, however, it was decided to let it stand as the 120 yards Championship—a decision more satisfactory to all concerned.



ARTILLERY SPORTS



Photo

F. George

REFRESHMENT COMMITTEE

DET-SEGT. BREWSTER AND SEGT. CHOOOKDAKE



MR. MILLS AND HIS TROPHIES
Winner of the two and three miles Bicycle Races

A poor start was made, but T. Main ran beautifully, pulled clear of the other competitors from the start and in a close finish beat S. C. Young (2nd) by a foot. R. T. Brandt was 3rd, finishing just out of the ruck.

The two-mile walk, open handicap, proved a triumph for T. S. Wade, in which seven started, M. J. Collaco being the man with a 100 yards to the good, and for a lap the positions remained unchanged. Then the Sikh began to spurt ahead, first passing Dunne and



Photo F. George
A GROUP OF FANCY DRESSES WORN AT THE
POLICE SPORTS



At the Police Sports

WEARY WILLIE

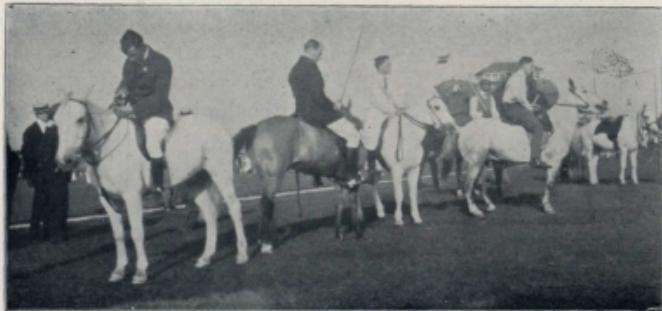
A LADY OF HIGH
DEGREE

RICKSHAW COOLIE

Photo, by F. George

then the others, while at the end of the first mile Wade had secured his position by outstripping all the others. The distance Aman Singh had gained to start with proved of no avail against the clean quick style of Wade who simply could

- 1st Prize—Silver Cup, presented by Mr. D. Landale.
- 2nd Prize—Silver Cruet, presented by Messrs. David Sassoon & Co.
- 3rd Prize—Silver Rose Bowl, presented by Messrs. Atkinson & Dallas.



SNAPSHOT AT THE POLICE SPORTS

not be held. So well did he go that by the end of the sixth round he had overlapped Dunne, but seeing that he had no longer anything to fear he slackened somewhat, and finished in splendid form. Collaco was one of the last to drop

T. S. Wade (scr.).....	1
Aman Singh (scr.).....	2
P. J. Dunne.....	3

'Time, 16 minutes 32 seconds.
A really fine event was the 440 yards Shanghai Championship, which brought



POLICE SPORTS—MEMBERS OF THE PRESS

out, only giving up when Dunne overlapped him. All but the three prize winners gave up. Wade's win was extremely popular and he was vociferously cheered on coming in.

The following were the prizes and times:—

out a splendid exhibition of running. T. Noodt set the pace from the start and was at times quite 25 yards ahead. T. Main, who at the finish was rapidly overtaking him put on his spurt too late, though he finished but very little

behind the winner. Kishin who came in third, was several yards behind.

The Prizes were—

1st Prize—"Palace Hotel" Cup, presented by Central Stores, Ltd.
2nd Prize—Silver Glove Box, presented by Mr. H. E. R. Hunter.

3rd Prize—Crocodile Skin Pocket Book, presented by Messrs. Gibb, Livingston & Co.

J. Noodt	1
Thomas Main	2
Kishen Singh	3

Time, 55 sec.

T. Dunne (70 yds.)	1
Kishen Singh (scr.)	2
W. A. Thomas (70 yds.).....	3
T. S. Wade (60 yds.)	

Time, 4 min. 50 $\frac{2}{3}$ secs.

With seventy yards of a handicap T. Dunne had little difficulty in winning. He was in fine form and steadily improved his position, coming away in the best of style in the last lap. For third place a tough struggle was seen on Wade's part. Thomas who had led him throughout was



Officials at the
Police Sports



JUDGE THAYER



MR. A. P. WOOD

In the 1 mile Open Handicap for
1st Prize—Silver Rose Bowl, presented by
Sir Pelham Warren, K.C.M.G.
2nd Prize—Silver Card Plate, presented
by Mr. A. E. Algar.
3rd Prize—1 Case Safety Razors, presented
Mr. D. Landale.

absolutely played out, and just managed to claim a dead heat.

The High Jump, open, brought some hard luck to Con. Hamilton (scratch) who, in his last jump, just touched the bar. The others were so closely matched that three tied for second place, A. H. Hill (1-in.), J. Macdonald (3-in.), and J. L.

Rangel (3-in.) who each attained 5-ft.
The winner T. Dunne (2-in.) cleared
5-ft. 0½-in.



THOMAS MAIN S. C. YOUNG R. J. BRANDT
Winners in the 120 yards Championship

The Prizes were—

- 1st Prize—Silver Cup, presented by Messrs. L. Moore & Co.
- 2nd Prize—Set of Razors in Case, presented by Standard Oil Co.
- 3rd Prize—Silver Soap Dish, presented by Standard Oil Co.



INSPECTOR MATHESON

test proved, and an exciting contest was anticipated.

The last four events were—

880 YARDS HANDICAP—OPEN.

- 1st Prize—Silver Cup, presented by Mr. Brodie A. Clarke.
- 2nd Prize—Silver and Pearl Sweet Dish, presented by Messrs. E. D. Sassoon & Co.



COMPETITORS IN THE TENT-PEGGING

The Tug-of-War in which the Police easily pulled the Customs over the line was a disappointing event, as the teams appeared more evenly matched than the



A SUCCESSFUL CLOWN

3rd Prize—Silver Ash Tray, presented by Messrs. Gibb, Livingston & Co.

T. Dunne (35 yds.).....	1
C. R. Greenberg (35 yds.)....	2
J. Noodt (scratch).....	3
Time, 2 min. 8 $\frac{2}{3}$ sec.	

Dunne led from the start and won easily.



A SIKH COMPETITOR IN THE TENT-PEGGING AND LEMON-CUTTING

CHINESE CATCH THIEF RACE—POLICE.

P.C. 525.....	1
P.C. 895.....	2
P.C. 887.....	4



W. HOWELL TAKING

A SNAPSHOT

3 MILES BICYCLE RACE—OPEN.

1st Prize—Silver Bowl, presented by Shanghai Electric Construction Co. (Shanghai Tramways.)

2nd Prize—Pair Ebony Brushes in Case, presented by the Chinese Engineering & Mining Co., Ltd.

3rd Prize—Silver Claret Cup, presented by the Chinese Engineering & Mining Co., Ltd.

C. Mills (scr.)	1
G. O. Ackerman (scr.).....	2
T. Spring (scr.).....	3

Time, 9 min. 56 $\frac{2}{3}$ sec.



H. S. LINDSAY

Winner of Tent-Pegging and Lemon-Cutting

A gentleman in convict garb represented the fugitive and led his pursuers a race for over 200 yards when he was collared and downed in a businesslike manner.



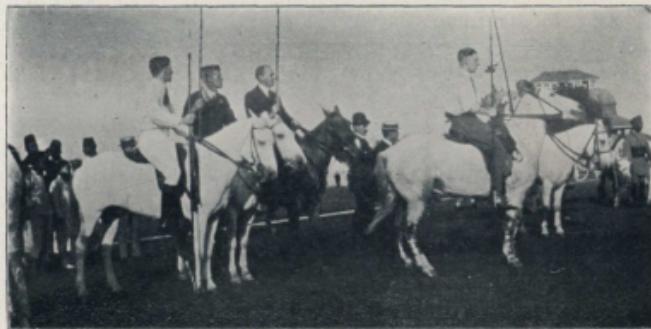
A GROUP OF SPECTATORS



TUG-OF-WAR—POLICE SPORTS

*Photo*

START FOR THE 120 YARDS HANDICAP

F. George

COMPETITORS IN TENT-PEGGING AND LEMON-CUTTING



A FAMILY SURPRISE

THE caution of the Aberdonian in giving an answer to a direct question was well illustrated the other day, when I asked an Eastern friend, whose family were not noted for their agility:

"Was not your father's death very sudden?"

Slowly drawing one hand from his pocket, and pulling down his beard, the interrogated one cautiously replied:—

"Ay, it was unco' sudden for him. I ne'er kent o' ma feyther bein' in a hurry before."

Leaves from an Old Diary

By GEORGE WASHINGTON BAFFEY,
Who served under General Gordon

June 1866

THERE seemed to be no sign of getting anything to do there, so I thought it would be as well to pay a visit to Chinkiang and see if there was anything to be done there, but no, everything looked as if it was dead. There happened to be a little excitement on account of the arrival of the U.S. Consul-General, Mr. J. L. Kiernan.

Four days later I returned to Nanking and found there was a rumour of Frenchmen going out to fight. There was a small steamer named the *Hysen* getting guns on board and wanted a man who could fight. Captain Woolley has spoken to the mandarin that is in charge of her for me, so has Colonel Doyle and Mandarin Loo, but I am afraid there is no hope, as there is an Italian on board now for fifty dollars a month, and it would be impossible for me to take her for less than one hundred and fifty dollars and keep myself any way respectable.

On June 26th I started for Chinkiang to escort the U.S. Consul on a visit to Colonel Doyle. The Consul and his wife returned with me to Nanking and we were caught on the river in a storm which lasted for three days. The Consul and his wife were taken sick, we waited twenty-four hours but had to return then as he was very bad.

JULY 1866

In the beginning of the month the Consul made up his mind to return immediately to Chinkiang. I went down to the *Hysen* and saw the mandarin, but he could not give a decided answer until he had seen the Taotai. I could not stop as the Consul wanted me to return with them, but when I got back to

the camp they had started Colonel Doyle going with them. Wooley persuaded me to follow, which I did the next morning at daylight, but I did not overtake them until they had arrived at Chinkiang.

The next morning Doyle got a letter from Nanking informing him that the *Hysen* was going on an expedition with some of his guns. We started for Nanking immediately but did not reach there until ten hours after the steamer had left.

On July 15th I received news of Welch going out to fight, he is to go in a few days; if the *Hysen* comes back in time for me to find out whether I can get her or no, I will go with him, there is also a rumour that H.E. is going to relieve Sankofan in Shantung, if so there is still hope, but it may be months yet before they will come to any conclusion.

July 16th.—Rain, rain, ever rain; it has been raining now for the last three days. Ah Kow went to Chinkiang on Friday last with some of my clothes to get them washed, and it has been raining ever since. I am the most unlucky dog that ever came to China, everything I undertake goes wrong. One o'clock it cleared up, but it is not settled yet. Woolley was paid to-day.

6.30 p.m.—The *Hysen* has just returned, I hope it will be settled now, for I have been the most miserable man in existence this last week. I think Churchill's lines beginning "Happy is the man, etc.," suit me if only I could believe them.

The next morning it commenced raining as usual. Welch came up from Shaukwan to tell us that he was going out the next day. One of the quarter-masters from the steamer *Fee Loong* came over to see Colonel Doyle about some medicine

for a quarter-master that was sick. I went over to see him and found him very low with the fever, so gave him a good dose of quinine, etc.

July 18th.—On awaking this morning I saw the steamer *Fee Loong* going out but I do not know where she is going.

8.40 a.m.—Bomboo Lee came to bid Woolley good-bye, he is going into the Shantung Province with artillery.

At 10 o'clock I heard that the steamer *Confucius* had arrived, I went down with Colonel Doyle to hear what news from Shanghai. Returned at 3 p.m.; Mr. Bird came over on a visit, Antony of the *Hysong* came over for medicine for a Chinese engineer. At 8.20 p.m., Ah Kow came back with the washed clothes.

July 19th, 7 a.m.—The weather looks like rain, in fact it is raining now in what Salton terms a Scotch mist.

9.30 a.m.—I have passed the morning in writing to Mr. Collinson, I intend sending the letter by the *Confucius*. It seems strange that there is no letter for me or Woolley; I wrote three and he sent by both the steamer and the Chinese post, but 'out of sight, out of mind' is an old adage, and seems made expressly for Shanghai. The steamer *Fee Loong* has come in from Yangchow with the Taota's sixth brother on board, and though he is only a blue button, still there were guns fired, and volleys of musketry, in his honpur, while a man who has won his commission in the field would not be noticed. I saw the mandarin of the *Hysong* but did not speak to him. I wish I had never asked him for her at all.

July 20th.—Rain again this morning, it is raining now as though the bottom had fallen out.

10 a.m.—Captain McCaslin, Captain Bennett, and Mr. Allen came up here on their way to the Ming tombs, they wanted somebody to go with them and I volunteered. We first went to Mr. Bird's place and from there to the city. We

saw the Tienswang's places, Tartar city and tombs, we did not get through the city till 10 o'clock, the gates were shut, but the officer in charge opened them readily on our asking him; we went on board the steamer and I stopped all night.

July 21st.—I returning on board the *Confucius* to Doyle's camp, Mr. Allen went down in the *Fusiyama* to Shanghai, he told me that he would have something for me to do in a short time.

The first thing I heard on coming back, was of Woolley wanting to discharge my boy. He first places me under an obligation, and then takes advantage of it to insult me. I may be hasty in this but it is impossible for me to stop here any longer. There is one part I can never repay him, but the money I will repay to the last fraction, get it how I will. After thoughts—Woolley said it in a passion; if it had been me, I should not have said anything but whaled him.

July 22nd.—I am going down to-day to the *Confucius*, and ask Captain McCaslin for a passage to Shanghai, what to do there God only knows, but trust to luck if all goes to all, I can ship and leave the country altogether, but I cannot leave it in debt, and perhaps trying to get out of debt, I will get a free passage out of the country, and I don't care what becomes of me.

When we got down to Shaukwan, the *Confucius* was getting steam up, I would not have time to go back for my clothes, so I sent word by Captain McCaslin to Mr. Allen, of how ready I was to take anything that would give me an honourable livelihood. I will go down to Chinkiang on the 25th of this month, see General Kiernan, and try for something in the Customs. I can leave at any time, and I have been here now long enough. If I fail there, I will have to go to Shanghai, and wait the arrival of Mr. Allen from Hongkong. McCaslin told me it was to Borneo he wanted me to go.

(To be continued).



Our Young Folks' Corner



The Unhappy Fate of a Runaway Mermaid

IN the Palace of the Sea the Queen lay stretched upon her bed of seaweeds, while the fishes darted to and fro scarcely daring to flap their tails lest it might disturb her; for the Queen had a headache.

Then the shy little rainbow-trout suggested that the mermaids be asked to sing for her that it might put her to sleep, and word was sent for a mermaid to come at once. She came a little unwillingly, for she had wanted to go to the surface of the sea with the other mermaids to see what happened there.

Alas, for the mermaid! The Queen was so delighted with the singing that day after day she had to sit by the Queen, singing, when she longed to be up and away.

One day the mermaid hid among the seaweeds when she heard a goldfish ask for her favourite to come and sing away another headache.

All day she swam about, congratulating herself on her escape, until she found a ship sailing gaily through the waters, and she followed it eagerly. When the men came to look at her, she sang to them, diving sometimes and coming up in another direction, clapping her hands in delight as she saw their surprise. At last she swam too near and they threw a net over her. As she felt it closing around her she struggled and succeeded in breaking loose; then she fled, so frightened that she did not look in what direction she was going, only rushing for freedom.

When she stopped at last, everything was strange, and she could see in the distance a strip of land. She was wary now of strange things, so she only ventured a little closer, and then rested after her long chase.



Our Portrait Gallery

CYRIL WALTER CARTER
A Shanghai school boy in England

It was day again when she awoke, and she swam a little closer to the shore; then she heard a strange, sweet sound that came from the water, and she sank slowly to find its cause.

In delighted wonder she found a little town beneath the sea, although she did not know what the buildings were. She

knew her own home of rocks and moss ; she had seen the gorgeous Coral Castles, but never such strange things as this. And here she found the strange, sweet sound which had attracted her.

Hanging in the little steeple was a sweet-toned bell which the moving waters rang now and then. She soon found that a swift movement of her hands or tail would bring the sound again, and she spent days happily there, singing when the little bell rang.

She forgot how the time was flying, and when she remembered the Queen and her own home, she only thought, "Oh, I will go home soon. Some one else can sing to her."

But in the palace the Queen's anger brought trouble to many an innocent fish and mermaid. None of the other songs seemed as sweet, and when the Queen found that the naughty mermaid's disappearance was causing anxiety to her companions, she determined to punish her for her behaviour.

She sent her herald Pike to call a meeting of the fishes and mermaids and men, and when they were all gathered there she asked who had seen the missing mermaid last.

A crab told how he had seen her swimming swiftly away to the east. So parties were sent to the east to search, and after days of hunting they found her, resting lightly on her tail, with outstretched arms moving gently to cause the ringing of the little bell.

At first she refused to come, but they told her they had orders to bring her by force if she would not come peaceably ; and when she saw a torpedo come forward in a business like manner she decided to do as she was told, for she did not care to have him exercise his power to benumb her, as she knew he could.

So she went sulkily, with longing backward glances at the little bell she had feared to touch, and then, suddenly darting forward, she led her captors a chase through the waters such as they never wanted again. Breathless and angry they arrived at the palace, and they took their revenge by giving a vivid description of her behaviour.

The Queen was provoked and spoke sharply to her.

"Why did you run away when you knew I wanted you?" demanded the Queen.

"Because I did not feel like singing, and I thought one of the others would do as well," answered the mermaid.

"But I sent for you and I will punish you for your disobedience. Why did you stay away, worrying your people as you did?"

"I wanted to see the ships go by and the men on them," said the mermaid. "They thought I was beautiful and tried to catch me to take home, but I swam away. And then I found the pretty sound and I wanted to hear it again."

The angry Queen raised her wand, saying : "Your beauty you shall lose and all the rest of your life the sweet sounds will bring you trouble," and as the wand touched the mermaid every one cried out in astonishment. For she changed into the ugly, three-cornered fish we call a skate, with wide, stretching wings where her arms had been, a sharply pointed head, and a long tail, while her colour was a dull, light brown.

She was never allowed near the palace again, and often now she is caught in the nets of the fishermen when she ventures too near the shore ; and those fishermen say that she will come eagerly and be caught easily if they play music softly when their boat is still, or when they ring a little bell gently.

Stealing a Dog

NEARLY a hundred years ago, a very clever dog lived in Manchester. It was a black spaniel, and its master loved it so much that he would not sell it. He would hide money under a stone, or in the earth, and send the dog back several miles to fetch it. He would point out a duck on a pond, or wild birds on a river, and the dog would bring them home when his master called for them. One day a

dog soon ran away from his new master, walked through London and Macclesfield to Manchester. He reached his old home one cold, wet night in winter. He was thin, lame, and tired, but his old master was glad to see him. Some days after he went with his old master to an inn in the neighbourhood. A sturdy, surly-looking man stood at the bar as they went in. The dog flew at the stranger's throat. It tore his waistcoat, and would have killed him, if its master had not saved him. He was the thief who had stolen the dog and carried it to London.



Photo

Rembrandt Photo Co.

ANSGAR GLAD JENSEN

stranger caught the dog, took it into a canal boat, tied it fast, and carried it to London. He sold it to a gentleman in London, and left it there, while he returned in his boat to Manchester. The

My Mother

There's no one like my mother ;
She's all the world to me,
Her love is like no other,
So gentle, kind, and free.
Her face is bright as summer,
Her brown and watchful eyes,
And music of her gentle voice,
Make home a paradise.

There's no one like my Mother ;
When far from home I stray,
When dangers gather o'er me,
And cares beset my way ;
The thought of her can cheer me,
And put my grief to flight,
Can turn all sadness into joy
And make the darkness light.

There's no one like my Mother ;
When pain has laid me low,
None smoothed like her my pillow,
Or soothed my burning brow ;
She watched so fondly o'er me,
With never weary care ;
And won me back to health and joy
With constant love and prayer.

There's no one like my Mother ;
When gladness fills my heart,
In all my hopes, in all my joys,
She bears the brightest part.
My star of childhood ever ;
The sunshine of my way,
She'll be my guiding angel
To Heaven's love crowned day.

Quaint Sayings

WHICH?

THE wealthy uncle was talking over the prospects of his nephew with the lad's mother.

"How is he doing in his studies?"

"Very well. He is very accomplished. He shows great talent for music, and his manner is so haughty. His music teacher thinks he will become a conductor."

"Ah, indeed? Orchestra or omnibus?"



A GIVE-AWAY.

THE other night Robinson was dining at a friend's house with his little son, the latter endeavouring to assuage the pangs of hunger by devouring bread. At last, his patience quite exhausted, the little fellow said: "Papa, why don't you kick up a jolly row, the same as you do at home?"



POOR FREDDY!

PAPA was cutting Freddy's hair very well, but was not quick at the job, and Fred, who is six years of age, found the function very tiresome. At last he said:—

"Are you nearly done, daddy?"

"Very near; I've just the front to do now," replied the father.

"I'm 'fraid," sighed the martyr, "that the back will grow again while you are cutting the front."



HE KNEW.

TEACHER: "So you can't do a simple sum in arithmetic? Now, let me explain to you. Suppose eight of you together had forty-eight apples, thirty-two peaches, and sixteen melons, what would each of you get?"

"A stomach ache," replied Johnny.

TOO UNSELFISH!

MAMMA: "You know, Johnny, when mamma whips her little boy she does it for his good."

JOHNNY: "I wish you didn't think quite so much of me."



LIFE RISKED FOR KITTENS.

A LITTLE girl standing with her mother outside a blazing shop in Finsbury Park on Thursday morning, sobbed, "Oh, mother, my poor kittens; do fetch them." An onlooker, affected by the appeal, rushed into the house, found the kittens, and handed them over to the child. Her happiness in the restoration was his reward for a risky act.



AN IMPULSE.

"WHAT is an impulse?" asked the teacher. No answer. "It's something that comes to you suddenly. Can you form a sentence containing the word? Anyone may answer." "A snowball is an impulse," ventured the timid little girl with the curly hair.



RIDDLES.

As I was going through the woods, I found something, picked it up, put it down again, ran home, looked for it, found it, didn't want it, and threw it away. What was it?

Answer: A thorn in my foot.

Why are potatoes and corn like sinners of olden times?

Answer: Because having eyes they see not, and ears they hear not.

What is that which Adam never had, never saw, but left two to each of his children?

Answer: Parents.

Is there too much Sport in Shanghai?

MORE than once I have heard it remarked that the majority of Shanghai men devote too much time to sport. For the sake of argument, the first question to be raised is, Does sport interfere with his ability as a business man? I am inclined to think not. Of course there are always to be found in every sphere of society, people who run to excess, but excess in anything shows want of balance, and I am not inclined to treat excessives as normal examples, for these people would run to extremes in any case, wherever their tastes or conditions directed them, but to the ordinary business man, who realizes that he has a career before him, sport means absolute health of body and mind.

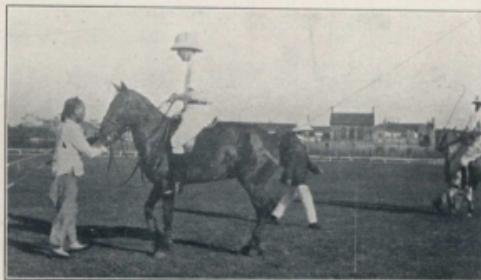
Take for instance, the ordinary sporting man one meets in Shanghai. If he be a rider he rises at daylight to take his exercise, but it is doubtful whether any taipans have reason to complain that his work suffers, or that he works less than

his contemporary who gets up for eight o'clock breakfast. This same man may also be a tennis enthusiast or a rowing man, and so fill in the hours between office and dinner, but if there be work to be done instead, well and good, in most cases given a normal-minded man, the work is done while sports are cheerfully relegated to the background.

The temptation to put sport before work is perhaps stronger in Shanghai than most places, but so are other temptations also which beset Shanghai men in their idle moments, and the sporting man as a rule has very few idle moments wherein to pay much attention to the monarch of darkness, who is credited with finding employment for idle hands.

Taken on the whole, the man who plays well will work well, and if he doesn't, then he would go to the wall any way, and should not be allowed to slip the knot of his mother's apron string.

PENELOPE.



A WELL KNOWN POLO ENTHUSIAST



WINE AND



WALNUTS



The Kernel Surprised Him

JOHN SPENCER BASSETT, of Trinity College, North Carolina, who said that Booker T. Washington is the greatest man the South has produced since Lee, is a foe to bigotry and to all illiberal and narrow views.

In a recent lecture Mr. Bassett scored a point against religious intolerance. He began in this way:

"I was born in Tarboro, and in Tarboro in my boyhood I went to church every Sunday. I shall never forget an object lesson that a clergyman impressed on me there.

"The clergyman arose one Sunday evening in the fall with a fresh, green walnut in his hand. He held the walnut up so that we could all see it, and he said:

"'Dearly beloved, with this walnut I am going to give you an object lesson. See me now remove the nut's rind. This rind is soft, dirty, useless, profitless. It is like the——church. Now I come to the shell. It is a hard, strong shell, a difficult thing to crack; but there is no taste to it, there is no nourishment in it; it is valueless, a thing to be thrown away. This shell, my friends, is like the——church. And, finally [breaking the shell] we come to the kernel, which is like our own church. I—'

"At this point the clergyman took out the kernel, and found it rotten."

A Composer

ETHEL: "Who was that man you just bowed to?"

PENELOPE: "That was Dobson, the great composer."

ETHEL: "A composer, did you say?"

PENELOPE: "He manufactures soothing syrup."

Heard in the Railway Station

A VERY obstinate dog was received at one of the railway parcel offices in Manchester for conveyance by train. It kept trying and trying to loose itself, and at last succeeded in slipping its collar. Having obtained its freedom, it then rushed out of the office door and down the station approach, with a porter after it, who shouted at the top of his voice:—

"Hi! stop that dog: it's a parcel!"



Minstrel Joke

ONE of the contractors in Panama was very much annoyed by the exceeding laziness of the native workman under him. He resolved to make them ashamed of their indolence, so one day when they were all lined up he said:

"I've got a nice job for the laziest man in the company. Will the laziest man please step forward?"

Fifty-nine of them stepped forward, but one remained behind.

"Why didn't you come forward with the others?" he asked.

"Because I'm too lazy," was the reply.



Confusion Worse Confounded

"THOSE verses that woman has just recited were very poor—don't you think so?" inquired a talkative gentleman of an apparently bored listener. "Sir," was the unexpected reply, "I composed that poem!" "Really—ah—yes—er—very clever, charming, but that fool of a woman bungled it horribly! Wonder who she is?" "That lady is my wife, sir!"

Worked Both Ways

THE patron was angry, but the proprietor of the restaurant was calm and not the least perturbed.

"I say," said the patron, "you have some deucedly unmannerly people who come here, or else they're not used to dress suits."

"What's the matter now?" asked the proprietor.

"I've just been taken for a waiter for the third time this evening, and I don't like it."

"Neither do I," returned the proprietor, promptly, "and, furthermore, I won't have it. Why, it will ruin the place."

"Of course it will. You can't expect your patrons to stand any such insults as that."

"Patrons nothing! The waiters won't stand it."



He Made a Hit

THE popular after-dinner speaker rose to respond to a toast.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the unexpectedly flattering manner in which your toastmaster has introduced me this evening reminds me of a story which strikes me as being appropriate to this occasion.

"By the way, how many of you have heard the story of the Pennsylvania farmer and the young wolf he bought for a 'coon dog?' Will those who are familiar with it from having listened to it half-a-dozen times or more please raise their hands?"

An overwhelming majority of his auditors raise their hands.

"Thanks, gentlemen," he said, "I shall not inflict it upon you."

With their rapturous applause still ringing in his ears he sat down. He made the hit of the evening.

Personal!

EDITOR (to aspiring writer): "You should write so that the most ignorant can understand what you mean."

ASPIRANT: "Well, what part of my paragraph don't you understand, sir?"



Always the South Wind

TOURIST (to hotel-keeper in the Highlands): "Is this a good place, landlord, do you think, for a person affected with a weak chest?"

"Nane better, sir; nane better," was the encouraging reply.

"I have been recommended, you know, by the doctor to settle in a place where the south wind blows. Does it blow much here?"

"Toots aye!" was the reply; "it's aye the south wind that blows here."

"Then how do you account for it blowing from the north at the present time?" said the tourist.

"Oh, that's easily accounted for, sir," was the reply. "It's the south wind a' the same, sir, jist on its road back again."



Room for One More

A VISITING bishop in Washington was arguing with a friend of his on the desirability of attending church. At last he put the question squarely:

"What is your personal reason for not attending?"

The gentleman smiled in a non-offence-intending way, as he replied:

"The fact is one finds so many hypocrites there."

Returning the smile, the bishop said:

"Don't let that keep you away; there is always room for one more."

THE DEPARTURE OF H.I.H. PRINCE TSAI HSUN

THE departure of Prince Tsai Hsun and Admiral Sah for a European tour, although attended with a certain amount of Chinese ceremony, was of quite a private order as far as foreigners were concerned, as these distinguished travellers quietly embarked from the Kiangnan Arsenal by special tender, which took them to the German mail steamer *Luetzow* on Saturday, October 16th.

blue uniform with black turban, but even these showed the touch of Western drill, when they presented arms and stood "at attention," in spite of their very slovenly "stand at ease."

A little after 2 p.m. the arrival of a number of mandarins who formed themselves into a picturesque group close to the gangway, raised a tone of expectation amongst the waiting spectators, and suggested the near approach of H.I.H.



Photo

CHANG TSE-HUN, DIRECTOR-IN-CHIEF KIANGNAN ARSENAL.

Dunlop & Sullivan

Soon after noon, companies of Chinese soldiers and banner-men lined up on the jetty where the tender *Victoria* lay waiting to take His Imperial Highness and suite to the German mail steamer, and the Chinese Company S.V.C. under command of Lieut. Grayrigge, arrived by special launch from Shanghai about 1.30 p.m., and formed a guard-of-honour. The latter pointed a strong contrast in placing themselves opposite a line of typical native soldiers in the old-fashioned

Prince Tsai Hsun. Very soon the carriage, containing the Prince and Admiral Sah, made its appearance and was heralded by a fanfare of bugles while the troops came to "attention."

The royal equipage was a very smart brougham, drawn by a pair of fine horses wearing bright yellow harness, and was preceded by a squad of cavalry on fast-trotting ponies.

On alighting from the carriage His Imperial Highness graciously honoured

the Editress of *Social Shanghai* by his attention and condescended to accept from her hands, a presentation copy of the current issue, which contained illustrations of himself and Admiral Sah on the occasion of the presentation of the colours to the Chinese Company S.V.C.,

and Sir Chentung Liang-cheng) who have both travelled abroad, and he should thus be well equipped for his commission. It is to be hoped that much benefit to the Chinese nation will result from this visit and that he will not be by any means the last Prince of the Blood



Photo

Denniston & Sullivan

LIEUT. GRAYRIGGE AND SOME CHINESE MILITARY OFFICERS

which took place in the grounds of the International Club on September 15th.

Prince Tsai Hsun and Admiral Sah then went on board the tender, which immediately moved off amidst lusty cheers from the Chinese Company, and a fanfare from the native buglers.

H.I.H. Prince Tsai Hsun is accompanied by two excellent men (Admiral Sah

that will make an Occidental visit. That he will be most cordially received and have every opportunity afforded him of investigating Western methods, we have no hesitation in prophesying.



Photos by Denniston & Sullivan

CHINESE SOLDIERS AWAITING
THE ARRIVAL OF PRINCE

TSAI HSUN

Pointed Pars from the Press of China

IT was to the foresight and energy of Chang Chih-tung that China's first step forward in the matter of the development of a great railway system in China was due. Whilst at Wuchang he laid down the main lines on which this development should be carried out, and those main lines have not been materially altered since. In this work he had associated with him another exceedingly able official, but nothing is more significant of the difference between His Excellency who has just passed away and the generality of Chinese officials of the exceedingly able character, as typified by this associate, than the fact that the latter in spite of his vast ability and almost uncanny cleverness is out of office and in disgrace, but an enormously wealthy man, whilst the late Grand Councillor was trusted to the very end.—*National Review.*

WHAT was done in Korea had been done at an earlier date in Japan, and such a step cannot be long delayed in China. It is well known that Her Majesty, the late Empress-Dowager, left a large personal fortune, and there are probably several Princes of the Blood who also have private fortunes. These, of course, would remain to them under any new Regulations which might be established. No separation of Imperial and State properties would affect the private properties of any member of the Imperial Household. What is here referred to and suggested as a most urgent necessity is the fixed and distinct separation of public property into two divisions—one set aside for the use of the Imperial Household, and the other for the use of the State.—*Shanghai Times.*

OUR Wuchang correspondent writes: Numerous changes, as a result of the death of Chang Chih-tung, are shortly to take place here. Among these it is noteworthy that a number of Japanese engineers have received their congè, while the military school is to be abolished, 600 pupils who have passed their examinations being informed that they must discontinue their studies and seek other employment than that of the army.—*Hankow Daily News.*

To return to the Provincial Assemblies, regulations have been duly drawn up and issued, but there are few even among the Chinese who know what they are. Franchise has been granted to some, and withheld from some. In the main there is a property, and an educational qualification. Any male with property amounting to Tls. 5,000 and any one who has a degree under the old examination system or has graduated from a Government middle or high school, has been allowed to vote. There has been complaint in certain quarters that educated Chinese who are Christians have been excluded, but this is because they have studied in mission schools rather than in the Government schools. To begin with injustice and intolerance, is to begin where most nations were once but are not now. And yet from reports received, many who had the privilege of voting did not exercise it, and many of the most respectable men in every district refused to allow their names to be voted for as delegates to the Provincial Assemblies.—*North-China Daily News.*

SOME twenty years ago, it was ordered that no new hanging signs were to be put up across the streets, owing to the danger of their falling on the firemen while attending fires and the existing ones were not to be renewed. Some of these hanging signs still remain though we are quite certain they have been renewed since the date of the issue of the order. The locality is Honan Road.—*The Union.*



It is thought both among members of the House possessing a knowledge of Far Eastern affairs and many Chinese traders generally that the course of commercial affairs in China has not recently been very happy. The melancholy bungling over the loans for the Hankow-Szechuen lines has left a very bad impression, and the unchallenged invasion of the Yangtsze Valley by German railway enterprise has caused many to attribute to the Foreign Office a degree of supineness of which perhaps it is not altogether guilty.—*China Critic.*



THE President of the Board of Agriculture, Industry and Commerce has now communicated with the Viceroys and Governors of the Provinces instructing them to examine the districts in their jurisdiction with a view to determining the best places for plantation. In his communication he points out the many advantages of afforestation. Trees will act as protectors of the soil; like sponges, they will first absorb and then gently diffuse superfluous moisture; the lumber is a valuable product. The Viceroys and Governors are to report to Peking within six months.

The Government is wise to awaken to the benefits of afforestation. Too long has the country been robbed of its natural covering. We trust that this "reform" will not begin and end with the issue of instructions, but will be carefully studied

in all its bearings and faithfully carried out.—*Peking & Tientsin Times.*



We believe we are correct in stating that the touting broker is peculiar to Shanghai. We know that we are correct in stating that no Stock Exchange of any standing permits its member to advertise. We are totally unable to draw any distinction between the person who succeeds in securing business by a personal canvass, amounting in many instances to importunity, and him who solicits custom through the medium of an advertisement. If it were possible to draw such a distinction it would be all in favour of the latter, who would await the initiative of the investor or speculator, while, in the case of the former, the position is reversed and he only too often succeeds in "shoving 'em down the throat" of a man who, if he had been left alone to act on his unprejudiced initiative, would have had nothing to do with the transaction.—*National Review.*



THE results of exploration into practically uninhabitable wastes are not so easily defined. It would be absurd to underrate the importance of the discovery of the Pole, but what exactly is gained from this lifting of the veil it is yet impossible to decide. In geodetics it would seem that very little information can be hoped for from that source, if reliance may be placed upon the opinion of the noted French geographer, M. Grandidier. It will be interesting, however, to know that the North Pole is a frozen sea, whereas according to earlier theories it was supposed to be free from ice; but apart from some new knowledge of the influence of cold currents, which may be determined at a later date, the North Pole offers no very apparent return for the difficulties of its discovery, beyond the honour of a great achievement.—*North-China Daily News.*

To the Dear Homeland

CHINESE NAVAL COLLEGES

"In the dear Homeland far across the sea,
I wonder if they miss me, do they think of me?"

DEAR BARBARA,

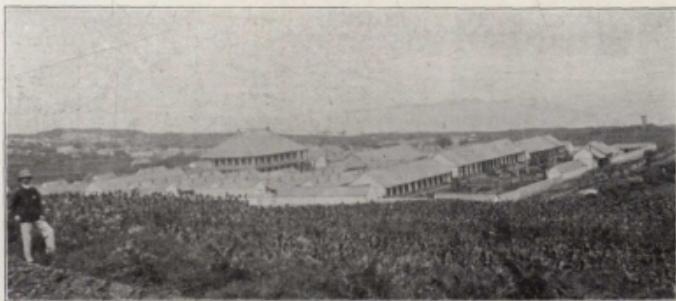
I have already told you about Prince Tsai Hsun's visit to Shanghai so perhaps you will be interested to hear of his visit to Chefoo, where he inspected the Naval College.



MAIN ENTRANCE TO COLLEGE

training officers of the Chinese Navy. The first of these colleges established in China was in Foochow, and was under the supervision of Admiral Tracy, R.N., for some years, and many of its first students now fill prominent positions in the naval and official services of their country. Following Foochow Naval College, came the establishment of a training college at Tientsin for the purpose of training cadets for the Pei Yang Squadron, and later on was built the Naval College at Nanking, which provides officers for the Nanyang Squadron.

The original Chefoo College was intended to accommodate sixty students, but was soon found to be much too small, and in April 1908 the present building was opened. It provides accommodation for two hundred and fifty students, and at present there are two hundred in training. These students receive instruction in English, navigation, gunnery, drill, and gymnastics, and with



GENERAL VIEW OF THE NAVAL COLLEGE, CHEFOO

This college is one of the most modern in China, being established about six years ago by Admiral Sah, for the purpose of

the exception of one European instructor (Mr. H. Bassett, late of the Royal Navy) all the teachers are Chinese. This is a

significant fact pointing the desire shown by the Chinese of the present era to manage their own affairs. Whether they

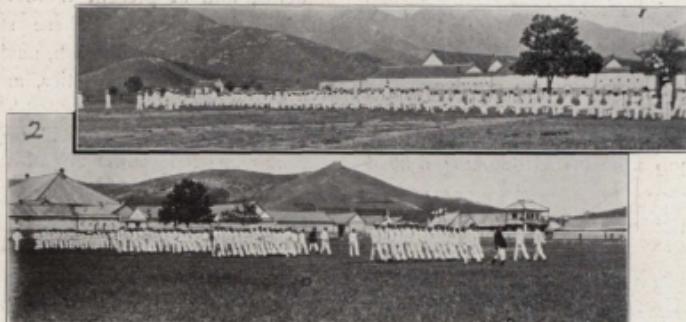
I send illustrations, took place on the 27th. Prince Tsai Hsun seemed much interested in all he saw, and after inspecting



OFFICERS AND INSTRUCTORS

are yet in a position to manage without European aid, is a point which remains to be proved, and the Chefoo Naval College is an experimental example.

the students in their various class rooms, he saw them on their Recreation Ground and gymnasium taking part in foreign sports and pastimes, such as football,



1. STUDENTS AT PHYSICAL DRILL
2. STUDENTS "MARCHING PAST"

INSPECTION BY PRINCE TSAI HSUN

In the latter part of last August, Prince Tsai Hsun and Admiral Sah visited Chefoo for the purpose of inspecting the Naval College, and this inspection of which

cricket, tennis, boxing, swimming, and gymnastics. To you in England it will seem nothing strange that sports should form part of the curriculum of a training school, but I can assure you that in China

it is a most potent sign of the rapid strides the Chinese have made in European methods. Only ten years ago athletic sports were looked upon by the Chinese as a form of insanity peculiar to the foreign barbarian, and quite opposed to a dignified bearing, and I think I am safe in asserting that sport was an unknown quantity in the curriculum of the first naval schools in China, despite the fact that the instruction was chiefly in the hands of Englishmen. However, all that has been changed lately and it is no uncommon sight to come upon a group of Chinese students playing football, tennis, or cricket in the grounds of modern educational establishments nowadays.



MR. H. BASSETT, FOREIGN INSTRUCTOR



PRINCE TSAI HSUN AND ADMIRAL SAH
CROSSING PARADE GROUND
(Prince carrying umbrella)

My pictures will show you the review of students by Prince Tsai Hsun on their drill ground, also the "march past." The Prince seemed most satisfied with their appearance and presented medals to several students.



PRINCE TSAI HSUN AND ADMIRAL SAH
LEAVING THE PAVILION AFTER THE REVIEW

CHINESE NAVAL STUDENTS IN ENGLAND

Prince Tsai Hsun and Admiral Sah left Shanghai on October 16th, on a tour through Europe, and they will no doubt have excellent opportunities of seeing the best European methods. Admiral Sah is by



CAPT. SHEH BOH-YANG
(Director of the College)

no means a stranger in England, having been sent as a student from the Foochow Naval College to the Royal Naval College at Greenwich where he acquitted himself with honour, after which he served as a midshipman in the British Navy on board H.M.S. *Agincourt*.

That the Chinese make most excellent naval students has been proved by the fact that those who have been sent to England or Hongkong to pass naval examinations have always passed most creditably, but it is a well-known fact that under the tuition of their own people they do not rise to the same point of excellence that they attain under European supervision. The reason of this is an open question, quite unanswerable by your

NANCY.



THINK BEFORE JUDGING

Do not drift into the critical habit. Have an opinion, and a sensible one, about everything, but when you come to judge people remember that you see very little of what they really are unless you winter and summer with them.

Can you imagine what the circumstances were that soured sweetness and made darkness where there should be light?

How do you know what it was that made this man or this woman so unpleasant?

How do you know what you would have been if your life had been a duplicate of your neighbours?

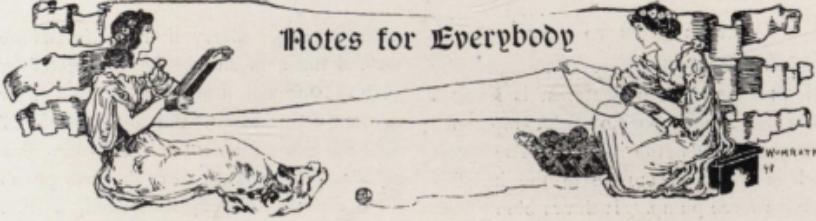
Let no one take credit to themselves for their even life simply because it has been even.

Doubtless if they had been put out in the breakers they would have swayed too.

Perhaps they would have drifted from their moorings as many others have drifted.

How can they who have known only days of prosperity interpret the despairing cry of the friendless?

Learn to find the kindly, lovable nature of the man who knows little of books. Look for the beautiful self-sacrifices made daily by some woman who knows nothing of pictures. Teach yourself to look day in and day out for the best in everything. It is the everyday joys and sorrows that go to make up life.



Notes for Everybody

For the Scientist

POSSIBILITIES OF RADIUM.

M. CURIE, who shares with his wife the credit for the discovery of radium, says in the course of an article in the *New York World* that its great field will be the domain of medicine rather than warfare and commerce. A physician, he says, with a tenth of a gramme of radium could receive an unlimited number of patients, and effect cure after cure in cases of lupus, and, above all, of cancerous affections. Radium might be a factor in warfare in the way of producing explosions in a magazine, causing the disappearance of the ship and the entire ship's company. But radium is dangerous rather against individuals than objects. A tenth of a gramme left contiguous to a person is capable of producing complete paralysis. For this reason it might prove a dangerous medium in causing crime which would defy detection if it ever became as easily obtained as other chemicals. It is also dangerous to bring a tenth of a gramme into contact with a highly charged electric battery, because an immediate explosion is certain. At first we hoped the blind would be benefited by it, for a particle of radium, enclosed in a box, placed on the forehead, conveys a sensation of light to the eye. But we found it did not enable the blind person to distinguish objects. So far we have only used radium salts, and in minute quantities, yet the remarkable results produced show that the possibilities of the pure product are inestimable. Before doing what Professor Gustave Lebon has predicted—the blowing up of

magazines, forts, and arsenals in the enemy's country by using a small tube of radium—we shall have to find the requisite amount of pure radium. Its potentiality is wonderful, and I can even conceive a radium cannon projecting electric shocks great distances with deadly effect.

For Woman

EVERY woman is, or ought to be, anxious to make the best of her personal appearance, and preserve her youth as long as possible. Worry and nervousness play sad havoc with any woman; fits of passion, jealousy, anxiety, all tend to age one, and bring about wrinkles; therefore, the woman who would preserve her good looks and figure, and ward off looking old, must exercise control enough to keep calm and placid, taking things as they come, and not imagine and plan a hundred-and-one silly things that are never likely to happen.

The woman who gets her seven or eight hours' sleep, plenty of fresh-air exercise, and plain, nutritious food, is the one to wear well, never mind how busy a life she has.

Occupation is essential for all, and the busy woman is the one who has no time to entertain this or that fad or fear.

If you can take a rest in the afternoon, it will prove most beneficial, both to health and temper. Ten minutes' complete rest will suffice; close the eyes and rest the brain.

LYING DOWN TO REST

MANY people have never thought why it is that the most perfect rest is secured in a horizontal position. A moment's thought reveals the secret. The great and never-resting muscle of the heart is really a force pump. It draws blood from every portion of the body, and sends it under pressure back to the brain, the remote finger-tips, and the very toes themselves. This requires power. It stands to reason that the best power is exercised when the body is horizontal. Its gravity does not have to be overcome to such an extent. The heart muscle becomes tired in its unceasing effort to pump the blood from the feet to the head while in an upright position. That is why when fainting occurs, owing to the absence of a sufficient quantity of blood in the head, if the patient is laid on the floor with the head low a quick return to consciousness follows, because the blood at once seeks the brain.

CARE OF THE HANDS

To keep the nails in good shape, the skin at the root or the base of the nail should be loosened and pushed back with an ivory pressor sold by manicurists for the purpose. It is easily done if the fingers have been soaked for a few minutes in hot, soapy water. When the skin is pushed back, the "half-moon" which adds so greatly to the beauty of the nail will be disclosed. This "half-moon" is, in many cases, never shown, simply because the nails do not receive proper attention. A manicurist has a pair of delicately-curved scissors with which she cuts away all the superfluous skin at the base of the nails after pushing it back. These scissors must, of course, be most carefully used, or injury might result. When the nails are in good condition, a few minutes' daily care and attention will

keep them so. Every time the hands are washed the skin should be very carefully pushed back with the point of the finger covered with a towel, and a few minutes' rubbing with a piece of chamois-skin or a proper chamois-skin nail rubber will polish the nails beautifully. If desired, a little nail powder may be used.

For Housekeepers

TAKING OUT STAINS

ORDINARY fruit-stains cannot hold out against boiling water. Obstinate ones require more persuasion. Oxalic acid, three ounces to a pint of water, should be kept on hand for this emergency. It must be plainly labelled and placed where careless hands cannot reach it. The stains are thoroughly wetted in the preparation, then placed over the steam of a boiling kettle, or in the sunshine, until they disappear. They must be watched with careful eye, for the action of the acid must not continue a second after the spots are gone. An application of ammonia and a thorough rinsing will prevent mischief.

Mildew is the result of carelessness; but it is not uncommon in a large household. It will sometimes yield to sunshine and lemon-juice; but not always. As a last resort there is the solution of chloride of lime—one tablespoonful in four quarts of cold water. The linen must be thoroughly rinsed in clear water after the mildew disappears, or the threads will weaken under the powerful influence of the chloride.

TO CLEAN GLASS

REMOVE the chill from some clean soft water, put a small piece of soda into it. If decanters are to be cleansed pour the water into them, add a few small shot, or brown paper cut into small pieces; shake them well. A hair bottle-washer, or slip

of whalebone with a piece of sponge attached, should be used. When the dirt and stains are loosened, rinse in cold spring water, then put the decanters to drain. When dry, use powdered rotten stone for the outside, and wipe with a clean cloth; they will have a brilliant polish. The same directions may be followed for all kinds of glass manufacture. Ornamental parts may be cleaned with a tooth-brush. Glass, being expensive as well as brittle, requires that it should be washed as soon as done with, and put away at once. Accidents will happen; let the chances that they can be, therefore, be as few as possible.

+ +
FOR AMATEUR COOKS

IN making tarts it is sometimes difficult to prevent the juice from escaping at the juncture of the upper and lower crusts. This may effectually be overcome by making the upper crust a little larger than usual and tucking it under the lower, the two being then pressed together with a fork or the blunt side of a knife.

Batter puddings require a quick oven, but custard puddings need gentle heat. Steamed puddings should never be cooked too quickly, but the heat must be uniform. It is a mistake to cover the pan in which the pudding is steaming, as this prevents the gases from escaping.

It should be remembered that seed cakes require rather a hot oven, but sponge cakes should not be subjected to too fierce a heat, or they will become hollow in the centre.

It is a good rule to remember that all green vegetables require the addition of an alkali, such as soda, to the water in which they are boiled, whereas white vegetables should be boiled in water containing a little vinegar or lemon.

Parsley will keep for a considerable length of time if stored in a jar supplied

with a well-fitting cover which is perfectly air-tight. Immersing the parsley in water has the effect of giving it a mouldy taste, besides depriving it of its fresh green colour.

Cheese should be kept in a damp cloth soaked in vinegar, and placed in a dish with a well-fitting cover. This will prevent the cheese from turning green and becoming too dry.

+ +
ANCHOVY AND SARDINE SALAD

THREE anchovies blanched and boned, and as many sardines as required, allowing two to each guest, half a bunch of water-cress, picked, washed and dried, four spring onions, several slices of cucumber, one heart of a white lettuce washed, picked and dried. Break the lettuce as before, and mince the onions, mix these together, and place upon a dish. Arrange the slices of cucumber around the dish, now curl the anchovies, and place them upon the salad, and lay the sardines in the shape of spokes of a wheel. Pour the dressing over at the last minute, just before sending to table.

+ +
TO MAKE TOMATO SAUCE

THE ingredients are one dozen tomatoes, two teaspoonfuls of best ginger, one dessertspoonful of salt, one head of garlic (or two onions), three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, a dessertspoonful of chili vinegar, and a little cayenne. Choose the ripest tomatoes you can get, put them into a stewpan, and cook slowly till tender. When cold, take the skins and stalks from them, mix the pulp with the liquor that is in the stewpan, add all the other ingredients, beat everything together thoroughly, but do not pass the sauce through a sieve. Cork tightly and store in a cool place, and the sauce will keep for years.



Garden Notes



NOVEMBER

LAWSNS should be weeded for the last time especially when clover is showing up; as the grass ceases to grow after the end of October, it is not advisable to use the lawns for tennis any longer: November is generally a very dry month, but the nights begin to get very cold and all sago palms, india-rubber trees, etc., should be permanently housed for the winter, before the second week.

There are not many summer flowers in the open beds, a few stragglers from the earlier months may be met, but, as a rule, they have been pulled up to make way for chrysanthemums, which are the flower of November, and very handsome the beds look; they ought to last about a fortnight or three weeks.

Dahlias and cannas should be cut down, lifted, and stored in a cool greenhouse or frame. Jonquils and daffodils begin to show above ground, but do not flower till early in the springs. Hyacinths, a few good bulbs can now be planted in pots for early flowering, but not in the ground, until the weather gets really cold, as they will sprout before the frost sets in, and get nipped, care must be exercised when planting, as the native often puts in a defective bulb, which will leave an unsightly blank, when the others begin to blossom.

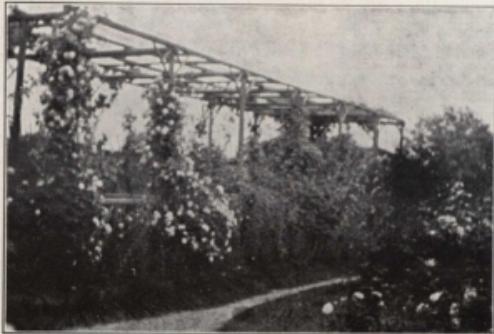
In the greenhouse, heliotrope should be in full vigour, and mignonette cinerarias,

lobelia, primulas, cyclamen, daisies, and other seedlings should be well developed and be growing strongly.

Bananas should be sheathed in straw before the frost.

Primulas

NOT a few people, after they house their plants in October, forget one or two points that are really necessary if success is to follow. One is that after the plants have been perhaps months in open frames they are placed in a greenhouse crushed



A PERGOLA IN MRS. DUBLESTEIN'S GARDEN.

up against each other, where little air is admitted. This is one of the commonest mistakes. Another is giving them water when they do not need it, so frequently saturating the "collar" as to bring about a speedy damping off. The best place of all for primulas is a low-roofed house or a shelf near the glass, where growth will be sturdy, and the colours of the blossoms brought out to greater perfection. Just now they can be helped a good

deal by the judicious use of stimulants. I say judicious, because if they are given an overdose of manure they are quick to show it by a limp state of foliage and subsequent collapse. Given sparingly, stimulants improve the plants wonderfully, whilst for imparting a dense green to the foliage nothing better can be used than a little old soot occasionally.



Potting Forget-me-nots

A DEAL is made of forget-me-nots for spring bedding in conjunction with bulbs, and rightly so; but it is sometimes overlooked that they are most serviceable when potted up in the autumn, kept in a frame or cool-house for the winter, and then in the spring brought on in gentle heat. There are gradations in the blue of forget-me-nots, but all are pretty and doubly welcome in pots in the early days of spring. To do this very little heat is required. Plants should be raised each spring from seed or cuttings, and planted out during the summer in a half shady place in the garden. To pot up old plants is never satisfactory, young ones blooming much better.



Fruit Garden

IF young peach trees, either under glass or on a wall, are making too much wood, instead of pruning hard lift the roots, and only remove the unripe ends of the shoots. If more root lifting were done there would be more fruit. In draining fruit borders shallow drains are useless. Many fruit-trees would ripen the wood better and bear more fruit if the borders were better drained, but in all cases the drains should be 3-ft. deep, and filled with rubble to the level of the bottom of the border. This will not only drain the border, but also aerate it, which is of nearly equal importance.

Shrubberies

Bamboos can be removed in November if weather is open, i.e., if it is not bitterly cold and inclined to frost: February after the frost is over is perhaps the best time as the young shoots have not yet pushed out. They should be planted either in a corner or in a clump, and not to form a thin hedge or screen, as they are rather aggravating and will shoot up on paths and places where they are not required: they will never grow in a straight line, but once well set require no attention, beyond cutting out dead stems: unless an eye is kept on them in the early spring, the gardeners will steal the young shoots for food. Bamboos throw a considerable quantity of leaves in the winter and early spring, after which they look very well and are to be encouraged—they begin to sprout in April.

Laurels can be moved at end of October, beginning of November or after the frosts in February, unless they are very old, when it is better to throw them away: they are best propagated from slips in March and can be transplanted about twelve months afterwards. The daphne grows remarkably well, also the common Chinese laurel, which has leaves like the tea plant, and which makes the best kind of hedge: some persons use privet for hedges, but they are to be avoided, as they are objectionable when in flower, attracting swarms of bluebottle flies and give rise to what is generally called the "privet cough," some people being very susceptible to it: besides in the autumn it is infested with spiders and looks untidy. Another excellent hedge can be made of syringes clipped close, but the drawback consists in their shedding their leaves in the autumn, whereas the common laurel looks green all the year round. Both laurels and privet require to be well trimmed and clipped and the roots freed from weeds. A quotation from *Punch*

on the subject of clipping hedges, puts this very clearly :—

A young lady says to her gardener who is working away vigorously at a hedge,

"Why, James, you are spoiling that hedge!"

"Ah! Tummas Lappen come along just now," and says he, "Why Jims, thee beest a spilin thik hedge," "thee beest a big loiar," says I, "Tummas, the more thee do trackle and cut thommen hedges, the better they be."

So do not spare the shears.



A PROTEST

KIUKIANG,

November 6th, 1909.

DEAR "SOCIAL SHANGHAI,"

Seeing no sign, so far, of anyone writing to reprove the creature who, in your pages some time ago, gave expression to his feelings in an article entitled "A Year of Married Life," I will no longer refrain from saying that he certainly does not deserve to have a wife. Poor thing!—he is nothing else—what a process of "all-round reconstruction" he needs to undergo, before he can appreciate in even the slightest degree the spirit which inspired the poet who, addressing his "very best chum," wrote :—

"Yes, we go gently down the vale of life,
And bless our God at every step we go ;
The husband-lover and the sweetheart-wife.
Of creeping age what do we care or know ?
Our four-score years thrice told would leave us young—
The soul is never old."

As for the creature's irreverent remarks regarding the Baby—spell that word with a capital please, though *it* (the creature) has not done so—they are in striking and deplorable contrast to the very sane pronouncements of the very sensible people who in a recent number of *Pearson's* answered the question : "Should babies be abolished?"

Of course, you remember that a summing up of the opinions expressed and the answers given in the article referred to could very well be done with one word—a distinct and emphatic No!

Yours, with best wishes,

MARK NESBIT.

The "Passa Leao" Tennis Club Gymkhana

THE gymkhana of the "Passa Leao" Tennis Club was held on Sunday, the 3rd of October (a week after the original date fixed for the sports), under anything but auspicious weather conditions.

Up to Saturday the sky was gloriously bright but on Sunday morning it assumed a threatening aspect, and although it did not rain during the afternoon, the prospect of getting a drenching, kept many of the guests away. Many, however, who ventured out had a real good afternoon's outing. Great preparation was made to accommodate the visitors expected, and it was a pity that every chair around the well-kept lawn was not filled. In spite of the gloomy sky, enthusiasm was kept at a high pitch by the competitors and the spectators. The wins were all very popular and were greeted with applause and loud cheers, specially in the inter-Club competition. Event after event followed each other with clockwork regularity and there was not a hitch during the afternoon. There were many close finishes and the decisions gave general satisfaction. In a lawn never intended for athletic meetings, it was not possible to have a field track properly marked out and, consequently, there were cases of unintentional foul, but the competitors never claimed it as they knew they were there to enjoy the fun and not to be too particular about unavoidable collisions.

The ladies' events aroused the greatest interest and brought out many competitors who seemed to enjoy the funny situations

just as heartily as the spectators. Many skirts and even blouses were torn, but the ladies did not seem to mind it at all, judging by the peals of laughter when a rip in the dress occurred.

The events for the sterner sex gave opportunity for some good display of athletic form, and not a few of them were also of the nature to create amusement,



Photo

C. E. L. Ozorio

SKIPPING-ROPE AND SKIRT RACE FOR GENTLEMEN

A. P. SIMOES F. C. OZORIO V. F. RANGEL

such as egg-and-spoon, sack, skipping-rope and skirt, and the three-legged race; the last-named leaving no choice of partners. It was rather comical to see an unevenly matched pair running under difficulties on account of difference in strides, height, and weight.

The sports were brought to a conclusion a little after five after an exciting pull

between the Portuguese Co. S.V.C. and The "Passa Leao" Tennis Club, ending in a victory to the home team.

some silver trophies to the winners, each with a few words and a most bewitching smile.

THE HIGH

JUMP



J. L. RANGEL—THE WINNER

Before the distribution of prizes, which were exhibited in a most artistic way in the Club's room, the Chairman made a happy speech, and Miss Hetty Rangel not to be outdone, handed the various hand-

The Committee headed by the energetic chairman and the ubiquitous and indefatigable secretary and treasurer, are to be congratulated on the general arrangement and the great success of the gymkhana.

PICKING UP TENNIS BALLS
(BLINDFOLDED)—FOR LADIES.

WON BY

MISS HETY RANGEL

Photo by A. E. Gutierrez



Photo

THE END OF EGG AND SPOON RACE

C. E. L. Osorio

During the afternoon refreshments and tea were lavishly served out and everyone was well cared for and most courteously looked after by the stewards.

A string band was in attendance and enlivened the afternoon with a bright selection of music.

The following were the events:—

No. 1—Boys' Race. (Under 17.) Mixed Medley. Five prizes presented by Mr. B. F. Savard Remedios and "Passa Leao" Tennis Club.

A. Gutierrez 1; C. Ozorio 2; Remedios 3; A. Remedios 4; M. Aquino 5.

No. 2—High Jump. (Open.)

1st prize presented by Mrs. Juanita de Souza
2nd " " " Mr. J. J. Souza, Jr.
3rd " " " J. M. P. Pereira
J. L. Rangel 1; F. J. Almeida, Jr. 2; C. P. Simoes 3.

MISSSES
JOSE-
PHINE
(1ST)
AND
HILDA
OZORI
(2ND)



THE
OBSTACLE
RACE



Photos C. E. L. Ozorio
THE BAG AND POTATO RACE
F. J. ALMEIDA, JR., MISS HETY RANGEL

No. 3—Picking Up Tennis Balls
(Blindfolded)—For Ladies.

1st prize presented by Mr. C. P. Simoes
2nd " " " F. Pereira
3rd " " " M. R. Pereira
Miss H. Rangel 1; Miss S. Gutierrez 2; Miss J. Ozorio 3.



Photo

C. E. L. Ozorio

SOME OF THE COMPETITORS

No. 4—220 Yards Flat Race (Club Championship.)
The "Lind" Challenge Cup.

To be won two meetings in succession or three times in all. The winner to retain possession of the Cup for 1 year.

1st prize presented by Mr. George J. Lind
2nd " " " The Portuguese Co. S.V.C.
3rd " " " Mr. M. R. Pereira
A. P. Simoes 1; J. L. Rangel 2; N. H. Alves 3.

No. 5—Girls' Race (under 17.) (Open.)
Boots and Shoes.

1st prize presented by Mr. F. J. Almeida
2nd " " " The Club
3rd " " " "
4th " " " Mr. B. F. Savard Remedios
Miss M. Silva 1; Miss D. Souza 2; Miss S. Remedios 3; Miss C. Remedios 4.

No. 6—Three-Legged Race.

1st prize presented by the Young Men's Sport and Pastime Association
2nd " " " Mrs. B. F. Savard Remedios
C. Encarnacao, A. A. Remedios 1; J. Pereira, J. L. Rangel 2.

No. 7—Relay Race. Team of Four Men.
(Open.)

4 prizes presented by Messrs. Garner, Quelch & Co., and W. L. Gerrard & Co.
"Passa Leao" Tennis Club 1; Y.M.S.P.A. 2;
Portuguese Co. S.V.C. 3.

No. 8—Driving the Tennis Ball.
For Ladies.

1st and 2nd Prizes presented by the Members of
Club União.

Mrs. C. M. B. Silva, Miss V. Costa 1; Mrs. H. M. Pereira, Miss G. Rozario 2.

No. 10—Bag and Potato Race.
For Ladies.

1st Prize presented by Mr. J. G. de Souza
(American Cinematograph Co.)
2nd , , presented by Mr. M. R. Pereira
Miss L. Ozorio 1; Miss Hilda Ozorio 2



Photos THE END OF THE SACK RACE C. E. L. Ozorio
Won for the sixth time in Shanghai by F. C. Ozorio

No. 9—Sack Race (Open.)

1st prize presented by the Portuguese Co. S.V.C.
 2nd „ „ „ Mr. J. L. Rangel
 3rd „ „ „ B. F. Savard Remedios
 F. C. Ozorio 1; C. Encarnacao 2; J.T. B.
 Ozorio 3.

No. 11—Skipping Rope and Skirt Race for Gentlemen—Ladies' Prize.

1st prize presented by the Ladies
2nd „ „ „ „ „
3rd „ „ „ „ „ Mr. V. F. Rangel
A. P. Simoes 1; F. C. Ozorio 2; V. F. Rangel 3.



THE DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES BY MISS HETY RANGEL
The Misses Ozorio receiving the prizes

No. 12—Obstacle Race for Ladies and Gentlemen—Ladies' Prizes.

1st prize presented by Mr. A. J. Noronha

2nd „ „ „ Mrs. Natalina Medina

3rd „ „ „ Mr. F. Pereira

Gentlemen's Prizes. 1st and 2nd prizes by the Ladies.

Miss M. Lubbeck and F. Remedios 1; Miss H. Rangel and F. J. Almeida, Jr. 2; Miss R. Machado and T. B. Ozorio 3.

No. 13—Egg and Spoon Race.
For Gentlemen.

1st prize presented by Mr. C. E. L. Ozorio

2nd „ „ „ F. C. Ozorio

3rd „ „ „ T. B. Ozorio

V. Rangel 1; C. Encarnacao 2; T. B. Ozorio 3.

No. 14—Tug-of-War (Open.)

Team of ten men.

"Passa Leao" Tennis Club v Portuguese Co.

S. V. C. Won by the former.

Grand Aggregate for single events only.

(For members only.)

Gold Cross presented by Mr. N. H. Alves

Won by A. P. Simoes.

The Referee

The Judge

The Umpire



J. J. DE SOUZA, JR. C. E. L. OZORIO A. M. FERRAS

Club Championship. Tennis. Single.

1st prize presented by Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Ferras

2nd „ „ „ F. G. Eça da Silva

Won by A. P. Simoes.

Runner up: J. M. P. Pereira.

Club Handicap. Tennis. Single.

Two prizes by the players.

Won by S. Oliveira.

Runner up A. P. Simoes.

* * *

The following gentlemen officiated and were responsible for this very enjoyable and successful gymkhama:—

Judge:

C. E. L. Ozorio.

Umpire:

A. M. Ferras.

Starter:

F. G. Eça da Silva.

Clerks of the Course:

J. L. Rangel. J. J. Souza, Jr. C. P. Simoes.

Stewards:

N. H. Alves. J. C. Remedios.

J. M. B. Medina. R. P. Remedios.

F. Ozorio. O. Roza.

T. B. Ozorio. A. C. Rozario.

F. Pereira. Antonio S. Rozario.

S. J. Rangel. I. Silva.

L. A. M. Ozorio.



Photo

C. E. L. Ozorio

THE EGG AND SPOON RACE

V. F. RANGEL

C. ENCARNACAO

T. B. OZORIO



A CONUNDRUM

When is it best to lose your temper?—When it is a bad one.

FIRST LOVE OR LAST?

OVERHEAD IN THE SOCIAL SHANGHAI TEA ROOMS

JACK TREVANION, a handsome bachelor of thirty.
LORNA HAZELWOOD, a charming maid of twenty-one.

SHE: Which is the best—first love or last?

HE: Neither, I should say but a love that comes half-way between. First love is a juvenile disease like measles, whooping-cough, and chicken-pox. We've got to have it, so the sooner we get it over the better.

SHE: How about last love, then—the love that lasts?

HE: It may be the last love, but not necessarily the love that lasts. If there is too much sentiment and romance about first love, there is too little about last love. One has grown old and cold and passionless; selfish, too, maybe, and indifferent. Nobody breaks his heart over his last love! He either marries her—or forgets her, and has done with love, for good and all.

SHE (*satirically*): But does a man ever break his heart over his first love? I only ask for information, you know.

HE: I believe there are records of such cases.

SHE (*sententiously*): Men have died, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

HE: A woman ought not to be cynical.

SHE: Really! Do we, then, belong to a different species?

HE: Well, we try to train you into thinking and believing that you do.

SHE: It is positively refreshing to hear the truth—and from a man's lips, too!

HE: The truth is too bitter a pill for most of your sex—they prefer to swallow sweetstuff only.

SHE: Forgetting that it often results in mental indigestion.

HE: But Love and Truth are wide as the poles asunder.

SHE: Yes, because Love is blind.

HE: Blind on occasion, no doubt. But sometimes Love is sharp-sighted enough, only it looks through rose-coloured spectacles. Sometimes, indeed, it is all eyes.

SHE: And sometimes all ears.

HE: And sometimes as deaf as an adder—deaf to all reason, all remonstrances, to the counsel of prudence and the dictates of common sense. The little winged god is as mischievous as Puck, as cunning as Machiavelli, as unscrupulous as Pluto.

SHE: And yet Love is inevitable.

HE: Ay, there's the rub! As inevitable as influenza, or the tax-collector, or any other of the numerous ills that flesh is heir to.

SHE: We may rebel against it, may hate the idea of being a victim, may almost loathe the very name or mention of Love, but—we've got to go through with it all the same!

HE: Yes, like having a tooth out, isn't it?

SHE: Worse, because one could have another tooth or a whole new set.

HE (*slyly*): One could have other loves.

SHE: But they wouldn't be like the first.

HE: Better, far better. They wouldn't ache!—and they could be replaced without much pain or bother.

SHE: But one's first love is never really replaced.

HE: It is usually dead, buried, and forgotten when the second is under weigh. A first love is a mere episode; the last is an epitome of all the series!

SHE: With you men, perhaps; but it is not so with us. Don't you know that

Man's love is like the restless waves,
Ever at rise and fall;
They only love a woman craves
It must be all in all.

HE (*scoffingly*): Oh, if you are going to quote songs . . . where the sentiment is made to fit the rhymes or the notes!

SHE: Ah, ah, it is too true. That shaft struck home.

HE (*stoutly*): Not a bit of it. *My* withers are unwrung.

SHE: Some people are pachydermatous, or they would have us believe they are.

HE: Some little women are fond of using big words, are they not?

SHE: Big in proportion to their subject, perhaps.

HE: Don't be so nasty!

SHE: Don't be so stupid!

HE: Well, if I am stupid, you know what has made me so.

SHE (*airily*): Nature, I suppose.

HE: How unkind! No; what makes the fool wise, and the wit a fool, the timid brave, and the headstrong timorous and fearful, the shy man bold, confident, and aggressive, and the courageous nervous and diffident, the strong-willed unstable, and the weak-willed determined, the stupid man eloquent, and the eloquent tongue-tied, the merry and loquacious silent and abstracted, and the serious-minded gay and frivolous?

SHE (*flippantly*): Oh, I don't know, I'm sure! Insanity, perhaps—or brain fever.

HE (*gloomily*): There's many a true word spoken in jest. Love is a madness—you are right.

SHE: But we were not talking about Love.

HE: Excuse me. I was.

SHE (*indifferently*): You generally are, I think. Do you ever, by any chance—or mischance—talk about anything else?

HE: Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh, don't you know?

SHE: I know that somebody besides yourself had the reputation of quoting Scripture "like a very learned clerk"—surely a more unpardonable offence than quoting from a mere song.

HE: I never imagined you were so well up in the classics!

SHE: Don't sneer. Everybody knows women are far more religious than men.

HE: They have need to be.

SHE (*sharply*): Yes, if they have much to do with men—they need all the patience and forbearance it is possible to have. But woman's love is sublime in its unselfishness and devotion.

HE (*scoffingly*): Woman's love! Shall I tell you to what a certain philosopher likened it?

Woman's love is like Scotch snuff,
You take one pinch, and that's enough!

SHE: Oh, I don't think woman's love is to be sneezed at!

HE: But in comparision with man's it is as moonlight unto sunlight, and as . . .

SHE (*interrupting*): Oh, dear! I knew I could not escape that well-worn and ridiculously silly quotation. It seems as inevitable as the head of Charles I. was with Mr. Dick.

HE (*disagreeably*): That's quite as well-worn a quotation as mine.

SHE (*amiably*): But far more *apropos*. However, don't you know that a certain well-known statesman is said to concoct all his speeches with the aid of the "Dictionary of Familiar Quotations?" Suppose we follow suit and do our quarrelling by the same medium. It could be made quite an interesting game, and would improve our minds—to say nothing of our tempers!

HE (*hotly*): My temper is all right—but you would vex a saint. Why are you such a tease, and why am I content to be your butt?

SHE (*irrelevantly*): You remind me of the tale about the old blind woman and the judge. Do you know it?

HE: No; something severely cutting, I suppose?

SHE: Not at all. The old lady, who was partially deaf, and nearly blind, being called upon to appear in court as a witness, by accident took the wrong turning and tried to stumble up to the bench instead of into the witness-box, whereupon the judge gave an unctuous smile, and said blandly and condescendingly, in his "superior" way, "My good woman, do you want to sit up here on the bench and judge?"

HE: Well; and what was her reply?

SHE: "Oh, my lord," she said humbly and deprecatingly, "I'm only a poor, blind, deaf old woman, and perhaps it's all I'm fit for!"

HE: And the moral?

SHE: The moral, for you, is obvious. Perhaps to be teased is all you're fit for!

HE: Thanks. You are not too kind to me, are you?

SHE: Why should I be kind?

HE: Why, indeed! Perhaps because I love you. But that, I daresay, you would look upon as a detail.

SHE: You love me—you!

HE: Yes, and you must have guessed it. Everybody else knows it as a fact.

SHE: (*demurely*): Facts are stubborn things, and it won't do to guess at facts.

HE (*firmly*): Well, I'm going to try and make sure of you. I'm going to give up guessing.

SHE: You are actually growing quite daring—not to say audacious.

HE: Yes; my motto for the future will be *de l'audace, de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace!*

SHE: Dear me! But what about all that rubbish you talked just now with regard to first love and last love, and all the rest of it?

HE: Sheer nonsense. You are my first, my last, my only love. You know it—you have always known it.

SHE: But even if so—though I don't admit it for a moment—you know that you are not *my* first love.

HE (*cheerfully*): That can't be helped. The chief thing I am anxious about is that I shall be your *last*!

N. B.



OCTOBER

October's child is born of woe,
And life's vicissitudes must know;
But lay an opal on her breast,
And hope will lull the foes to rest.

Social Notes

THE Social Season began unusually early this year in private circles, and several private dances have been given during the month. Probably the reception and dance given by the China Association to Lord Kitchener is answerable for this early introduction of the spirit festive, or may be, it is the proverbial hard times.

A MOST successful dance was given on October 8th, by Mrs. Whittall at her house, in honour of her daughter's coming of age, and here the youth and beauty of Shanghai assembled in strong force.

A SIMILAR enjoyable function took place at the mess of the Police Cadets on October 16th, being a farewell to Mr. Martin who left the same night for Nanking where he goes for the purpose of studying the Chinese language.

ON October 22nd, Mr. George Tucker gave an "At Home" in the Kaisersalle of the Club Concordia, which was attended with much success, and Mrs. McMichael's dance on the 25th, was as enjoyable as it was popular.

THE month has also brought us its full mead of good music, beginning with the Moscow Operatic artists who gave two excellent concerts, and quickly followed by the Withers Concert Company who entertained and charmed three full houses by their extraordinary talent. It is not often Shanghai is visited by such a clever trio as Mr. and Mrs. Withers and Mr. Bennett,

and their great merit is enhanced by their unostentatious bearing. The Chamber of Music Society also began its season on October 21st with a very successful concert despite the fact that the programme could not be carried out exactly as it had been planned.

THE Great Reaper has been busy with his "sickle keen" and taken a full share of the "flowers that grow between." Death has removed from our midst one of Shanghai's most talented and promising men in the person of Mr. Tarrant, who, despite the fact that his residence here was only a short one, has raised a lasting memoriam of his ability in the new Shanghai Club, which is being erected on the Bund.

Mr. Tarrant's plans had been accepted for several public buildings in the outports, amongst which was a hospital at Hangchow, and all those who attended last year's St. George's Fête will remember the cleverly laid-out grounds of the British Consulate for which the late Mr. Tarrant was principally responsible.

His is a life that can ill be spared and much sympathy is extended to his widow and children.

The untimely death of Mr. A. D. Lowe caused much concern and regret in this community where he was so well-known and popular. He was an old resident and had always taken an active interest in the affairs of the Settlement, having been at one time a member of the Municipal Council. General sympathy is felt for Mrs. Lowe who is left with five little children.

Social Shanghai has lost a good friend and subscriber in Mr. Chick of Changsha who died at the General Hospital. Mr. Chick had always taken great interest in our magazine and only in the May number we published an attractive illustrated poem, which was the work of his pen and camera. His many friends in Shanghai regret his loss and extend their sympathy to his widow and three children in England.



NEWS of the sudden death of Capt. Flagg of I.C.S. *Kutwo* was received with much regret by his many friends and acquaintances in Shanghai. Captain Flagg was seized with cholera at Ngankin on the down-river trip and by the time the *Kutwo* arrived in Wuhu on Saturday, October 4th, he had passed away. The funeral took place at Wuhu on Sunday morning. Capt. Flagg was one of the oldest and best known captains on the Yangtsze. He possessed a dry humour quite his own, which marked him in the memory of those

who travelled with him and earned him much popularity. Much sympathy is extended to Mrs. Flagg and her two daughters, Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. McKean.



ON October 27th, Mr. Vilhelm Meyer of Andersen, Meyer & Co., and Miss Kirsten Bramsen of Copenhagen were quietly married at the Danish Consulate. During the same afternoon the bride and bridegroom were the recipients of many congratulations at Mr. Speelman's residence on The Bund where a largely attended reception was held in their honour.

The bride was a strikingly graceful figure in her simply fashioned princess gown of fine Brussels net interwoven with tiny rings, surmounted by a large picturesque hat of white satin and ostrich plumes. She wore a lovely pendant composed of single stone diamonds and a large pearl drop and carried an artistic shower bouquet of Maréchal Neil roses and asparagus fern.



Photo

THE MEYER—BRAMSEN WEDDING GROUP

Deniston & Sullivan

Mr. Platt, in a happy little speech, proposed the health of Mr. and Mrs. Meyer, to which the bridegroom responded, and Mr. Bramsen, the bride's father, who had accompanied her to Shanghai, also made a short speech.

The presents were numerous and handsome and included a beautiful silver rose bowl, presented by the Consular body, and a handsome blackwood plaque screen from Mr. Speelman. The honeymoon was spent in Japan.



ON October 11th a very pretty wedding took place at Kalangsu, Amoy, between Miss Dolores Mencarini, daughter of the Commissioner of Customs in that port, and Mr. Antonio Marti (Acting Mexican Consul at Shanghai), son of Modesto Marti, late of Shanghai.

The bride was attired in a very simple and pretty wedding gown of crêpe de Chine, and was given away by her father who will be remembered in Shanghai, as a most enthusiastic and energetic member of the Shanghai Amateur Photographic Society. The ceremony was performed by the Very Rev. Bishop Clementi, Vicar Apostolic of Amoy, at Beach House, where

a chapel and altar had been improvised for the occasion, and a largely attended reception followed. The bride wore a travelling costume of brown cloth with hat



MR. AND MRS. MARTI

and motor veil to match and the happy couple left midst a shower of rice, etc. The civil service took place some days later at the Spanish Consulate, Shanghai.



THE MARTI—MENCARINI WEDDING GROUP

ON October 23rd a very pretty wedding took place at the Advent Christian Church at Nanking, between Miss Margaret Burke and Mr. T. H. Gwynne of the I. M. Customs. The civil service was performed during the morning at the British Consulate by Mr. Goffe, H.B.M.'s Consul for Nanking, and punctually at 8 p.m. the bride arrived at the church accompanied by Mrs. Molland who gave her away.

According to American custom the bride was preceded by the bridal ushers (Mr. Hermann Gätjen and Mr. John Davis), the bridesmaids (Misses Alice Hayard and Minnie Purcell), the matron-of-honour (Mrs. Howard Malone) and a small Chinese girl who acted as ring-bearer.



MRS. T. H. GWYNNE
née MISS MARGARET BURKE

The bride looked charming in a white satin princess gown trimmed with pearl and sequin ornaments, with yoke and sleeves of tucked tulle, her veil being held by a bunch of orange blossom. She carried an ivory-covered prayer-book and wore a pearl brooch, which was the gift of the bridegroom. Mrs. Molland was attired in lavender-coloured voile while Mrs. Malone wore a gown of white silk trimmed with Irish lace and pearl pendants. The bridesmaids' dresses were of white Japanese silk trimmed with guipure lace.

The Rev. Howard Malone performed the ceremony and the church was very

pretty decorated with an avenue of bamboos leading to the altar where was arranged a huge arch of bamboo, supporting a wedding bell of white asters. Miss Bertha Cassidy of Wuhu played the wedding march from *Lohengrin* as the party



MR. T. H. GWYNNE

entered the church and Mendelssohn's wedding march as they departed. After the ceremony an informal reception was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Malone, which was attended by the young couple's most intimate friends, who assembled to tender their congratulations, and later Mr. and Mrs. Gwynne left by the steamer *Kianghsin* en route for Yochow where they will reside.



The *Wilmington Smoker*

A CONCERT that afforded keen enjoyment to the laughter-loving audience, was that given by the crew of the U.S.S. *Wilmington*, at Chang Su-ho Gardens on Saturday, October 30th.

The hall had been decorated with lavish taste and looked excellent, perhaps the most striking feature being the curtain which was composed of two huge American flags, suspended from above, and that met in the centre.

The "Hufty Guftys," a troupe that essayed, according to the programme, to 'make a noise,' and succeeded in producing some excellent music from guitars, mandolines, and fiddles, were particularly good, and Mr. H. Martin, who sang a parody on "Just as the sun went down" elicited continued encores.

The sketch "Taking a trip on the *Willie*," by Hipple and Herard, with some topical patter went with a swing, and when, as an encore, they treated us to a series of topical limericks, the roars of applause that greeted their exit were unmistakably genuine.

Some neat sparring followed, and the six rounds between C. Hipple and "Battling Sims," in which the decision was given to Hipple, aroused great enthusiasm. But it was when Miss Ursula Susan Sylvia Wilmington, a delicious Irish colleen, gave us a song and dance that the applause reached its height. Miss U.S.S. Wilmington, danced with marvellous grace and her—or should we say his?—costume was exceedingly pretty. Needless to say she was called on again and again. In her final appearance her jig with some very high kicking was a thing to wonder at, for which feat we would not be quieted but demanded an encore so vociferously that the "lady" had to oblige with another excellent dance. Our congratulations to Miss U.S.S. Wilmington mavourneen!

Mr. A. Ryalls put in some very fine work on the slack wire, that would have done credit to a professional, and the show wound up with the singing of "The Grand Old Flag," by the entire troupe—and everyone else.

Altogether the show was a most enjoyable one, the moisture condensed freely on the inside of our glasses and the smokes and sandwiches that were passed round showed that the men of the *Wilmington* meant to do their guests proud.

Our hearty congratulations on their unqualified success.

DURING the month a series of most successful fortnightly concerts have been held at the Hanbury Institute. On the 12th, the heaviest portion of the programme was undertaken by the members of H.M.S. *Teal*, and concluded with a farce entitled "The Spirits of his Ancestors," which was much appreciated, while on the 26th, an excellent and varied programme was given, which included the names of several well-known amateurs.

These concerts are becoming more popular every year, and as there is no admittance fee, they can be enjoyed by all, costing just as much or as little as generosity, or length of purse, allows, as a contribution to the collection that is made on behalf of the Mission to Seamen's Entertainment Fund.



THE arrival of Lord Kitchener, G.C.B., O.M., G.C.M.G., created much interest amongst Shanghai residents and a large crowd of people assembled on the Customs' jetty on the morning of October 3rd, to welcome the famous Field Marshal, to the International Settlement.

On the arrival of the tender *Alexandra*, Sir Pelham Warren, Mr. Barton, Captain Ryan of H.M.S. *Astrea*, Mr. Landale and several other prominent residents went on board and were presented to Lord Kitchener by Colonel Bruce. As the Field Marshal left the tender the waiting crowd accorded him three hearty cheers, which he acknowledged by raising his hat.

Although Lord Kitchener spent only a few days in Shanghai, he was kept very busy and visited the Kiangnan Arsenal, and the Hongkong & Shanghai Bank where he was shown the gold deposit, and being an enthusiastic collector of Chinese porcelain, he visited the porcelain collections of most of the well-known connoisseurs in Shanghai.

Several private dinners and luncheons were given in his honour and a reception was given by the Shanghai Branch of the China Association on the evening of October 5th, at the Country Club.

The charge for announcements of Births, Marriages, and Deaths (which must be authenticated by the name and address of the sender) is \$1.00.

Births

TUXFORD.—On October 16, 1909, at Chinkiang, the wife of Ivon Tuxford, of a daughter.

TYLER.—On October 19, 1909, at 176 Bubbling Well Road, Shanghai, to Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Tyler, a daughter.

FROST.—On November 3, 1909, at the Victoria Nursing Home, Shanghai, the wife of J. Frost, of a son.

GRAVES.—On November 12, 1909, at 128 Bubbling Well Road, the wife of Charles A. Graves, of a son.

HOFFMAN.—On November 16, 1909, at 7 Hannen Road, Shanghai, China, the wife of L. W. D. Hoffman, of a son.

ZIMMERMAN.—On November 18, 1909, at No. 36 Seymour Road, the wife of S. Zimmerman, of a daughter.



Marriages

TILBURY—WARN.—On October 2, 1909, at St. Barnabas Church, Southampton, James Tilbury, second son of Mr. Edward Tilbury, "Bloomfield," Millbrook, Southampton, to Winifred, youngest daughter of the late Captain David Warn, of Southampton.

MARTI—MENCARINI.—On October 11, 1909, at "Beach House," Ku-langsu, Amoy, China, by the Right Rev. T. Clemente, o.p., and afterwards at the Spanish Consulate, Shanghai, by Carlos de Sostoa, Spanish Consul, Antonio Marti, son of Modesto Marti, to Dolores Mencarini, daughter of Juan Mencarini, I. M. Customs.

BRODRICK—DANIEL.—On October 14, 1909, at Hongkong, Edwin Bennett Broadrick, to Alice Gertrude Daniel, both of Dukinfield, Cheshire, England.

DAVIDSON—FREW.—On November 4, 1909, at the Union Church, Hongkong by the Rev. C. H. Hickling, Robert Davidson, Edinburgh, I. M. Customs, Shanghai, to Jessie Duffes, third daughter of William Frew, Inspector, Northern Lights, Edinburgh.



Deaths

CHICK.—On October 17, 1909, at the Shanghai General Hospital, Walter John Chick, late of Changsha, aged 51 years, deeply regretted.

STEWART.—On October 17, 1909, at Wusih, China, Mrs. John H. Stewart, of Trenton, N.J., U.S.A., aged 61 years, mother of Mrs. G. F. Mosher.

LOWE.—On October 18, 1909, at 200a Bubbling Well Road, Shanghai, Alfred Denny Lowe, son of the late Alfred Denny Lowe, of Stamford, England.

CUNNINGHAM.—On October 20, 1909, at Amlwch, Anglesey, North Wales, Jane Cunningham, wife of T. Cunningham, formerly of I. M. Customs, China.

CASTLE.—On October 26, 1909, at No. 31 Medhurst Road, Vincent Fritz Evelyn Marriott, aged 11 months, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. M. Castle.

GODWIN.—On November 6, 1909, at 6 Haskell Road, Alfred Albert Godwin, Examiner, I. M. Customs, aged 72 years.

HOPWOOD.—On November 7, 1909, at Ningpo, Miss Elizabeth A. Hopwood, Founder of the Christians' Mission, aged 70.

LUNDIN.—On November 15, 1909, at the General Hospital, Eduard Lundin, Tidewaiter, I. M. Customs, aged 26.

LITTLE.—On November 21, 1909, at Shanghai, Leslie Little, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Owen Little, aged ten months.

OUR MONTHLY DIARY

OCTOBER

Oct. 1st.—Return of the members of the Shanghai Interport Swimming Team from Hongkong by the I.C. steamer *Hanggang*.

,, 2nd.—Death of Capt. A. E. Flagg of the I.C. ss. *Kutwo*, at Anking, of cholera.

,, 3rd.—Arrival of Field Marshal Lord Kitchener in Shanghai, per P. & O. steamer *Himilaya*.

,, 4th.—Death of Grand Secretary Chang Chitung.

,, 5th.—Inspection of Shanghai Volunteer Corps by Field Marshal Lord Kitchener, on the Recreation Ground.
Death of Dr. S. Barchet at Mokanshan.

,, 6th.—Departure of Lord Kitchener for Nanking via Shanghai-Nanking Railway.

,, 8th.—Lord Kitchener paid an official visit to Viceroy Chang Jen-chün.

,, 9th.—Annual excursion of the Union Church Sunday School took place in the grounds of Mr. S. A. Hardoon.

,, 11th.—Marriage of Mr. Marti and Miss Mencarini.

,, 12th.—Death of Mr. B. H. Tarrant.
Disappearance from the ship of Mr. A. Mackenzie, third engineer, *Kiang-foo*.

,, 13th.—Funeral of the late Mr. B. H. Tarrant. The Alhambra Gardens sold by auction to Mr. R. W. Sexton for Tls. 36,000.

,, 14th.—Provincial Parliament opened for the first time in China.

,, 16th.—Annual Police Sports.
Departure of H.I.H. Prince Tsai Hsun and Admiral Sah Chen-ping on a Western tour.

Oct. 16th.—Mr. Frederic Alan Robertson admitted to practise at the Bar, by Sir Havilland de Saussmarez.

Conclusion of the Shanghai Rifle Association's Annual Meeting.

,, 17th.—Death of Mr. W. J. Chick of Changsha, at the General Hospital.

,, 18th.—Opening of the Tackey v. McBain case at H.B.M. Supreme Court, in which plaintiff claimed Tls. 55,000 damages.
Death of Mr. A. D. Lowe.
Arrival of Lord Kitchener at Peking.

,, 19th.—First of the Withers' Concerts.
Continuation of the Tackey v. McBain case.

,, 20th.—Langkat case continued.

,, 21st.—Langkat case finished. Verdict given for Mr. McBain with costs.
Marriage of Mr. Burrett and Miss Merrilees.
Escape of female prisoner from Mixed Court Cells.

,, 22nd.—Second Concert by the Withers Concert Company.
Marriage of Mr. Gwynne and Miss Burke at Nanking.

,, 26th.—Opening day of the Autumn Meeting of Tientsin Races.
Assassination of Prince Ito at Harbin railway station.

,, 27th.—Second day of Tientsin Races.
Marriage of Mr. Meyer and Miss K. Bramsen.

,, 28th.—Third day of Tientsin Races.

,, 29th.—Autumn Regatta of the Shanghai Rowing Club held at Henli.
Third concert of the Withers Concert Company.

,, 30th.—Regatta at Henli continued.

Editorial Notes and Comments

DESPITE the fact that we ordered an extra fifty copies to be printed off last month, all those in the office were sold out within a week of publication. We are thus encouraged to increase our edition by one hundred this month and trust our enterprise will receive support.

THE unpropitious weather and bad light served to frustrate our intention of publishing illustrations of the inspection of the S.V.C. by Lord Kitchener. As this is an event that is unlikely to repeat itself, we are more than disappointed. However, we are thankful for small mercies, and have pleasure in earmarking the visit of the great Field Marshal, by giving a reproduction of a snapshot taken at the Railway Station prior to his departure for Nanking.

THE wrath of an irate subscriber has been roused by an article that appeared in our Summer Number, entitled "A Man's Experience of the First Year of Married Life," and he has sent in a protest which we publish in this issue.

We believe, and hope, that he is a married man; and he has evidently drawn a prize in the matrimonial lottery. We shall be glad to receive other opinions on the matter, as we think the subject worth discussion.

Another article which suggests controversy appears in this issue under the heading of "Is there too much Sport in Shanghai?"

THE following extract from the letter of an old China resident, has been sent to us by a well-wishing friend:—

"I have looked the magazine carefully through and read a large part of its interesting pages, and think it shows great enterprise on the part of its promoters. I consider it not only a valuable addition to our China literature but the leader and best of all our periodicals."

It is too flattering to be hidden in the editorial pigeon hole, so we smother our blushes, and give it to the reading public.

WE regret that, owing to pressure of space, we are obliged to hold back an illustrated article on the Portuguese Co. in camp, which was sent in by a kind subscriber; but we hope to publish it in our next issue.

As we have a large number of excellent photos of some of the recent amateur theatrical triumphs, we are endeavouring to get out a special A.D.C. 'Xmas number, which will give illustrations of "The Yeomen of the Guard," "The Three Musketeers," "Hänsel and Gretel," besides interesting reading matter on the growth of our A.D.C.

ALL communications should be addressed to

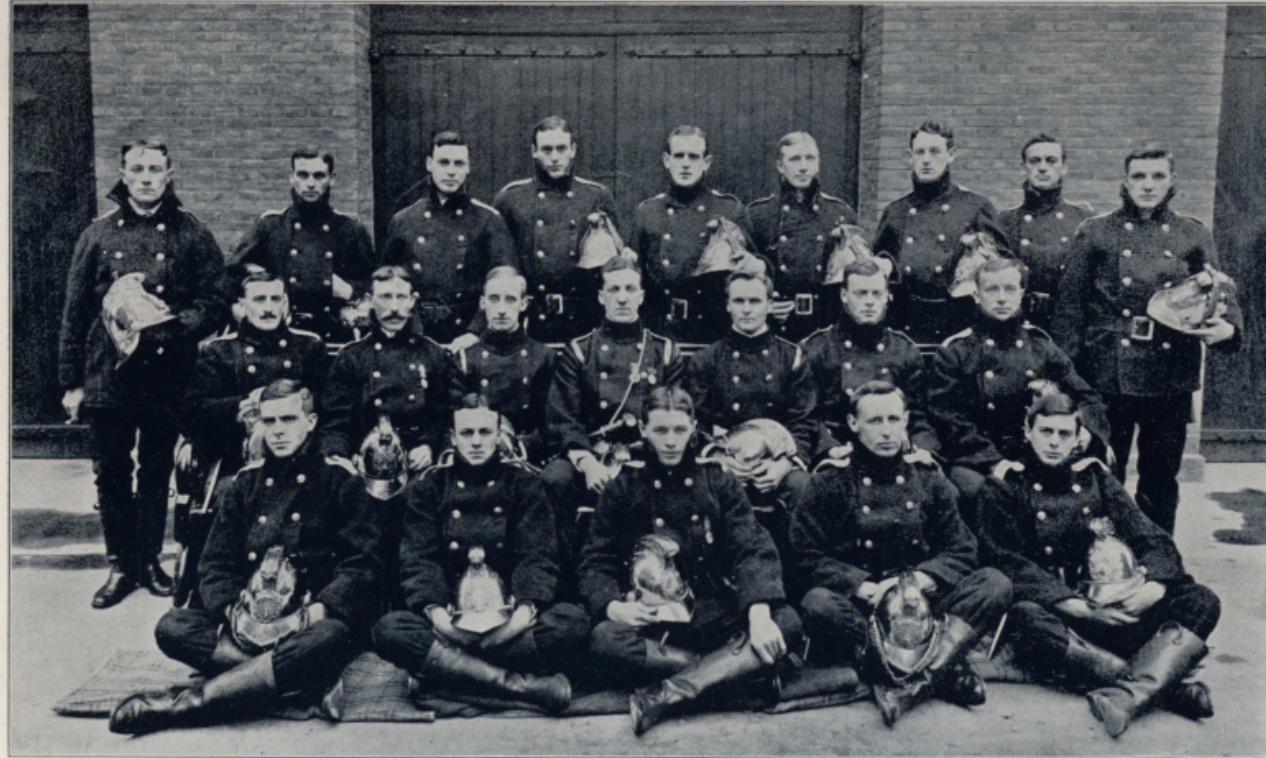
Mrs. HOLLIDAY,

Editress,

"Social Shanghai."



AN ARTILLERY DINNER PARTY



THE DELUGE COMPANY

Reading from left to right:-

Top Row.—A. F. WHEEN, W. O. LANCASTER, W. A. RAY, F. RICHARDSON, E. H. SCOTT, W. E. BUTCHART, K. W. CARGILL, P. M. LANCASTER, H. H. FOWLER

Middle Row.—J. QUIN, R. T. BRIMER, R. W. GUNSON, A. W. MACPHAIL, A. M. LESTER, J. R. WEEKS, H. PEARCE.

Bottom Row.—H. J. TOTTON, N. HORNSBY, W. D. B. MILLER, H. G. ALLEN, E. B. HEATON-SMITH

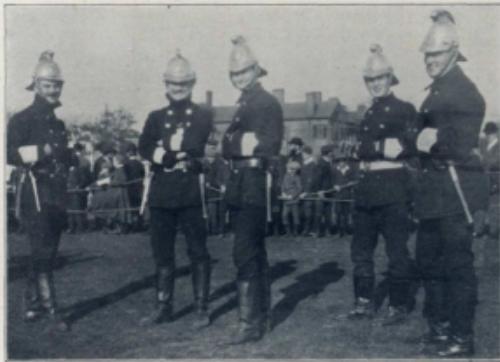
To the Dear Homeland

A MONTHLY LETTER

"In the dear Homeland far across the sea,
I wonder if they miss me, do they think of me?"

DEAR BARBARA,

I am sure you will be interested to hear about our Fire Brigade of which we are duly proud; and not without reason, for it



SOME MEMBERS OF THE MIH-HO-LOONG CO.

ranks as the best amateur brigade in the world, and is certainly without rival, amateur or otherwise, in the East.

For your enlightenment, let me explain that the members of this Brigade are mostly young men who have their full meed-of office work to get through and give their services with a cheerfulness that merits a halo. A bell booms out its message of fire from watch-towers that are stationed in the Settlement, and whether these volunteer firemen be at a dance, dinner, entertainment, or snugly tucked between the blankets, they are ever at duty's call, and at work before most of us have realized that there is a fire.

Can you imagine them battling against fire with the thermometer at 90°, or in the winter—when they are sometimes called out two or three times in a night—playing a hose of freezing water, in wet clothes that are stiffening with cold—and all this for *love*, and public spirit.

The Municipal Council first instituted this amateur fire brigade in 1866 with the Shanghai Engineer Co., the Hongkew Engine Co. and a Hook-and-Ladder Co., in all about forty-eight members; but at the present time the number of men has about doubled and there are five companies, namely, Deluge, Hongkew, Victoria, Mi-ho-loong, and Le Torrent, the latter being entirely composed of Frenchmen who attend fires in the French Concession.

Some few years ago a Challenge Shield was presented by the Insurance Companies of Shanghai to be competed for once a



FIRE BRIGADE MAFOOS

year. This competition takes place on the Recreation Ground and excites much interest on the part of the community as well as the firemen themselves, and consists of a time test in laying out hose,

raising ladders, and playing streams of water over them. After this is completed, at the word "Go" all has to be undone and reeled up again while ladders are replaced in position.

A very correct account of time is taken and the most expeditious company holds the Challenge Shield for a year. This was won in the Competition which took place last November by the Deluge Company, it being the eighth occasion upon which they have proved themselves the smartest men of the Brigade. I send you photos of the winning team, also some of the competition and competitors, together with those of the judge (Captain

engine, with hose tender and escape, one motor steam-engine known as the "Fire King," one motor turntable escape, four steam-engines drawn by horses, four Hook-and-Ladder trucks, two hand escapes, twelve hose reels drawn by ponies and one hand hose reel.

The Chief Engineer, whose picture I send, is provided with a special motor-car, which is always at his service, and enables him to be on the spot a few minutes after the alarm is given. A coffee van is also part of the Fire Department's equipment. About 11,000 feet of hose is at the service of the Brigade and a motor hose tender is on order, and expected to arrive shortly.



MAFOOS TENDING
FIRE BRIGADE
PONIES



The Fire Brigade Competition

THE JUDGE AND
INSPECTORS

Ryan of H.M.S. *Astrea*) and the various inspectors on behalf of the Municipal Council. Note the workmanlike turnout of the men, who wear blue tunics, top boots and brass helmets, while the mafoos who attend to the ponies, wear bright red jackets. Some of the latter may be seen in my picture tending the ponies which are grazing while the engines are in use. The stables of the Fire Brigade contain six horses and eighteen native ponies. The appliances at the present time include a steam fire float, one motor chemical

This long list of equipment will probably surprise you and appear extravagant, but I can assure you that it is none too much, and that the service of the Fire Brigade of Shanghai is no light matter, for scarcely a day passes during the winter without its conflagration, and as I said before, it is by no means unusual to have two or three in a night, while as Chinese New Year approaches fires come fast and furious. I read your mind. Why is Chinese New Year the season for fires? Because it is incumbent upon the Celestial

to settle all accounts before the New Year dawns, and the collection of a fire insurance policy is often the only solution of the problem. However, even the most



CAPT. RYAN, R.N., JUDGE
MR. MCGREGOR, TIMEKEEPER



Photo

Rembrandt Photo Co.

FIREMEN AT WORK



MR. BIDWELL, ENGINEER-IN-CHIEF, AND
MR. MCGREGOR,
TIMEKEEPER

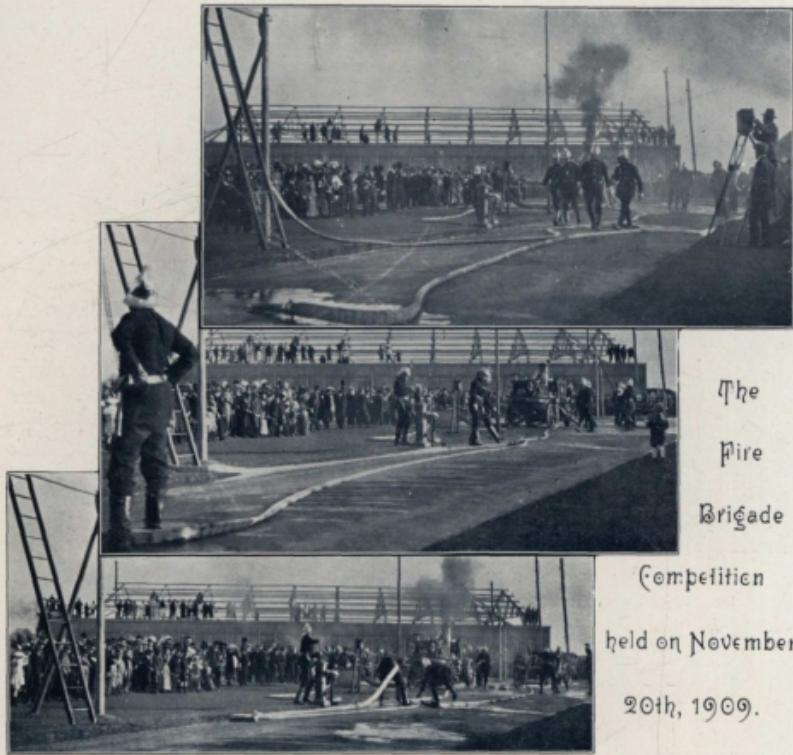


MEMBERS OF THE BRIGADE

long-suffering insurance companies turn, and at the present moment, the wily Celestial finds the payment of the said insurance by no means a foregone conclusion, as the strictest inquiries into the cause of a conflagration are now made by the Police. Needless to say, fires are

not quite as fashionable as they used to be, although there are still many enterprising business men who think the experiment worth trying. The ways and means of the native of far Cathay are devious, and much too numerous to be recounted by your

NANCY.



Photo

Rembrandt Photo Co.



NOVEMBER

Who first came to the world below
With dull November's fogs and snow
Should prize the topaz' amber hue,
Emblem of friends and lovers true.



Our Young Folks' Corner



The Three Lemons

THE king of Terra Longa had an only son, who was the apple of his eye and on whom he built all his hopes. He felt he was growing an old man, and the great desire of his life was to see his son happily married before he died. But, unfortunately, the young prince was of a very different mind, and if a woman was as much as mentioned in his presence, he got up and left the room, and refused to come back till the conversation had turned on some other subject.

Neither his father's tears and entreaties, nor the counsel and advice of the statesmen and courtiers round the king's throne, would make him consider the subject of matrimony. But nothing happens so often as the unexpected, and a mere trifle will change the history of nations. One day, as the prince was cutting a cream tart in half and attending more to the conversation that was going on than to what he was doing, he cut his finger with the knife.

The blood spurted out and fell on the cream, and the mixture of colour was so beautiful that the prince was seized on the spot with the desire to find a wife with a complexion like the cream and blood. He said to the king: "Dear father, if I do not find a bride who is red and white like this, then it is all over with me. Hitherto no woman has ever caused my heart a single flutter, but now I long for this red and white maiden, as I have never longed for anything in my life before. Permit me, therefore, to go in search of my ideal, for if I do not find her I shall die."

At first his father was much startled and grieved at his words, and tried hard to dissuade his son from setting out on such a futile journey, but when he saw that his remonstrances were of no avail and that he might as well have



Photo

Rembrandt Photo Co.
Our Portrait Gallery
JOSEPH EDWARD MISSEMER

spoken to the winds, he said: "Go, my son, since your heart is so set on the journey; take money and whatever else you desire with you, and hasten back with all speed to your poor father, who will be disconsolate till you return."

So the prince set out on his travels, and wandered through fields and woods, over mountains and through valleys, visiting different countries and nations, always keeping his eyes open for the maiden of his dreams. But he sought in vain, for though he left no stone unturned nowhere could he find the blooming image he had painted in his mind's eye. From kingdom to kingdom he roamed and at last he came to the island of the "White Women."

Here he met an old dame who was as thin as a scarecrow, and with the ugliest face he had ever seen. The prince told her at once what brought him to the island, and when the old woman had heard his tale, and all the dangers and sufferings he had gone through, her heart melted with pity, and she said: "My son, let me warn you to fly from hence with all speed, for if my three daughters, who live on human flesh, find you here, you are a lost man. They will certainly eat you raw, or roast you for their next meal. Make haste to leave this place as quickly as you can, and I promise you won't be gone far before you meet your fate."

When the prince heard her words he took to his heels, and, without as much as bidding the old creature farewell, he ran without stopping till he came to a different country, where he met another old woman even uglier than the first. To her, too, he confided the history and object of his wanderings, but she answered him as the other had done: "You had better make haste to get away from here, unless you wish to provide my daughters, the little man-eaters, with a meal, but not far from this spot you will meet your fate."

As soon as the poor prince heard her words he set off running at full speed, and didn't pause for a moment till he came upon another old woman, who was sitting under a tree with a basket under her arm full of cakes and other dainties.

The prince made her a polite bow, and commenced at once to tell her his story. This time the old woman comforted him with friendly words and made him sit down and eat a good breakfast. When he had finished his meal, she presented him with three lemons, which looked as if they had just been cut from the tree, and along with the fruit a beautiful knife, saying, as she gave them to him, "You may go home now as fast as you like for you have got what you sought, when you are at your father's kingdom, stop at the first well you come to, and cut one of the lemons in half, a fairy will come ou' of it, and say to you, 'Give me something to drink.' Then you must get her some water as quickly as you can, for if you don't she will disappear like quicksilver, and if you don't succeed with the first or second, you must be sure not to let the third fairy escape, but hand her the water in a moment, for she is the wife of your heart's desire."

The prince joyfully kissed her hairy old hand, which felt exactly like the back of a procupine, and thanking the old dame heartily for her kindness, he bade her farewell, and left the country with all speed. After many dangers by sea and land he dismounted at a well, the running of whose crystal waters sounded like a bell, calling people to come and refresh themselves. The prince sat down on a carpet formed of tender green grass and lovely coloured flowers, and taking the knife out of its sheath, he cut the first lemon open. In a moment, like a flash of lightning, a beautiful girl stood before him, as white as milk and as red as a strawberry, and she said to him, "Give me something to drink."

The prince, quite bewildered by the beauty of the fairy, did not give her the water quickly enough, and to his great grief she vanished almost as soon as she had appeared.

The same thing happened when he cut the second lemon open, and the prince exclaimed in despair "I am the most unlucky creature in the world. Twice have I let my luck escape me—but courage! I have still a third chance, and there is luck in odd numbers: this knife shall either be the means of securing my happiness or it shall put an end to my griefs."

With these words he cut the third lemon open, and out stepped the third fairy, and said as the others had done, "Give me something to drink."

This time the prince handed the fairy a glass of water as quick as lightning, and in a moment a lovely girl stood before him, as white as cream and as red as blood. Her hair was golden, her mouth like a rose bud, and her eyes shone like two stars. In one word she was as beautiful as the day, and she looked as good as she was beautiful, and as charming as she was good. The prince could not contain his admiration and said, "Am I asleep or awake, or are my eyes bewitched; for how can such a lovely creature have been contained in the bitter rind of this yellow lemon?" But when he had at last convinced himself that the beautiful apparition before him was no dream, but sober reality, he kissed the the fairy tenderly, and said many charming things to her. He begged her to be his wife. "But," said he, "I will not take you back to my father's kingdom without the splendour worthy of your beauty, or without the escort fitting my queen. Therefore, let me beg of you to remain in the meantime in the hollow of this leafy oak, which looks as if it had been made for a hiding-place, and there await my return. You may be sure I will come back to you as quickly as I can, and will then lead you to my kingdom with the retinue and following that befits your

position"; and so saying he bade his beautiful bride farewell, and set forth on his journey.

When he had gone, the fairy climed up into one of the forks of the tree, and from there watched all that was going on around her. Before many minutes had passed a black slave girl arrived at the well with a pitcher for water. She was just going to dip the jug in the waves, when she perceived the face of the fairy reflected in the water, and, thinking it was her own reflection she saw, she started back with a cry of surprise, exclaiming at the same time, "What, unhappy Lucia, you are as beautiful as all that, and yet your mistress sends you to the well to get water, and you submit to her conduct?"

With these words she broke the jug, and returned home. But when her mistress asked her why she had not done her duty she replied, "I went to the well, and broke the pitcher by mistake against a big stone."

The woman restrained her anger as well as she could, and on the following day gave the girl a beautiful china jug, and told her to go to the well and fill it with water.

But when she came to the well and saw the lovely reflection there she heaved a deep sigh and said, "I will no longer be a slave, for I am not ugly as I have always thought I was, on the contrary I am lovely and charming, and it is ridiculous that I should be made to fetch water from the well." With these words she broke the jug into a hundred pieces, and when she got home she told her mistress that a donkey had passed by, and kicked the jug and broken it to pieces.

When the woman heard about this fresh accident she lost her temper and seizing a broom, she beat the girl within an inch of her life, then handing her a leather bottle she said "Now go as quickly

as you can, you useless creature, and bring me back the bottle full of water." Don't dawdle on the way, and if anything happens this time, I'll give you another beating that you won't forget in a hurry."

The slave-girl ran with all her might back to the well and filled the bottle full of water, but once more catching sight of the lovely reflection, she said "I would be a fool to go on drawing water, it would be far better and more fitting that I should marry. From this moment. I refuse to serve my mistress any longer." With these words she took a pin that she wore in her hair and pierced the leather bottle with it, so that it became exactly like a fountain, with the water spurting out in every direction. Here the fairy who had been watching the black girl's ridiculous behaviour, could contain her mirth no longer, and burst into a hearty laugh.

When the slave girl heard the sound of laughter she looked to see where it came from, and when she caught sight of the girl hidden in the tree she said to herself, "So you are the cause of my mistress nearly beating me to death are you? but wait a little and I'll be even with you yet," but to the fairy she said "What are you doing up there my beautiful maid?"

The fairy who was politeness itself, told the black girl everything there was to tell, and ended up in saying that she was going to be married to a charming prince, and was only awaiting his return with a suitable escort and retinue to accompany him to his father's kingdom. When the black slave heard this, a wicked plan entered into her head and she said, "Oh, if you are expecting your bride groom's return, let me come up beside you, and comb your locks in order to make you even fairer than you are."

The fairy answered, "You are most welcome to come," and stretched down her hand, which looked like a piece of crystal set in ebony, as she helped the slave up. As soon as the black creature began to comb the fairy's hair she stuck her hair-pin into her skull, hoping in this way that she would kill her on the spot.

But as soon as the fairy felt the prick of the pin she called out, "Dove, dove," and in a moment she was changed into a dove and away right up into the sky.

When the prince returned with his suite and his train, he could hardly believe his eyes when he beheld, instead of the lovely maid he had left behind in the hollow of the tree, the form of the ugly black slave girl.

But when the wicked creature perceived the prince's distress and amazement she said "Don't be surprised, dear prince, for it is your Lucia, but I have been bewitched by an evil magician, and turned from a fair and lovely maiden into the ugly black marble statue you see before you."

The poor prince, not knowing how to help himself, made the best of the bad business, and after the black girl had got down from the tree, he had her dressed in the splendid clothes he had brought with him for his bride, and when she had been made to look as well as she could, he set forth with her to meet King and the Queen, who were to meet the young couple a few miles from their home.

When his father and mother perceived the folly their son had committed, and how that he who had travelled so far in search of a white dove had only returned with a black crow, they could hardly restrain their disgust and disappointment. But, seeing the thing was done, and that there was no help for it, they abandoned their throne to the young couple, and a gold crown was placed on the slave's

woolly head. The wedding was held with much pomp and ceremony, and everyone far and wide was invited to the feast.

Now it happened that while the King's cook was preparing all the dainty dishes for the banquet a beautiful dove flew in at the kitchen window, and said:—

"Tell me, cook, oh tell me true,
What do the King and his black bride do?"

At first the cook paid no attention to the words of the bird, but when the dove had repeated them a second and a third time, he ran into the banqueting hall, and told the assembled company what the bird had said. When the bride heard the words of the bird's song, she ordered the bird to be caught on the spot and roasted. The cook did as he was told, seized the bird, and wrung its neck, and, when he had plucked its feathers, he threw them out of the window. A few days afterwards, on the spot where the feathers had been thrown, a beautiful lemon tree sprang up, which grew and blossomed as you looked at it.

In a very short time three lemons on the tree exactly the same as those the old woman had given the prince, and he had them plucked at once and brought to his room. Here he shut himself up with a tumbler full of water, and with the same knife that he had used before, and which he always wore at his side, he began to cut the lemons in half. As before, the first and second fairy escaped him, but when he had cut the third lemon open, and given the fairy some water to drink, as she requested, she changed into the beautiful girl whom he had left behind in the hollow of the tree, and from her he learns the whole history of the black slave's misdeeds.

The King's joy was beyond words at this new stroke of fortune and he could hardly realise that his bride was really the beautiful girl who stood before him,

and not the ugly black creature who had deceived him so wickedly. After he had dressed her in the most costly garments, and kissed her tenderly, he took his fairy bride by the hand, and led her into the throne-room, where all the Court were assembled. Then the King addressed his courtiers, and said: "Tell me, all of you, what punishment does the person deserve who has ill-treated this beautiful lady?" Whereupon one replied, "They deserve a breakfast of stones," another, "A draught of poison," and a third said, "They should be rolled down a hill in a barrel with sharp spikes inside it——"

At last the king called the black queen to him, and asked her what punishment she would propose.

"The wicked creature," she answered, "who could harm so fair a vision should be burnt to death, and her ashes scattered to the four winds."

When the king heard her words, he said: "You have pronounced your own doom, for it was you, and no other, you vile wretch, who did my beautiful bride so much wrong. Know now that this is the lovely maid whose head you pierced with your hair pin, and she, too, was the beautiful dove you had so cruelly caught and roasted. But as you have done unto others, so it shall be done unto you, and as you showed no mercy, neither shall ill be shown you."

With these words he had the black slave seized and thrown alive into a huge bonfire, and when she was burnt to ashes they were scattered to the four winds from the top of a high watch-tower. But the king and his fair wife lived happily ever afterwards, and if only you and I knew where to find the kingdom of Terra Longa, I believe we should find them living there still.

THE END.

The Clucking Hen

"WILL you take a walk with me,
My little wife, to-day?
There's barley in the barley-field,
And hay-seed in the hay."
"Thank you," said the clucking hen,
"I've something else to do;
I'm busy sitting on my eggs,
I cannot walk with you.
Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck,"
Said the clucking hen;
"My little chicks will soon be hatched,
I'll think about it then."
The clucking hen sat on her nest,
She made it in the hay;
And warm and snug, beneath her breast,
A dozen white eggs lay.
Crack, crack, went all the eggs,
Out dropped the chickens small.
"Cluck," said the clucking hen,
"Now, I have you all.
Come along, my little chicks,
I'll take a walk with you."
"Hallo!" said the barn-door cock,
"Cock-a-doodle-do!"



The Sun-God

THE religion of Egyptian people was what we call "polytheism"—that is, the worship of many gods. The Egyptians, like all pagan nations, made images of their gods, and built temples where they might be worshipped. It was the business of the priests to carry on this worship, and a very profitable business they made it, too.

When the Egyptians saw how beautiful, and bright the sun was, and how at his rising each morning the ugly black darkness disappeared, they thought that he, too, must be a god, and so they worshipped him among the rest. Some among the Egyptians thought that the sun-god died every night when he set in the west and came to life again the next morning; others believed that he spent the night-hours fighting against evil spirits and horrible monsters who tried to kill him. But he always conquered them, and the next morning there he was in the east again and rose anew, as bright and beautiful as ever, to give light and warmth to the earth.

The Egyptians had many names for their sun-god, among these, one for the rising sun, one for the midday sun, and one for the sun when he set in the west. The rising-sun god was called *Hor-em-akhu* which means, in English, "Horus-on-the-horizon." The very biggest idol they ever made was to represent this sun-god. It is what we call the "Great Sphinx of Gizeh." No one knows who made this Sphinx, or when it was made; but, in all likelihood, it was already there in the desert more than six thousand years ago, when the first King of Egypt whom we know anything about ruled over the country.

The Egyptian people thought they could not have any better place to bury their dead than near the image of their beautiful sun-god. So, year after year, the kings and the princes and the nobles made their graves in the desert land. And it is thus in the midst of a great cemetery that you would find the Sphinx, if you should go now to look at him.

Now, the burial-ground in which the Sphinx is was the cemetery of Memphis, and it stretched for forty miles along the river Nile. In it there were over sixty pyramids, which are the big tombs built by the kings. The nobles and princes also built very large tombs, the walls of which are covered with coloured pictures, very beautiful to look at.



Quaint Sayings

WHY SHE COULDN'T DO IT

A LITTLE girl of seven or eight years stood one day before a closed gate.

A gentleman passed slowly. The little girl turned and said to him:

"Will you please open this gate for me?"

The gentleman did so. Then he said kindly:

"Why, my child, couldn't you open the gate for yourself?"

"Because," said the little girl, "the paint's not dry yet."



CHRISTMAS

(Especially written for "Social Shanghai.")

From the realm of the Ancient of Days,
In the type of Humanity's guise,
Hath proceeded the Law, to up-raise
Man's conception of Cosmos all-wise.

As a dew on the famine-parched Earth,
From compassionate skies, heals the drought,
On an age of despair fell Its birth,
With a new propaganda of thought.

But the Truth It expounds is as old
As Eternity's fathomless past ;
Though the aspects Its doctrines unfold
Are in novel similitudes cast.

The supremacy Matter had gained
In the empire of this world's affairs
Was rebuked, and its evils arraigned
At the bar that pure Reason declares.

The transcendence of Spirit was preached,
Calling Man, from a self-pampered state,
To the Kingdom through Charity reached
By the Path that the virtues dictate.

But the ages have gathered and flown,
And the Message is well-nigh forgot
'Mid the base superstition that's grown
O'er the Church the Messiah begot.

Till the world is now waiting again,
As it did in the days of its youth,
For the advent of One who shall reign
In a Re-incarnation of Truth.

A. BERNARD HIND

An Interesting Jumping Competition

MONSIEUR LIEUTAUD struck out a new line and provided a very interesting afternoon when he arranged a Jumping Competition at his riding school in Great Western Road. This school is best known to old residents as Maitland's Stables, and a more perfect site for such an establishment would be hard to find in Shanghai. The stables are perfectly equipped, and a covered in riding or lunging ring is included in the group of buildings, while the large enclosure of ground allows of a riding ring, fences, walls, ditches, and water jumps to be made, and forms a most excellent breaking-in and practice ground.

On the latter piece of ground the Competition took place on November 27th. Mr. Lieutaud did everything possible to make his guests welcome and comfortable by erecting stands for the spectators, while a graceful

little ^{blue} tri in the shape of a nosegay, was presented to each guest at the entrance, and "Social Shanghai Tea Rooms" filled the "aching void" in the provision of tea and refreshments.

The events were decidedly interesting and most of the riders and animals taking



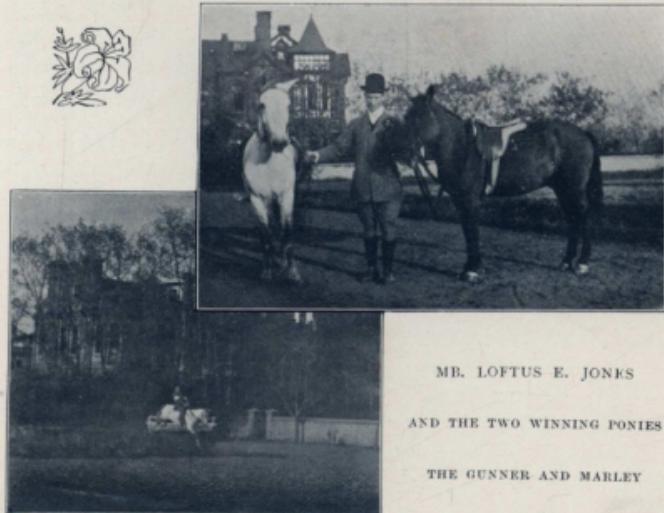
SOME SPECTATORS AT THE RIDING COMPETITION



MR. LAWRENCE ON MRS. MORGAN PHILIPS' "BOBS"

part were well known. As a rider Mr. Loftus Jones was the most successful, for he rode both the first and second prize ponies. Mrs. Morgan Philips' Bobs with Mr. Lawrence up, carried off first prize amongst horses, while the second prize fell to Mr. Siffert who rode his own horse. The latter was undoubtedly the finest jumper but its excitable disposition caused it to "muff" its jumps. On the other hand "Bobs" jumped very steadily, but as he has a trick of taking his walls sideways, he lost points for style. Several other excellent horses took part, but the limited space and unusual surroundings seemed to "put them off" considerably, and they did not do their best. This was particularly noticeable at the water ditch, which was refused by most.

Amonst the ponies, Dr. Hanwell's *Gunner* easily won the first prize, but Mrs. McNeil's *Marley* showed himself decidedly reliable, though somewhat lacking in style, and well deserved his place as second. Altogether, the afternoon proved



DR. HANWELL'S
The Gunner taking the Wall



MR. MADIER
ON
MISS ELLINGER'S
"NOEL"

most successful and was only marred by Mr. Hay's nasty spill at the wall jump, when his pony came down and landed him on his head. However, it resulted in nothing more than a stun of a few minutes duration, so "all's well that ends well."



JAPANESE ENGLISH

It was not so very long ago that a Japanese Minister, who shall be nameless, made a visit of ceremony upon Lady Lansdowne. He was a charming fellow, and conversed on many subjects of interest with his hostess. In bidding her adieu, bending low over her hand, he murmured, "Forgive me, madam, if I have cockroached on your time to-day."

Lady Lansdowne laughingly told her husband the story, adding: "He is such a nice little man, you know! I think it would be right to tell him of his mistake. I shall explain to him that encroached, not cockroached, is the correct expression in English."

To make a long story short, the little Minister and Lady Lansdowne soon met again. It was at the Foreign Office, and Lady Lansdowne drew her new friend apart.

"I want to make a little explanation," she said. "You talk English all but perfectly. Indeed, I have only heard you make one mistake. Now, instead of saying to me, 'I am sorry to have cockroached,' you should say, 'I am sorry to have encroached on your time.' That is the word, encroached! You understand?"

The Jap was silent for a moment. Then the cloud lifted from his face. A flashlight might have passed over it.

"I see! I see!" he cried. "I may say, then, when addressing Lord Lansdowne, 'I am sorry to have cockroached on your time,' but it is to you, madame, I must say, 'I am sorry to have encroached on your time.'—M.A.P."



Garden Notes



DECEMBER

THERE is scarcely anything to be done in the flower garden beyond turning over the soil of the empty beds, and applying old stable manure, etc., the bulbs and other seedlings

Particular attention should be taken to see that the gardener unfolds the blinds over the greenhouse at night, and keeps up the temperature; they are exceedingly careless in this respect, the result being that many of the tenderer plants get a severe set back if not killed outright.



A FLOWER BORDER IN THE MUNICIPAL RESERVE GARDEN

should also be covered with straw; this is a good month for transplanting trees and shrubs, if the weather is open, and for pruning the luxuriant growth of saplings.

Boxes containing Nasturtium and Pansy seedlings, can be exposed if weather is sunny for a few hours, but sheltered from cold winds, and a few violets may be picked on a southern aspect.

The Chinese Gardener

"The gardener, like all head gardeners, was opinionated."

(*"Lothair," Lord Beaconsfield.*)

As a class, there is not a more unsatisfactory lot of men amongst the natives: the really good gardeners in Shanghai could almost be counted upon the fingers of one hand, the bulk of them being coolies who have picked up a smattering of plants in

some of the larger gardens, they simply do nothing more than will just pass muster and will originate nothing: it is therefore absolutely necessary for any one wanting his garden to look nice and attractive to tell the gardener every day what he has to do and make him do it: if this rule is followed out the man will work fairly well, but it is quite certain that unless the owner will personally assist by pointing out necessary changes, pruning, etc., and generally show an interest in his garden, all the plants and shrubs will be left to get along as they best can.

It is unnecessary to describe the duties of the Chinese gardener, they are pretty much the same as anywhere else, but some of them will take special interest in flowers, others in ferns, others in vegetables, the latter being the most popular, whilst all three are marketable and often increase wages by surreptitious sales: unless the owner looks after his belongings, plants and flowers will disappear with astonishing frequency, but they will never be touched if the gardener knows his master or mistress is likely to make any inquiries.

Bulbs are especially a marketable commodity, the best fetching \$1.50 to \$2 a dozen: it is impossible to count them, and as they have to be stored during six months on shelves, etc., pilfering is the rule: at the same time it does not do to be too strict, as a "good" gardener will often obtain seedlings and slips from his friends in exchange. A gardener who can keep the drawing-room well supplied at all times with flowering shrubs and flowers is also looked upon by the mistress of the house as a treasure and no questions are asked from whence whole branches of flowering trees and shrubs are ruthlessly made to contribute.

It is wonderful the few tools that a Chinaman can make shift with, and how he prefers the native hoe to any European

pattern; give him the best gardening tools and they will be lost or broken in a few weeks; he much prefers slinging water out of a bowl tied to a bamboo, to using a watering pot with a rose, and he will break a brass syringe in no time; on the other hand he is not at all backward in bringing in a small monthly account for brooms and other odds and ends, which form the usual squeeze.

Most, if not all of the Chinese gardeners are untidy: pots are dumped down anywhere and allowed to get overgrown with weeds: they should be arranged in neat rows, and each plant should stand on a brick or an inverted pot to prevent worms getting in, if the flooring is not hard. To squat down and weed a path, to pick over a few chrysanthemum plants or to use a broom languidly, is apparently the highest ambition of many garden coolies, especially if they can do this in a corner where they are not too much observed: this with the maximum allowance of "chow" time in the middle of the day, sometimes extending to three hours, varied with carrying chits (which is also a grand opportunity for idling) constitutes the "work" of the native gardener, as a class.

He is rarely what can be called a handy man: it is waste of time to try and make him use a paint pot or brush: he will not collect sticks for tying up flowers, or lay in any provision of similar useful accessories: he cannot do the simplest carpentering job and allows things to get hopelessly broken and in bad order before he reports them as such. This is partly owing to the men not being supplied with a proper potting shed or gardener's house, in which all sorts of odds and ends can be stored: small gardens not admitting of such luxuries but in larger grounds, a room should be always provided for his use in bad weather, as well as a potting shed.

Unless warned the gardener will sow seeds in pots and tubs without marking the contents, he should be made to insert thin slabs of wood about four inches long by half an inch in width and which should always be in stock, on which the name of the seed should be written in pencil with the date of sowing; merely sticking the paper in a cleft stick is not much use, as it gets destroyed by watering or blown away by the wind in a few days, and the identity of most seeds is difficult to establish when they first appear, besides some seeds take a long time to germinate, and considerable patience must be shown till they come up; very small seedlings in pots should not be left out unsheltered at night, as a sudden storm of rain would destroy them all in a few hours; a mat "lean to" or a blind will avert much mischief. It is recommended to send to Sutsons for seed or plant labels; they only cost one shilling per hundred and save a good deal of trouble and waste of time. When handing seeds over to the gardener, impress upon him to sow them properly and show him what he should do, otherwise he will empty the whole packet on to the surface of one pot, and the seedlings come up in a dense mass, necessitating great loss and destruction when thinning out, besides many seeds require to be only

just covered with earth, and also especially prepared mould; the Chinese gardener cares nothing about such matters, but simply fills up the pot or box anyhow, and deluges the sowing with water whenever he remembers it: he is also very careless about seed boxes after use: make him wash them out and store in a dry place, or else when wanted again they will be found to be quite rotten and worthless. Make your gardener turn the pots round and change their position in the greenhouse continually, this can be done best in wet or cold weather when out of door work is at a standstill; plants will then grow evenly and not all on one side or stalky, also make him occasionally wash the outside of pots with a wet cloth, as well as the leaves of large foliage plants, such methods insure much better growth later on, and reward any labour or attention given to the plants; also insist upon his keeping the shelves and glass clean, and if supplied with a good scrubbing brush, monkey soap and dusters, a good deal of money is saved by not being obliged to paint woodwork too often, besides giving the man plenty of work to do in wet weather: see that he cleans under the shelves as well as above, or spiders' webs and much dust will accumulate.



WORK IN THE GARDEN

PLANT bulbs on grassy banks, slopes, and lawns.

Order bulbs early; you will stand a better chance of getting good ones.

Never apply liquid manure to plants in pots when the soil is dry. Moisten it first with clear water.

Never use dirty pots for growing plants in. Wash them thoroughly clean, inside and out, before potting.

Lilies which have done blooming and lost their foliage may be lifted, divided, and replanted with the best results.

Do not water newly-potted bulbs. Cover the pots with cinder ashes or cocoa-nut fibre refuse until the bulbs begin to grow, then commence to give water.



The Hankow Races

THE Autumn Meeting of the Hankow Race Club was an entire success. Being favoured with excellent weather there was a large attendance of interested spectators, amongst whom a goodly proportion of ladies could be counted, and everything went off with a smoothness that reflects great credit upon the capable management of the Stewards and Secretary.

First Day

The most exciting race of the day was the Maiden Stakes. There were only three starters, but they raced neck and neck together the whole distance and the race ended in a dead heat for *Peter* and *Solanio* with *Ariel* almost with them.



MRS. SHELDON LEADING IN "ARIEL"

Another exciting finish was witnessed when *Gloucester* just defeated *Peter* by a short head at the post in the German Cup. In the Stewards' Cup *Brutus* lowered the record for the half-mile by $1/5$ of a second and for the eighth time won his half-mile. The events were as follow :—

1.—Pari-Mutuel Cup

	lbs.
1.—Mr. Ewo's Explorer, Mr. Gegg	155
2.—,, Winsome's Puck, Mr. Meyer	149
3.—,, Tahsing's Zeppelin I, Mr. Hill	152

Also ran : The Chilli, Dent du Midi, Moudji, Leprechaun, Exchange, Rastelbinder.

Time, 1.37 1.5. Won easily.

2.—Autumn Cup

lbs.

1.—Mr. Sceptic's Othello, Mr. O'Connell	152
2.—,, Sceptic's Iago, Mr. Palmer	152
3.—Pagiwa's Nassauer, Mr. Siebs	158

Also ran : Donar, Bleriot, Abdul Aswas, Daffodil, and Eiger.

Time, 2.12 4.5. Won easily.

3.—Maiden Stakes

lbs.

1.—Dead Heat	Mr. Pagiwa's Peter, Mr. Gegg	155
	,, Sceptic's Solanio, Mr. Palmer	155
3.—Mr. Winsome's Ariel, Mr. Bouchard	152	

Time, 1.37 2.5. Won by half a head.

4.—Stewards' Cup

lbs.

1.—Mr. Sceptic's Brutus, Mr. O'Connell	158
2.—,, Bouchard's Bleriot, Mr. Bouchard	152
3.—,, Palmer's Wait A Minit, Mr. Palmer	152

Also ran : Puck and Bantam.

Time, 59 1.5 (a record). Won easily.

5.—German Cup

lbs.

1.—Mr. Elton's Gloucester, Mr. O'Connell	155
2.—,, Pagiwa's Peter, Mr. Gegg	155
3.—,, Giant's The Chilli, Mr. Palmer	152

Time, 2.17. Won by half a head.

6.—Lottery Cup

lbs.

1.—Mr. Ewo's Abdul Aswas, Mr. Gegg	149
2.—,, Weeks' Longbill, Mr. Palmer	152
3.—,, Sceptic's Iago, Mr. Hill	152

Also ran : Gladiator, Kelpie, Comet.

Time, 3.23 2.5. Won easily.

7.—Nippon Cup

lbs.

1.—Mr. Sceptic's Othello, Mr. O'Connell	152
2.—,, Pagiwa's Nassauer, Mr. Bouchard	158
3.—,, Ewo's Abdul Aswas, Mr. Gegg	149

Time, 2.48. Won easily.

8.—Shapao Cup lbs.

1.—Mr. Evrika's Vopros, Mr. Bouchard ... 149
 2.—,, Sceptic's Brutus, Mr. Hill ... 163
 3.—,, C. O. F'S Wait A Minit, Mr. Palmer 152
 Alsoran: Zeppelin, Donar, Exchange, and Daffodil.
 Time, 1.52. Won by 3 lengths.

Second Day

Being the Ladies' Purse day the lawns were well filled on Tuesday, and the tiffin room taxed to its utmost capacity. The Ladies' Purse was won by Mr. Bouchard



Photo

G. Mooser

MR. AND MRS. DUNNE OF EWO AND THEIR

LITTLE SON

A YOUNG ENTHUSIAST

9.—British Cup lbs.

1.—Mr. Winsome's Ariel, Mr. Meyer ... 152
 2.—,, Ewo's Exploror, „ Gegg ... 155
 3.—,, Sceptic's Solanio, „ Palmer ... 155
 Also ran: Daphne and Gloucester.

Time, 2.502-5. Won by 2 lengths.

on *Vopros* and was presented by Mrs. Bailey. Although *Vopros* has carried off this prize three times in succession, it was a first win for Mr. Bouchard and he consequently received a great ovation.



Photo G. Mooser

THE HANKOW

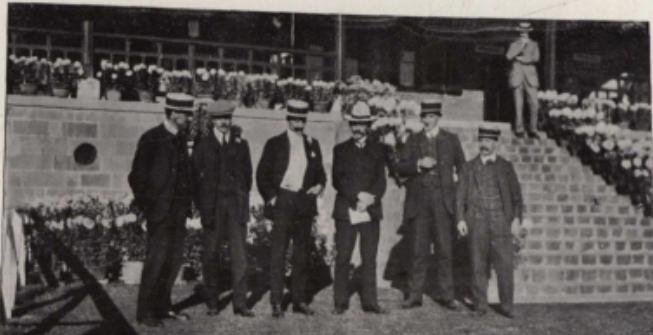
RACE CLUB

AUTUMN MEETING

1909

The greatest surprise of the day came, when, in the French Cup, *Samarai* passed *Gloucester* a few yards from the winning post and won by two lengths; but *Ariel* also did his best to make the *Leger* an exciting event when, after lagging behind, he put on a spurt coming up the straight and defeated *Gladiator* the favourite, by a couple of lengths. However in the Russian Cup *Gloucester* proved his mettle and easily beat *Ariel* by several lengths.

STEWARDS
OF THE
HANKOW RACE
CLUB



From left to right—

MESSRS.
GARREJOCK)
LIDDELL,
HERREN-
SPERGER;
SUGDEN
RAMSAY
BYRNE
SPENCELEY
(ON STEPS

Photo

SOME OF THE OWNERS AND JOCKEYS

G. Mooser

LIEUT.-COM. NOBLE OF H.M.S. "BRITOMART" EXTREME RIGHT OF GROUP

1.—Hankow St. Leger lbs.

1.—Mr. Winsome's Ariel, Mr. Hill ... 152

2.—,, Elton's Gladiator, Mr. O'Connell ... 152

3.—,, Pagiwa's Peter, Mr. Gegg ... 152

Also ran: Solanio.

Time, 4.04. Won by two lengths.

2.—Swiss Cup lbs.

1.—Mr. Sceptic's Othello, Mr. O'Connell ... 152

2.—,, Ewo's Abdul Aswas, Mr. Gegg ... 149

3.—,, Week's Longbill, Mr. Palmer ... 152

Also ran: Brutus.

Time, 2.47 4.5. Won easily.

3.—Ladies' Purse lbs.

1.—Mr. Evrika's Vopros, Mr. Bouchard ... 159

2.—,, Pagiwa's Nassauer, Mr. Meyer ... 158

3.—,, Sceptic's Iago, Mr. Palmer ... 152

Also ran: Bantam and Wait a Minit.

Time, 2.11 4.5. Won by two lengths.

4.—Hupeh Cup lbs.

1.—Mr. Evrika's Vopros, Mr. Bouchard ... 159

2.—,, Week's Longbill, Mr. Palmer ... 152

3.—,, Sceptic's Iago, Mr. O'Connell ... 152

Also ran: Redstart, Donar, Dent du Midi, and Daffodil.

Time, 2.10 2.5. Won by two lengths.

5.—French Cup lbs.

1.—Mr. Kaisha's Samurai, Mr. Palmer ... 149

2.—,, Elton's Gloucester, Mr. O'Connell ... 155

3.—,, Pagiwa's Peter, Mr. Gegg ... 155

Time, 2.14 4.5. Won by two lengths.

6.—Fly Away Plate lbs.

1.—Mr. Ewo's Explorer, Mr. Gegg ... 160

2.—,, Winsome's Puck, Mr. Meyer ... 149

3.—Mr. Giant's The Chilli, Mr. Palmer ... 152

Also ran: Leprechaun, Exchange, Rastelbinder, Moudji, Zeppelin I.

Time, 2.16 1.5. Won by one length.

7.—Yangtsze Cup lbs.

1.—Mr. Sceptic's Iago, Mr. Palmer 152
 2.—,, Pagiwa's Nassauer, Mr. Siebs... ... 158
 3.—,, Week's B-ntam, Mr. Hill 149

Also ran: Bleriot, Daffodil, Brutus, Wait a Minit.
 Time, 1.35 4.5. Won by half a length.

8.—Russian Cup lbs.

1.—Mr. Elton's Gloucester, Mr. O'Connell... 155
 2.—,, Winsome's Ariel, Mr. Meyer 152
 3.—,, Ewo's Explorer, Mr. Gegg 155

Also ran: Solanio.
 Time, 2.50. Won easily.

9.—Hankow Stakes lbs.

1.—Mr. Sceptic's Othello, Mr. Hill 152
 2.—,, Week's Longbill, Mr. Palmer... ... 152
 3.—,, Ewo's Abdul Aswas, Mr. Gegg 149

Also ran: Bleriot, Gladiator, Donar.
 Time, 2.48 1.5. Won by two lengths.

Othello passed him coming up the straight, and won easily by three lengths with *Nassauer* just beating *Brutus* for third place.

1.—Belgian Cup lbs.

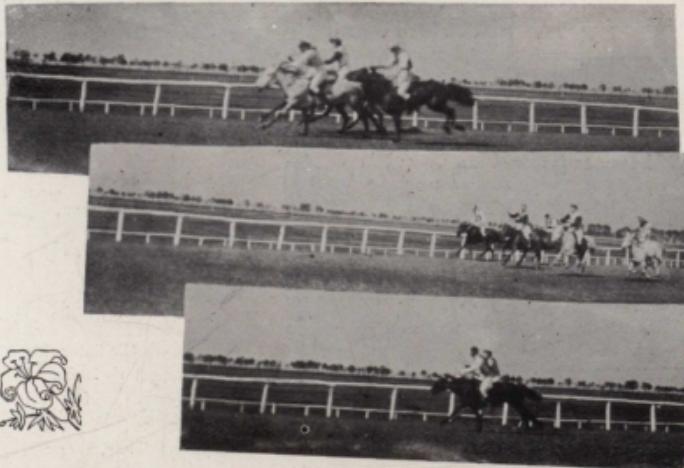
1.—Mr. Elton's Gloucester, Mr. O'Connell ... 155
 2.—,, Kaisha's Samurai, Mr. Palmer 151
 3.—,, Winsome's Ariel, Mr. Meyer 152

Also ran: Peter, Solanio, and Comet.
 Time, 2.16 1.5. Won by half a length.

2.—China Cup lbs.

1.—Mr. Week's Longbill, Mr. Palmer 152
 2.—,, Sceptic's Iago, Mr. Hill 162
 3.—,, Elton's Gladiator, Mr. O'Connell ... 155

Also ran: Abdul Aswas.
 Time, 2.51 1.5 Won by half a length.



Photo

A CLOSE FINISH

G. Mooser

Hankow Race Meeting Autumn 1909

Third Day

Glorious weather and the Champion Sweepstakes tempted a large number of people to the Race Course, where one of the largest assemblies ever seen on the lawn was gathered. Twelve out of fifteen qualified ponies turned out for the Champions and an excellent race ensued between *Othello* and *Vopros*, and although *Vopros* led for the first part of the way,

3.—Visitors' Cup lbs.

1.—Mr. Pagiwa's Nassauer, Mr. Siebs 158
 2.—,, Sceptic's Brutus, Mr. O'Connell ... 168
 3.—,, Bouchard's Bleriot, Mr. Bouchard ... 152

Also ran: Wait A Minit, and Kelpie.

4.—The Hunan Stakes

1.—Mr. Winsome's Puck, Mr. Meyer.
 2.—,, Tahsing's Zeppelin I, Mr. Hill.
 3.—,, Soyshee's Dent du Midi, Mr. Huschelrath.

Also ran: The Chilli, Exchange, Explorer, Rastelbinder.

Time, 2.49 2.5. Won easily.

5.—Consolation Stakes

	lbs.
1.—Mr. Weeks' Bantam, Mr. Gegg	149
2.—,, Elton's Gladiator, Mr. O'Connell	155
3.—,, C. O. F.'s Wait A Minit, Mr. Palmer	152
Time, 2.15 3.5.	Won by two lengths.

6.—Nil Desperandum Cup

	lbs.
1.—Mr. Tahsing's Zeppelin I, Mr. Hill	152
2.—,, Giant's The Chilli, Mr. Palmer	152
3.—,, C.O.F.'s Moudji, Mr. Bouchard	149
Also ran: Exchange.	
Time, 2.18 3.5.	Won easily.

7.—Champion Sweepstakes

	lbs.
1.—Mr. Sceptic's Othello, Mr. O'Connell..	152
2.—Mr. Evrika's Vopros, Mr. Bouchard...	149
3.—Mr. Pagiwa's Nassauer, Mr. Huschelrath ...	158



Photo

G. Mooser



ON THE RACE CLUB LAWN

Also ran: Brutus, Abdul Aswas, Longbill, Ariel, Puck, Zeppelin I, Gloucester, Iago, Peter.

Time, 2.45 3.5; Won by three lengths.



Off Day

The Off-day lacked enthusiasm on account of the poor fields, and the Sailors'

Race had to be abandoned owing to scarcity of competitors.

1.—The "Big Sweep" Cup

1.—Mr. Bouchard's Bleriot, Mr. Trousdell.
2.—,, C.O.F.'s Wait A Minit, Mr. Huschelrath.
3.—,, Navigator's Daffodil, Mr. O'Connell.

Also ran: Daphne. Time, 1.36.

2.—The Winsome Cup

1.—Mr. Soychee's Dent du Midi, Mr. Huschelrath.
2.—,, C.O.F.'s Moudji, Mr. O'Connell.

3.—,, Giant's The Chilli, Mr. Palmer.

Time, 2.16 2.5. Won easily.

3.—The Othello Cup

1.—Mr. Elton's Gladiator, Mr. O'Connell.
2.—,, Navigator's Daffodil, Mr. Ruegg.
3.—,, Wettin's Rastelbinder, Mr. Sachse.

Also ran: Daphne. Time, 2.54 2.5.

4.—Mafocs' Race

No whips or spurs.

1.—Bleriot.

2.—Vopros.

3.—Ariel.

Time, 2.10 4.5. Parimutuel.





WINE AND



WALNUTS



Why She Didn't Win

THEY were at Monte Carlo, and, like other visitors to that insidious paradise, they considered the Casino a place which ought to be visited.

They stood hesitatingly before one of the tables, and at last the temptation to join the players proved too strong for the lady.

"I must just risk one £10 note," she said to her husband. "Give me one, darling, and I will put it on the number of my age. That will be lucky."

Hubby was inclined to be sceptical; but he might have spared himself the trouble of grumbling, and the £10 note was duly deposited on No. 24.

Alas! No. 36 proved to be the winning numeral, and the lady gave a gasp of despair.

"Serve you right," said her husband. "If you'd told the truth you'd have won."



No Linnet Like His

A CERTAIN collier possessed a linnet which he always said was the finest warbler and cleverest bird that ever grew feathers.

"Enter him in the show," said a friend to the proud owner one day. He acted on the advice, but the wonderful bird was passed over by the judges.

"He can't be so clever as you thought he was," said the friend.

"Oh, but he is," said Jack; "in fact, he's a deal too clever. You see, it's this way. One o' my lads at home is a—what d'yer call 'em?—a ventriloquist; well, that bird listened to my lad till he can do as well as him. At this 'ere contest instead o' opening his mouth he sung wi' it shut, as he 'ad learnt, an' them idiots o' judges thou'it wor t'other birds. See?"

Paying in Kind

FAME and fortune are often linked together, but the former does not always bring the latter with it, if this story of the Rev. C. M. Sheldon be true.

The author of "In His Steps" was waited upon one evening by a young couple anxious to be married.

Only when the ceremony had been performed did the clergyman notice that the young man seemed ill at ease. He explained the reason after grouping unsuccessfully in his pockets.

"I guess I ain't got a cent to pay for the performance, parson," he said, adding generously, "but I ken tell ye how to fix your gas meter so it won't register a foot a month!"



A Very Simple Addition

IN days gone by, in a country town amid the green hills, there lived and wrought a stone-cutter who, besides being reckoned skilful in designing tombstones, was also credited with a critical taste in epitaphs inscribed thereon. Being requested by the disconsolate, weeping relict of one of his townsmen to place on the slab of her dear departed the words, "My sorrow is greater than I can bear," he took care to place them out so that an addendum was possible; and was by no means surprised at her visiting him a few months later to ask him, as he was about to marry, to efface the inscription and substitute a more fitting one. "No need for that, marm," was his reply. "I always look to contingencies where there's widdys lef' All that's wanted to the inscription on that tomb is jes' to add the word 'alone.'"

A Pastor's Present

A PASTOR in a Scotch village had been at the manse thirty years, and, to mark the close of the third decade of his ministry, a number of the congregation thought they would make him a present. They elected each to bring a pannikin of the fine malt whisky for which the countryside was famous, and of which the Excise man had heard more than he was ever likely to see. Each came with his pannikin, and the contents were duly poured into a big flagon, securely sealed, and formally presented to the pastor. That night, before he and his wife retired to rest, they were enlarging upon the kindly thought that had inspired the gift, and elected to have one sip each of the presentation whisky. With much circumstance it was uncorked, and the pastor poured his wife out a glass. She sipped it. A look of disillusionment came over her face. She handed the glass to her husband that he might solve the mystery. He sipped it, too. It was water pure and undefiled! Every donor had been filled with the idea that his particular water-substitute would not be discoverable.



The New Way

THE proprietor of a Chicago hotel tells of an eccentric guest who registered with him about the time of the simplified spelling flurry, and who undertook, in an ingenious way, to show his contempt for the opponents of the proposed reform. When the newcomer spread his signature on to the register, it was at once observed that the name was a most unusual one.

"E. K. Phtholognyrrh."

"Beg your pardon, sir," said the clerk, "but how do you pronounce it?"

"Turner," was the reply, "and spelled in approved fashion, too!"

"Will you kindly explain?"

"Simplest thing in the world," said Turner, "First we have 'phth' the sound of 't' in 'phthisis'; then 'olo,' the sound of 'ur' in 'colonel'; thirdly, 'gn,' representing the sound of 'n,' in 'gnat,' and finally, 'yrrh,' the equivalent of 'yrrh' in 'myrrh.' If the combination doesn't spell 'Turner,' what does it spell?"



What's the Use of Being Engaged?

CLINKER: "A hundred congratulations, old man. Just heard of your engagement."

TUBBERLEY: "Thanks."

"Let's see. It's Miss Pepperton, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Fine girl that. You ought to be very proud."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Let's see," said Clinker, insinuatingly. "She's—that is—I believe—"

"You refer, I suppose, to her wealth. Yes, barrels."

"Splendid. I congratulate you."

"You did that before."

"Well, there's no harm in doing it again."

"No, no, not if you want to."

"Well, sir, I do. Fine, beautiful girl; one of the best families, and millions of money. Why, to be engaged to a girl like that is the best thing that can happen to a man."

"Think so, do you?"

"Yes, sir, I do! Look here, what's the matter with you, anyway? Aren't you pleased?"

"Well, not exactly."

"But why not? What more do you want?"

"I'll tell you, old man," replied Tubberley, sadly; "that engagement of mine has been announced now two weeks, and I haven't been able to borrow a couple of sovereigns on the strength of it!"

The Portuguese Co. S.V.C. in Camp

THE Portuguese Co. S.V.C. went into camp on Friday, 22nd October, and broke up on Monday morning, the 25th. They were favoured with ideal weather during their three nights and two days' stay at the Rifle Range. Before leaving their headquarters, Range Road, at

the gate and at the back of the encampment. These had two hours duty, after which they had to sleep in the guardhouse with uniform on, in case of being called out. Each member of the company took his turn on duty at night, and during the day the signallers took their place, and



MORNING



GOING OUT

TO THE RANGE



GETTING THE SCORE

BOOK



half-past six on Friday evening, the roll was called and fifty-one out of sixty-eight members answered their names and it speaks volumes for the *esprit de corps* of the unit that such a large percentage went into camp.

As soon as the Company arrived at its destination, a guard of sixteen men was detailed for night duty under a sergeant and a corporal. Sentries were posted at

the youngsters did their solid twelve hours, with a good deal of pride and precision. Lights were put out nightly at ten, except the last night, when an hour's extension was permitted. The *réveillé* was sounded at five every morning. On Saturday from six to eight the company had drill, and in the afternoon those who had not finished their musketry course, were put through it.

On Sunday mass was said at 6 a.m. by Father Contourier who was driven from French Town in a brougham which was wrecked on its way to the camp,



Photo

THE CAPTURED RUNAWAY

having come into collision with a Municipal water cart. The volunteers did yeoman service and prevented the runaway pony from doing any further damage by checking its mad career at once; but for their

promptitude the frightened pony might have worked havoc.

Immediately after service and a light breakfast, the annual rifle meeting commenced. A very keen competition ensued, and as the handicap was heavy the ultimate results were hard to foresee. Captain Davidson acted as umpire and Major Trueman visited the camp early and stayed to tiffin with the officers. The major's health was proposed by Captain Nolasco and enthusiastically drunk. In reply Major Trueman made a happy speech.

In the afternoon the ladies visited the camp and were invited to tea and music by the Harpa Band. Several friends of the company dined with them on Saturday and Sunday, among whom was Sergeant

INTERIOR OF
BARRACKS

A SIESTA

Photos by C. E. L. Ozorio



MASS



Kingsmill, who takes great interest in the company, and his health was also very enthusiastically drunk. Discipline was generally well observed throughout, and the men endeavoured to carry out the various duties assigned to them with a military spirit. They were in the throes of excitement at night expecting an attack by other units, as rumours floated that there would be a surprise visit; but this did not come off, to the disappointment of many. That the sentinels were alert was evident by their signalling each other at each end of the camp every quarter of an hour, their

- No. 1—Pereira Cup, presented by Mr. H. A. Pereira. Second prize by Mr. J. F. Pereira.
- 1 Sergeant A. M. Diniz.
- 2 Private A. G. dos Remedios.
- No. 2—Ludy Cup, presented by Mr. L. J. Encarnacao. Second prize presented by the second sergeant of second section.
- 1 Private A. S. dos Remedios.
- 2 do. F. A. M. d'Almeida.
- No. 3—Valflor Cup, presented by Chev. F. J. d'Almeida. Second prize by Mr. J. F. M. Gutterres.



THE FIRST SHOT

Photos by C. E. L. Ozorio



LADY GUESTS

strident voices ringing clear in the silent night, and now and then a flutter was created by a false alarm of an approaching enemy. A wag averred that a sentinel called the guard out at the sight of a couple of fireflies mistaking them for the eyes of a man.

An incident occurred while the shooting was going on, which might be recorded as it is of such a rare occurrence. A hare was sighted, chased and killed with a kick.

The first experiment of the company of going into camp was highly satisfactory and proved very useful and no doubt it will now be an annual fixture. Appended is the list of winners in the Rifle Meeting:—

- 1 Private J. M. Diniz.
- 2 do. J. M. Diniz.
- No. 4—Verdant Villa Cup, presented by Com. Chang Chi Pio.
- 1 Right half of the Company.
- No. 5—Officers' Cup, presented by the Officers.
- 1 Private E. M. Carion.
- 2 F. A. M. d'Almeida.
- No. 6—Bankers' Cup, presented by the employees of the Banks.
- 1 Corporal E. Martins.
- 2 Private E. M. Carion.
- 3 Sergeant A. M. Diniz.
- 4 Private F. M. Guedes.

No. 7—Grand Aggregate, presented by Club União.

- 1 Sergeant A. Diniz.
- 2 Private F. A. M. d'Almeida.
- 3 do. J. M. Diniz.
- 4 do. E. M. Carion.
- 5 do. E. Martins.
- 6 do. A. P. Marques.

No. 8—Consolation Aggregate, Prizes presented by Private F. A. M. d'Almeida, Corporal Gutterres and non-commissioned officers of the company.

- 1 Private Silvio Silva.
- 2 do. F. F. Siqueira.
- 3 Colour-Sergeant D. M. Gutterres.
- 4 Captain Nolasco.
- 5 Private A. A. Remedios.

No. 9—Special Consolation Aggregate Prize, presented by Propaganda Commercial Portugueza and Mr. J. G. de Souza.

- 1 Private F. D. Guedes.
- 2 do. C. Maher.

No. 10—Ladies' Prizes, presented by the Ladies.

- 1 Private A. M. Collaco.
- 2 Sergeant Leo Souza.
- 3 Sergeant A. M. Diniz.
- 4 Captain Nolasco.
- 5 Private F. Martins.

No. 11—Paksalean Cup, presented by Club Sport Paksalean. Second prize by the Company.

- 1 Private A. F. Diniz, Jr.
- 2 do. A. M. Collaco.



HOW THEY BID ADIEU

MRS. GRABBLER (rising to depart after a call on Mrs. Wearysome): "Well, I really must go. I've stayed now later than——"

MRS. WEARYSOME: "Oh, no, you haven't. You come so seldom and——"

"So seldom? Why, I call here oftener than almost any other place, and——"

"Well, I'm always delighted to see you and——"

"Oh, thanks. But I must go now. You'll come to see me soon, won't you, dear?"

"Yes, indeed, and——"

"Well, do now, and—oh, were you at the concert last night?"

"Yes, and——"

"Lovely little affair, wasn't it? How charmingly Mr. Tennerson sang. But I really must go now. Good-bye, dear."

"Good-bye."

"Mind that I expect to see you very soon."

"Oh, yes; but don't wait for me. You have more time than I, you know, and——"

"What! I have more time than you? My dear child, I'm fairly rushed to death all the year round."

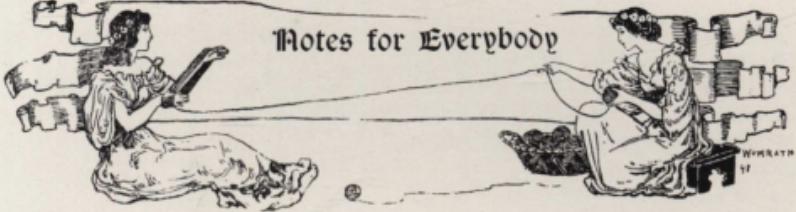
"So am I."

"I really don't see where the time goes. Good-bye, dear."

"Good-bye."

"If you don't come and see me soon I'll—oh! where did you get that lovely antimacassar—did you work it yourself? It's a perfect beauty! I wish I—but, oh, my dear, if I didn't nearly forget to tell you about Marie De Vere's wedding, and that's just what I came for. I must sit down and tell you all about it!"

Two hours later she departs, after a prolongation of the good-bye business of fifteen minutes on the steps.



Notes for Everybody

For the Swimmer

THE DEEPEST DIVE

WHAT is the greatest depth at which a diver can work? Coloured men in the tropics who go down for sponges and pearls without the aid of diving dress at all achieve wonderful feats in this respect, but their records are not above suspicion. The most remarkable work of this sort done on our own coast was in the Firth of Forth many years ago. The Government wanted specimens of ova in connection with a fishing inquiry, and it was necessary that a man should go down 80-ft. or 90-ft. to get it. At that time such a dive was considered impossible, but it was done from a revenue cutter. The Admiralty equips all naval ships of any size with diving apparatus, and each one carries one or two men who can at any time go down to examine or repair the hull. To come back to the records - one of the most sensational dives ever made stands to the credit of a man who went down a flooded mine in Silesia a distance of 85-ft., and remained for two hours. Standing absolutely alone among these achievements is the story of the men who repeatedly dived to the wreck of a valuable steamer off the coast of South America; and almost beyond belief is the statement that one of them remained down for forty-two minutes. Yet the record is well authenticated.

For Woman

SELECTION OF COLOURS

HERE are some rules for the selection of colours to be worn by different types, in daytime and at night.

Match the eyes for the daytime. For dark blue or grey-blue eyes, dark indigo or cornflower blue is prescribed for a daytime colour. These not only intensify the depths of colour in the eyes, but bring out the best tones of the skin and hair.

* * *

Pale blue for evening wear is advised, as it tends to flatter the tints of a complexion that is not perfect; but a pallid woman should not wear it, as it increases pallor.

There is no tone of grey that will suit a sallow woman, unless relieved by some bright, becoming colour; if this be pink, it should be of the coral rather than rose shade. Dark brown is a good daytime colour for the sallow, as it takes away from the yellow of the complexion, and pale shell-pinks are best for their evening frocks.

* * *

Women with warm brown hair and eyes should match them in colour for day wear; the entire toilette in the same tone is advisable.

Fair, slight women, with delicate colour in cheeks and lips, wear the refined shades of fawn or beige very successfully; but on no account should a stout, rosy, vigorous, tall woman wear them, if she would avoid a coarse and masculine appearance.

* *

THE INFLUENCE OF BEAUTY

THERE is no reason why virtue should be dull and ugly; on the contrary, it should be as lovely as possible.

Beautiful women can use their influence for good, and should we not all strive to keep love at home?

I know a woman who, in spite of her fifty summers, always dresses well and looks smart and nice. She is not dressed extravagantly, but wears clothes suited to her and to the occasion. She takes a pride in dressing well, and she also takes care of her clothes, wearing clean collars and cuffs, or dainty laces about her bodice and coat, and limits herself to a few colours that really suit her. Attention to dress does do so much for a woman, and a well-fitted corset is the foundation of good dressing.



For the Housekeeper

SIMNEL CAKE

Here is a recipe for Simnel cake:— One pound of flour, one quarter of a pound of butter, a quarter of a pound of lump sugar, a half pound of currants, two ounces of candied peel, a quarter of an ounce of bicarbonate of soda, an egg, and enough milk to make the mixture the consistence of thin, smooth dough. Put the flour into a stone vessel with the sugar crushed and the currants washed and dried, add the peel nicely chopped, stir the soda into a well-beaten egg, with enough milk, and pour the whole into the centre of the flour; mix all well together, then put the whole into a well-buttered tin mould, and bake in a good even until done.



CELERY WITH EGG DRESSING

Celery, the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, one tablespoonful of salad oil, salt, pepper, and sugar to taste; a little vinegar. Scrape and wash the celery, cut it into $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. lengths, and put it for a few minutes into iced water to crisp. Rub the yolks of the eggs until smooth. Add the salad oil, salt, pepper, and sugar to taste, and enough vinegar to make the mixture liquid. Take the celery out of the iced water, put it into a salad bowl, pour over the egg dressing, and serve.

Hints for a 'Xmas Menu

"Welcome my friends all."

SOUP

"I will eat these broths with spoons of amber,
Headed with diamond and carbuncle."

—*B. Jonson.*

FISH

"Some choice sou'd fish brought couchant in a dish,
Among some fennel"—*W. Cartwright.*

"'Tis very sweet and fresh, sir,
The fish was taken but this night."

—*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

ENTRÉES

"A morsel for a monarch."

—*Antony and Cleopatra.*

"A genial savour
Of certain stews and roast meats and pilaus."—*Byron.*

TURKEY

It was a turkey! He never could have stood upon his legs, that bird. He would have snapped 'em short off in a minute, like sticks of sealing wax.

—*C. Dickens.*

"Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it."

—*Macbeth.*

"A little, helpless, innocent bird." —*Tennyson.*

SWEETS

"Let Christmas boast her customary treat,
A mixture strange of suet, currants, meat,
Where various tastes combine, the greasy
and the sweet."

"The daintiest last to make the end most
sweet."—*Richard II.*

"All that's sweet was made,
But to be lost when sweetest."—*Moore.*

SAVOURY

"To give satiety a fresh appetite."—

—*Othello.*

CHEESE

"Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my
digestion."

—*Troilus and Cressida.*

"Bachelor's fare: bread and cheese and
kisses."—*Swift.*

COFFEE

"A little pot and soon hot."

LIQUEUR

"One sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits."

Shanghai

THE



Races

First Day

THE lovely weather of Saturday and Sunday preceding race week, led up to a great disappointment, when Monday the proposed first day of the Autumn Meeting of the Shanghai Race Club, dawned in such a mist and downpour of rain, that the Stewards were constrained to postpone the Meeting

conspicuous by its absence. However, *Russley* distinguished himself by beating his own time in last year's Leger by $6\frac{2}{3}$ secs.

A point of comment was the time in which *Millepattes* won the British Navy Cup, which, despite the fact that this race is open only to untried griffins of Tls. 150 limit, was $1\frac{1}{2}$ secs. faster than



Photo

A SUCCESS FOR THE "TREE" STABLE

Satow

till the next day. The usual result of a postponement happened. The Meeting on Tuesday lacked enthusiasm, and the attendance was not up to the general standard. However, no rain fell, and although the weather was a little too

in the Maidens which is over the same distance, and the price of the ponies unlimited.

The most successful jockey of the day was Mr. Burkhill with four firsts, two seconds, and a third. The most successful



Photo

MR. BURKILL ON SPRING ROSE, MR. MOLLER ON SAGITTARIUS, AND MR. VIDA ON MORIAK

warm to be seasonable, it was pleasant, and improved as the day progressed. Despite the heavy rains on Monday, the course was not so bad as might have been expected, but the going was necessarily heavy and record breaking

stable was that of Mr. Buxey, a *Rose* winning the Criterion, Fahwah Stakes, and the Autumn Cup. The largest dividend of the day was \$174.70 paid on *Millepattes*, and the largest place dividend was \$41.50, paid on *Gothic* for a second place.

1.—The Maloo Plate

Mr. Henry Morris's grey Hankow, late Alimduh (Mr. C. R. Burkhill) ...	1	Mr. Buxey's chestnut Spring Rose (Mr. C. R. Burkhill) ...	1
„ Ballnus' chestnut Fabulus (Mr. Moller) ...	2	„ Saxo-Borussia's brown Sagittarius (Mr. Moller) ...	2
„ Avanti's grey Snippet (Mr. Eggers) ...	3	„ Barley's grey Moriak (Mr. Vida) ...	3



Photo

THE CRITERIONS

Satow

MR. BURKILL ON REVE D'OR ROSE, MR. MOLLER ON GEMINI, AND MR. HAYES ON SUTLEJ

2.—The Criterion Stakes

Mr. Buxey's black Réve d'Or Rose (Mr. C. R. Burkhill) ...	1	Mr. Fem's roan Millepattes (Mr. Schnorr) ...	1
„ Ballnus' spot Gemini (Mr. Moller) ...	2	„ Quebec's grey Gothic (Mr. Cumming) ...	2
Messrs. Toeg & Speelman's bay Sutlej (Mr. J. A. Hayes) ...	3	„ Quebec's cream Stadacona (Mr. Moller) ...	3



Photo

MR. JOHNSTONE ON RAVENSHOE—A WINNER ON THE OFF DAY

Satow

3.—The Maiden Stakes

Mr. John Peel's bay Kirkpatrick (Mr. Johnstone) ...	1
„ Dick Turpin's grey Verdun (Mr. C. R. Burkhill) ...	2
„ S. and S. grey Regulus (Mr. Moller) ...	3



THE OWNERS' STAND



SOME WELL-KNOWN SPECTATORS



6.—The Shanghai St. Leger

Mr. MacWatt's grey Russley (Mr. Cumming) ... 1
,, Saxo-Borussia's brown Pegasus (Mr. Moller) 2
Messrs. Toeg & Speelman's grey Susquehanna (Mr. J. A. Hayes) 3

7.—The Eclipse Stakes

Mr. MacWatt's grey Kingsclere (Mr. Cumming) 1
,, W. G. Pirie's cream Milkman (Mr. C. R. Burkill) 2
,, Valentine's spot. wh. Net (Mr. J. A. Hayes) 3

9.—The Whangpoo Stakes

Mr. Buxey's black Little Gem Rose (Mr. Burkhill) 1
,, Ballnus' ches. Fabulus (Mr. Moller) 2
,, Fash's grey Marbles (Mr. Alderton) 3



Second Day

THE second day of the races turned out to be even more depressing than the

At the
Shanghai Autumn
Races



MR. AND MRS. COLLYER AND MISS SCOTT

8.—The Autumn Cup

Mr. Dick Turpin's bay Vespasian (Mr. Spring- field) 1
,, Valentine's grey Pet (Mr. Railton) 2
,, Hasty's grey I'm Off (Mr. C. R. Burkhill) ... 3



first, for the intense mugginess of the morning became a drizzle at noon and a thoroughly wet afternoon followed. Although the time of the Llama Miau Stakes was very slow, the race between *Susquehanna* and *Sagittarius* was a game fight and it was only at the last moment that *Sagittarius* was beaten. Mr. Moller,

with 1 first, 5 seconds and 1 third was the most successful jockey in placed mounts, and Mr. Burkhill headed the list of winning jockeys with 2

firsts, 1 second and 1 third to his record, but Mr. Cumming made a good second with 2 firsts and 1 third, while Mr. Schnorr rode 2 winners past the post. Mr. Johnstone rode 1 first and 1 second, Mr. Dupree 1 first and 1 third.

There were no abnormal dividends, the largest being \$58.60 paid on *Capitaine Maurice* for a win and \$37.10 for a place. Mr. Buxey's stables again carried first honours of the day with two firsts and a second place.



SPECTATORS AT THE RACES

1.—The Northern Cup

Mr. Henry Morriss' grey Hankow, late Alimduil (Mr. Dupree)	1
„ Buxey's black Réve d'Or Rose (Mr. C. R. Burkhill)	2
„ Ballinus' spotted Gemini (Mr. Moller) ...	3

2.—The China Cup	
Mr. John Peel's bay Kirkpatrick (Mr. Johnstone)	1
„ F. B. Marshall's grey Cherry Tree (Mr. Vida)	2
„ Dick Turpin's grey Vedas (Mr. Springfield)	3

3.—The Shanghai Stakes	
Mr. Buxey's ches. Spring Rose (Mr. C. R. Burkhill)	1
„ Saxo-Borussia's brown Pegasus (Mr. Moller)	2
„ Fash's grey Pianola (Mr. Alderton) ...	3



CHILDREN AT THE RACES ON THE OFF DAY

4.—The Pagoda Cup	
Mr. Permy's grey Capitaine Maurice (Mr. Schnorr)	1
„ Quebec's cream Stadacona (Mr. Moller) ...	2
„ F. B. Marshall's ches Peach Tree (Mr. Vida)	3

5.—The Llama Miau Stakes	
Mr. Saxo-Borussia's brown Sagittarius (Mr. Moller)	1
Messrs. Toeg & Speelman's grey Susquehanna (Mr. J. A. Hayes)	2
Mr. Marshall's grey Palm Tree (Mr. Cumming) ...	3

6.—The Rubicon Plate	
Mr. MacWatt's grey Kingsclere (Mr. Cumming)	1
„ Ellis Kadoorie's white Tartar Chief (Mr. Moller)	2
„ W. G. Pirie's cream Milkman (Mr. C. R. Burkhill)	3



THE CATHAY CUP

7.—The Racing Stakes

Mr. MacWatt's grey Russley (Mr. Cumming) ... 1
,, Ballnus' ches. Fabulus (Mr. Moller) ... 2
,, Ballnus' ches. Sirius (Mr. Dupree) ... 3

8.—The Sycee Stakes

Mr. Fem's roan Millepattes (Mr. Schnorr) ... 1
,, John Peel's grey Kirkabister (Mr. Johnstone) 2
,, Dick Turpin's spot roan Vulcan (Mr. Springfield) 3

MR. SCHNORR

ON

MILLESPATTES,

THE WINNER



THE NAVY CUP

9.—The Siccawei Plate

Mr. Buxey's black Little Gem Rose (Mr. C. R. Burkhill) ... 1
,, Ballnus' spot. Gemini (Mr. Moller) ... 2
,, Paignton's ches. Orcas (Mr. Rowe) ... 3



Third Day

THE morning of the third day of the races dawned clear and cold, accompanied, by a cutting wind, but the weather was still cheerless and a lack of enthusiasm was evident. However, a fair attendance witnessed the Champions, which was one of the best races of the Meeting.

The most successful jockey was Mr. Moller who rode four winners, one second and three thirds, including the Champion of the meeting. The largest dividends of the day were paid on *Orcas*, and *Valerian*, the former paying \$433.50 for a win, and the latter \$72.60 for a third place. The most successful stable was that of Mr. Balnus with two firsts and a second.

1.—The Flyaway Plate

Mr. Paignton's ches. Orcas (Mr. Rowe) ... 1
,, Ballnus' spot. Gemini (Mr. Moller) ... 2
,, Jedmor's skew. Sokol (Mr. Vida) ... 3

2.—The Pou-ma-ting Cup
Mr. F. B. Marshall's brown Damson Tree (Mr. Vida) 1
,, Dick Turpin's grey Vulture (Mr. Springfield) ... 2

,, Quebec's cream Stadacona (Mr. Moller) ... 3
--

3.—The Cosmopolitan Cup

Mr. Fash's grey Marbles (Mr. Alderton ... 1
Messrs. Toeg & Speelman's grey Stirrup Cup (Mr. J. A. Hayes) ... 2
Mr. Saxo-Borussia's brown Pegasus (Mr. Moller) 3

4.—The Grand Stand Stakes

Mr. Ellis Kadoorie's white Tartar Chief (Mr. Moller) ... 1
,, S. and S's grey Regulus (Mr. Laurence)† ... 2
,, Valentine's grey Pet (Mr. Railton)* ... 3

† dead heat. * 1-lb. overweight.



MR. ALBERS AND MRS. SNETHLAGE

5.—The Pari-Mutual Cup

Mr. Ballnus' ches. Fabulus (Mr. Moller)	1
„ H. P. White's brown Barry (Mr. Dupree)	2
Messrs. Toeg & Speelman's grey Susquehanna (Mr. J. A. Hayes)	3

6.—The Manchu Stakes

Mr. W. G. Pirie's cream Milkman (Mr. C. R. Burkhill)	1
„ Hasty's grey I'm Off (Mr. P. Crighton)	2
„ Dick Turpin's bay Valerian (Mr. Tempriere)	3



SOME WELL-KNOWN SHANGHAI LADIES

7.—The Consolation Cup

Mr. Ballnus' ches. Sirius (Mr. Moller)	1
„ Fash's grey Pianola (Mr. Alderton)	2
Messrs. Toeg & Speelman's bay Sutlej (Mr. J. A. Hayes)	3

8.—The Champion Sweepstakes

Mr. Saxo-Borussia's brown Sagittarius (Mr. Moller)	1
„ Buxey's ches. Spring Rose (Mr. Poulsen)	2
„ Buxey's black Little Gem Rose (Mr. Burkhill)	3

9.—The Jockey Cup

Mr. Ring's grey Capello (Mr. Fock)	1
„ Hays' grey Seafarer (Mr. King)	2
„ Aventi's grey Snippet (Mr. Eggers)	3



Off Day

THE off day was in all respects the most successful of the Meeting, for both weather and racing were a decided improvement on the earlier days. Although the course was not exactly ideal, it had decidedly improved since Thursday, and some excellent finishes were seen. The improved weather tempted a large number of spectators to the course, and altogether things appeared more cheerful.

The most interesting event of this day was the Grand National, which proved to be a splendid race, with *Cotswold*

finishing in a style that will not be easily forgotten. Both rider and pony proved themselves absolutely in the first rank, and *Cotswold* scored his fourth successive win in this event. The largest dividend of the day was \$325.10 paid on *Bowie Knife* with only four tickets for a win, while *Wilbur Wright* paid \$98.40 for a place.

The most successful jockey was Mr. Johnstone with two firsts and a second, while Mr. Vida rode two winners past the post.



MR. AND MRS. PHILLIPPO AND FAMILY

1.—The "Corn and Hay" Stakes

Mr. G. D. Coutts' bay Newbury (Mr. Jones)	1*
,, Avanti's grey Snippet (Mr. Eggers)	1*
,, O'Malley's grey Paddy (Mr. Railton)	3
* Dead Heat	



MRS. MCGREGOR'S LITTLE DAUGHTER AND SON

2.—The "Sunshine" Stakes

Mr. Muslin's grey Bowie Knife (Mr. Lindsay)	1
,, R. Macgregor's ches. Salvator (Mr. Johnstone)	2
,, Crawford's grey Wilbur Wright (Mr. J. A. Brand)	3

3.—The "Off Day" Stakes

Mr. F. B. Marshall's grey Cherry Tree (Mr. Vida)	1
,, Durgor's grey Mongolia (Mr. Jones)	2
,, Neville's roan King of the Plains (Mr. Poulsen)	3



WELL-KNOWN RESIDENTS

4.—The "Lottery" Stakes

Messrs. Oswald and Hunter's grey Ravenshoe	
Mr. Johnstone)	1
,, Toeg and Speelman's bay Sutlej (Mr. J. A. Hayes)	2
,, Toeg and Speelman's grey Susquehanna (Mr. Poulsen)	3

5.—The Grand National Steeplechase

Mr. John Peel's bay Cotswold (Mr. Johnstone)	1
,, Robson's grey Chehalis (Mr. C. R. Burkhill)	2
,, Fash's grey Pianola (Mr. King)	3

6.—The "Also Ran" Plate

Mr. Hasty's grey Come Along (Mr. J. A. Brand)	1
,, Dick Turpin's bay Verdun (Mr. Springfield)	2
,, Martini's ches. Cocktail (Mr. Little) ...	3

7.—The "Mudlarkers" Plate

Mr. Hasty's grey Dobequick (Mr. Vida) ...	1
Messrs. Oswald and Piric's grey Horseman (Mr. Rowe) ...	2
Mr. Hays' grey Seafarer (Mr. King) ...	3

8.—The Mafoos' Race

Mr. Barley's grey Moriaik ...	1
Messrs. Toeg & Speelman's Stirrup Cup ...	2
,, Toeg & Speelman's Susquehanna...	3

LIST OF OFFICIALS

<i>Chairman.</i> —A. McLeod, Esq.,
<i>Judge.</i> —D. Landale, Esq.,
<i>Stewards in Charge of Scales.</i> —H. J. Craig, Esq., and W. S. Jackson, Esq.
<i>Stewards in Charge of Telegraph and Numbers.</i> —G. D. Coutts, Esq., and D. W. Crawford, Esq.
<i>Stewards in Charge of Pari-Mutuel.</i> —H. J. Craig, Esq., and M. Hoerter, Esq.
<i>Starters.</i> —S. W. Pratt, Esq., and H. H. Read, Esq.
<i>Timekeeper.</i> —H. Maitland, Esq.
<i>Clerk of the Course.</i> —S. W. Pratt, Esq.
<i>Secretary.</i> —A. W. Olsen, Esq.



VERDUN, SECOND PONY IN THE MAIDENS, BEING LED IN BY MISS MCBAIN



STINGS FROM BALZAC

WOMEN have the art of upsetting with a straw the balance of the world.

It is a woman's instinct to be a tyrant when she is not a slave.

Women never care for men who tutor them—their petty vanities are too much tried.

Women are the only creatures who can accept gracefully, because it is always in their power to requite.

Few women know the rapture of sorrows kept alive by desire. It is one of the splendid emotions reserved for men.

It is natural for women to like despotism—a system of government which does away with books and nasty politics, and surrenders men absolutely to women.

In the eyes of a man of strong feelings, a woman is always worth whatever she costs him.

THE CALEDONIAN BALL

AS usual, the Caledonian Ball on St. Andrew's Day, proved to be the social milestone of November, and scored the unqualified success that is its usual meed. To the energetic committee and stewards, the thanks of the large number of guests invited, are due, for nothing that could be done for the comfort and pleasure of these same guests, was left undone. The success of the Ball is mainly due to the efforts of Messrs. D. Landale (invitations), Geo. Miller (supper), C. M. Bain (floor), and J. Christie (decorations), to whom unbounded credit is due.

The decorations which always form such a strong feature of this ball seem to improve every year despite the fact that to most people there seems no room for improvement. This year the striking feature was the predominance of red lights used in the decorative scheme, and which cast a warm glow over all, and was decidedly becoming. From the entrance hall, arches of feathery bamboo, relieved by red lights, led up the staircase which was also carpeted with bright red, while at every turn pots of chrysanthemums filled the corners, and the balustrades were screened by ivy-covered trelliswork. The walls of the staircase were decorated with banners, amongst which the Royal Standard was conspicuous, likewise the "Thistle" with the mottoes "*Nemo me impene lacescit*," "*Esse quam videri*," "*Endure forte*," and "*Tace aut face*," while the entrance to the dancing hall was curtained by the Union Jack.

Within the hall a transformation scene greeted the merrymakers. The gallery

was covered with red and yellow bunting as was a projecting canopy built out from it, and supported by pillars on which emblematic shields and tartans were a conspicuous note. Under the canopy a dais was raised on which stood the table bearing the regalia and trophies of the Society, in which are included silver-mounted snuff mulls and rams' heads set with Cairngorm stones, while some peat from Jura and some very fine purple heather which had been sent to Mr. Miller from the hills of Inverness, attracted much attention. The gallery clock had entirely disappeared behind an illuminated transparency of St. Andrew draped with the Union Jack. The centre of attraction was a large St. Andrew's cross which was formed of evergreens and blue and white electric bulbs, and which marked the middle of the ceiling, while trails of ivy, interspersed with red lights, were festooned from this centrepiece to the walls.

On the south side of the hall, the windows had been thrown open and built out with matting to form alcoves, and through white lace curtains could be seen a mirror background reflecting the flowers and foliage which decorated the alcove. On the north side a picture of "Bobbie" Burns occupied a prominent place over the middle fireplace, while on the walls were displayed the coats of arms of the clans Gordon, Macaulay, Cameron, Sutherland, and Maclachlan, surmounted by crossed battleaxes. The pilasters between the panels were decorated with evergreens and coloured lights, and shields sashed with the tartans of the various clans. At the extreme end of the hall, the Royal

Standard formed an attractive background to a raised platform which accommodated the band. The latter was screened by an artistic embankment of palms and chrysanthemums, while the recesses each side of this platform, provided, with the aid of screens and flowers, some cosy sitting-out corners.

The Volunteers' Club room was used for light refreshments and sitting out, and through this room an archway of trellis work and evergreens, led to the supper room, while from the centre of the room, were suspended festoons of ivy and heather interspersed with coloured lights, which were carried to the four corners.

As usual, supper was served in the gymnasium where seating accommodation for 300 people was provided. Here Scotland's Royal coat of arms was displayed on the panels, and shields of clans Drummond, Chisholm, Fraser, and Buchanan were prominent. The windows were arched with bamboo, and flowers decorated the ledges, while the wires carrying the drop lights, were encircled with ivy. Garlands of foliage and coloured lights were carried from pillar to wall while the tables were daintily decorated with vases of chrysanthemums standing on table centres composed of blue silk, on which a cross was outlined in silver.

The caterers were Messrs. W. L. Gerrard & Co., and Messrs. Caldbeck, Macgregor, and the festive sideboard groaned with good things, while haggis and mashed potatoes formed an important item of the menu. The dancing floor was in excellent condition, and reflected great credit upon Mr. Bain who must have taken particular pains to bring it to such a point of perfection in the a short time at his disposal for its preparation.

In the wee sma' hours a programme of the recent Royal Gaelic Sports held at Braemar was exhibited, and roused much enthusiasm amongst the Scotchmen present.

St. Andrew's Bursaries

In connection with St. Andrew's Society of Shanghai, the charitable works form by no means a lesser part than its social functions of which we naturally hear so much more.

For some years this association of Scotchmen has subscribed funds for Bursaries which are offered for competition amongst school children of Scottish parentage and British nationality, between the ages of twelve and sixteen. This year fourteen were present at the examination, which besides ordinary subjects, calls for a special study of Scotch literature and history.

The following were the successful candidates:—

Miss Madge Arthur (Shanghai Public School). Marks: General 505; Scottish 227. Total 732. First Bursary of \$100.

Miss D'Arcie Graham (Miss Jewell's School). Marks: General 498; Scottish 225. Total 723. Miss Janet Taylor (Shanghai Public School). Marks: 505; Scottish 218. Total 723. Two equal second Bursaries of \$50.

Besides the Bursaries, as a reward of merit, each competitor is to be given an Assiduity Prize in the shape of a book having some Scottish interest as an incentive to greater efforts to attain to a knowledge of their Fatherland—"Bonnie Scotland." This is a gift of the President of the Society, Mr. D. Landale.

The Bursary Committee consists of Messrs. D. Landale, A. M. Currie, H. C. Gulland, W. F. Inglis, J. Prentice, and Dr. H. C. Patrick, Convener.

* * *

A typical Scotch menu at the dinner of the Caledonian Society, London, 1909:—

"Some of the things we'll ha'e.

Broth.

Made wi' a sheep heid.

Biled haddies. Glesca magistrates.

Haggis wi' a' the honours.

("Fair fa' your honest sonsie face

Great chieftain o' the puddin' race!"

Roastit beef. Roastit lamb.

Heathery hens and sautit soot's leg.

Tawties biled and frizzled.

Wee kail aff the caustik.

Aiple taits. Hallowe'en puddins.

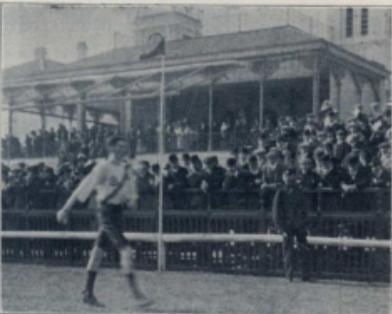
A bit o' a mitey kebbuck wi' ait cakes.

Green stuff,

The International Walking Match

THE sixth international walking match took place on Sunday, November 28th, under favourable weather conditions, the ground being dry and hard, and the sky not too brilliant. The times were consequently good, a record being scored by the first man, Amar Singh, who won the race in 2 hrs. 45 mins. 17 secs. against the best previous time for the same course of 2 hrs. 46 mins. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs. by Featherstonhaugh in 1907.

Punctually at 8 a.m., a start was made from the corner of Bubbling Well and



DUNNE COMING IN SECOND

Weihaiwei and Mohawk Roads to the Race Course; the walkers entered at 14 Mohawk Road and finished on the grass course in front of the Grand Stand.

Wade was the first to reach St. George's Farm and still held the lead at the junction of Yates and Bubbling Well Roads, having done the distance in 1 hr. 18 mins.

Amar Singh came second, about fifty yards behind Wade, and P. J. Dunne followed some seventy yards behind Amar Singh. When the corner of Jessfield and Robison Roads was passed,



PASSING THE GRAND STAND

Carter Roads, and the course continued along Bubbling Well, Gordon, Robison, Jessfield and Siccawei Roads, Route de Say Zoong, Avenue Potier, Route Pichon, French Siccawei Road, Route de Père Robert, Route des Sœurs, Yates Road, Bubbling Well Road, when a turn was made to the corner of Yates and Weihaiwei Roads, continuing along



WAITING FOR THE COMPETITORS TO ARRIVE

Wade and Amar Singh were walking together, and this position was retained past St. George's Farm, but along the Route de Père Robert, Amar Singh began to leave Wade and at the corner of Avenue Paul Brunat, he had a lead of fifty yards, while Dunne gradually overtook Wade, who was visibly tiring. After this Amar Singh held his place and entered the Race Course about 10.43 a.m., in fine style, having won the match in record time

out," but walking pluckily, and was received with a storm of applause. The team competition resulted as follows:—

1. English Team $2+3+4+9=18$
2. Irish " $1+5+6+7=19$
3. Portuguese " $8+10+11+12=41$

The order in the team competition was:—

- (1) T. Dunne, Irish ; (2) T. Wade, English ; (3) W. Leigh, English ; (4) J. H.



MR. CRAIG

AND

MRS. SHELDON



SPECTATORS AT THE WALKING MATCH

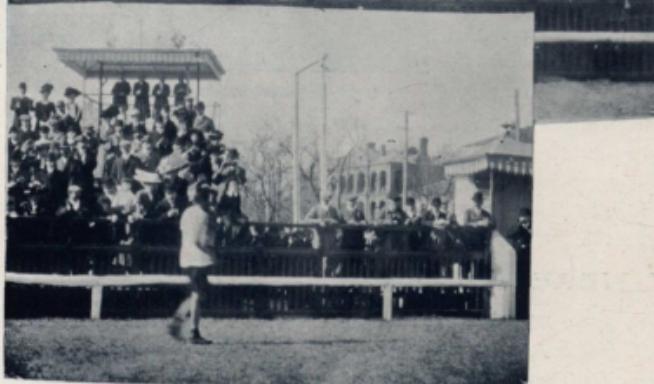
He was in excellent condition, and received a hearty ovation. About four minutes elapsed before T. Dunne appeared, but he finished in good style, having walked the course in 2 hrs. 49 mins. $28\frac{3}{4}$ secs. Something like two minutes later, Wade appeared, looking very "fagged

McCubbon, English ; (5) C. McGuire, Irish ; (6) P. J. Dunne, Irish ; (7) Con Hamilton, Irish ; (8) C. Collaco, Portuguese ; (9) D. Campbell, English ; (10) M. J. Collaco, Portuguese ; (11) F. A. M. Almeida, Portuguese ; (12) C. Aquino,* Portuguese.

* Over time limit.



SPECTATORS

AT THE
WALKING MATCH

AMAR SINGH, THE WINNER

The individual prizes were won by—

- (1) Amar Singh ; (2) T. Dunne ; (3) T. Wade ; (4) W. Leigh ; (5) J. H. McCubbon ; (6) C. McGuire ; (7) P. J. Dunne ; (8) Con Hamilton ; (9) G. McLorn.

MRS. MORGAN PHILLIPS AND MRS. BULLARD
WATCHING THE WALKING COMPETITION

The prizes for the youngest and oldest competitors were awarded to J. D. M. Pringle and C. Collaco, respectively.

It is worthy of note that although only five Irishmen took part in the race they obtained nine prizes—four team and five individual.

The order and times of the individual competitors were as follows :—

1	Amar Singh,	Individual	2.45.17
2	T. Dunne,	Irish	2.49.28 $\frac{3}{8}$
3	T. Wade,	English	2.51.4 $\frac{1}{8}$
4	W. Leigh,	"	2.52.41 $\frac{2}{8}$
5	J. H. McCubbon,	"	2.52.46 $\frac{1}{8}$
6	C. McGuire,	Irish.....	2.53.19 $\frac{2}{8}$
7	P. J. Dunne,	"	2.54.21 $\frac{1}{8}$
8	Con Hamilton,	"	2.54.48 $\frac{3}{8}$
9	G. McLorn,	Individual	2.55.56 $\frac{4}{8}$
10	J. Gillis,	"	2.56.17 $\frac{4}{8}$
11	C. Collaco,	Portuguese...	2.56.44
12	C. R. Greenburg,	Individual...	2.59.39
13	D. Campbell,	English ...	3.01.52 $\frac{3}{8}$
14	M. J. Collaco,	Portuguese ..	3.06.12 $\frac{4}{8}$
15	J. D. M. Pringle,	Individual...	3.08.59 $\frac{2}{8}$
16	F. A. M. Almeida,	Portuguese...	3.11.36 $\frac{3}{8}$
17	Ny Tshu Ching,	Individual...	3.13.18 $\frac{3}{8}$

OUTSIDE THE TIME LIMIT.

18 Ant. Albini, Individual.. 3.20 33
 19 Louis A. Dufour, " ..3.23.03
 20 C. Aquino, Portuguese.3.23.41

Miss Warren kindly distributed the prizes. There were no speeches, but when the prizes had been handed to the competitors who were present, Mr. M. Speelman presented Miss Warren with a bouquet of flowers in a silver holder. Cheers for Miss Warren concluded the proceedings.



MISS WARREN PRESENTING THE PRIZES



WHY WERE THE WISE MEN THREE?

*"Why were the Wise Men three,
 Instead of five or seven?"*

They had to match, you see,
 The archangels in Heaven.

God sent them, sure and swift,
 By His mysterious presage,
 To bear the threefold gift
 And take the threefold message.

Thus in their hands were seen
 The gold of purest Beauty,
 The myrrh of Truth all-clean,
 The frankincense of Duty.

And thus they bore away
 The loving heart's great treasure,
 And knowledge clear as day
 To be our life's new measure.

God sent them for a sign
 He would not change nor alter
 His good and fair design,
 However man may falter.

Whoso would mark and reach
 The height of man's election
 Must still achieve and teach
 The triplicate perfection.

The Shanghai Horticultural Society

THE Annual Chrysanthemum Show of the Shanghai Horticultural Society was held in the Town Hall on Thursday, 19th November, and was generally pronounced to be one of the best on record, inasmuch as the average display of blooms and ferns was of a higher order than usual and for this reason exceptional specimens were fewer. Unfortunately the concert which had been arranged for the evening was abandoned and caused disappointment, although the Town Band did its best to provide entertainment by giving some excellent orchestral selections.

The large display of chrysanthemums crowded out the ferns which made an excellent show in the Volunteers' Club rooms, while the vegetables were placed in the gymnasium. The latter collection comprised many very fine specimens, amongst which were some noticeable potatoes sent in by Mr. Craig and Mr. Toeg who carried off first and second prizes respectively, while Mr. Crawford took first prize for some magnificent tomatoes. Mr. Craig's prize celery was quite exceptional for this part of the world. The decorated tables always form a strong attraction of the Flower Show, and although the method of awarding prizes by vote allows points for very little except the artistic side, it certainly helps to create a greater amount of enthusiasm amongst the spectators.

Eight ladies entered for this competition, but the first prize was carried off by Mrs. Snethlage with a large majority of votes for an exceedingly artistic arrangement of big tawny yellow chrysanthemums and

beautiful ferns and smilax in gipsy pots of bronze. The arrangement was most simple, but quite distinctive, and elegant to a degree. The second prize was awarded to Miss Wadman, who used a pretty silver table ornament set on a mirror surrounded with dark green ribbon. The big white chrysanthemums and maiden-hair and asparagus ferns which formed her scheme of decoration were thus admirably set off and produced a very dainty effect.

Mrs. and Miss Petersen's table, which was awarded third prize, was one of the best in its colour scheme and original arrangement, but lacked lightness on account of a too lavish display of blooms. Dark red chrysanthemums and ferns were chosen for this table, arranged on a drawn thread centre piece embroidered in the identical shade of the chrysanthemums used in the vases, while an elongated end of the table-centre continued across to one corner. Several pretty tea table decorations were carried out by children, the first prize for which was awarded to Miss R. Godsif for an arrangement of dark red blooms and maiden-hair fern. Miss Agnes Lawrie Smith came in for a second prize with her arrangement of tawny yellow chrysanthemums intermingled with red-yellow ribbon, while Miss H. Craddock secured third prize with yellow and white button chrysanthemums and fern, and honourable mention was awarded to Miss F. Valentine for a graceful arrangement of red chrysanthemums and maiden-hair fern.

For a decorative basket, Mrs. Wrightson carried off first prize, and as is usual with her floral decorations, it was a work

of art, being an arrangement of tawny chrysanthemums and autumn leaves put together by obviously artistic fingers and brain.

Mr. W. E. Leveson carried off the Society's silver medal for eight specimen plants.

Altogether the Chrysanthemum Show of 1909 may be voted one of the most successful, for its large number of exhibitors proves the popularity of the institution.

Congratulations are due to the Committee which consisted of Sir Havilland de Saussure, President, and Messrs.

A. E. Algar, J. Ambrose, A. W. Bahr, R. H. Beauchamp, Brodie A. Clark, Theo. Eckhardt, H. E. Hobson, E. Jenner Hogg, G. R. Wingrove, and Way Yu Ding with Messrs. L. Grenard and D. MacGregor as Hon. Treasurer, and Hon. Secretary respectively.



A new feature of this season's exhibition was a special display of chrysanthemums grown by the scholars of the Shanghai Poor Children's Home. These reflected great credit upon the children, who, by the way, are all under the age of thirteen.

FLUSTERED

POOL: "Have you heard what happened to that man who was executed in Paris the other day?"

RIVERS: "No: what?"

POOL: "Lost his head, poor chap."



TEA IN THE GARDEN AT "DEVONIA"
(Late Phipps' Bungalow)

The Quiet Hour

What Girls Should Read

A Plea for Liberty

THE world is still sharply divided on the liberal treatment of young girls, and, one must suppose, will continue to be so till the end. So long as we are enmeshed in the traditions of barbaric times, so long will there remain a sentiment in favour of the seraglio and against freedom. And yet it is not from our Northern ancestors that we derive our attitude to women. It is, rather, an importation from Orientalism. We do not, certainly, as some suppose, owe it to Puritanism, since the attitude is more marked in Roman Catholic countries than in Great Britain.

Sir Willoughby Patterne in "The Egoist" desired that his wife should come to him newly hatched out of an egg, as it were; and possibly the assumption that this is the prevailing sentiment of the man has much to do with the seclusion and ignorance in which young girls are kept by their mothers. To rob the daughter of that bloom of innocence, it is argued, is to destroy a marketable value. Plums with the bloom intact fetch a higher price at Covent Garden.

THE SHELTERED LIFE

This is by no means always the aspect that the question has for the matron, for it is only fair to recognise that she is not so grossly calculating.

Honestly, she may conceive that her daughters should be kept "uncontaminated" by knowledge of the world. She herself was brought up on ignorance, which she mistakes persistently for innocence; and what is good enough for her is good enough for her daughters; therefore she

supervises their reading, and sees to it that their library books are strictly "proper." Certain authors are "safe" authors; while others are dangerous. Some, poor lady, she is not in a position to judge of, and so takes counsel with her circle, or her husband, or her parson. At all costs these girls' souls must be kept pure and virgin.

What a farce it is! If the girl is to live her life wholesomely, sanely, and fully, she should know as much as there is to know of what counts and matters. The theory of the sheltered life is ridiculous. Few women in these days can or do live sheltered lives. It is a battle for most of them, and the best they can do is to get to learn the terms on which it is fought. So far as literature will help them to do this (and it will go some way), girls should be at liberty to read what they will. The idea of submitting all your books to your mother at twenty-two is monstrous, and would be meet for laughter if it were not so pitiable.

The Purpose of Life

To do competent work, to labour honestly according to the ability given them; for that and for no other purpose was each one of us sent into this world; and woe is to every man who, by friend or by foe, is prevented from fulfilling this the end of his being. That is the "unhappy" lot; lot equally unhappy cannot otherwise be provided for man. Whatsoever prohibits or prevents a man from this his sacred appointment to labour while he lives on earth—that, I say, is the man's deadliest enemy; and all men are called upon to do what is in their power of opportunity towards delivering him from that.

A HONGKONG WEDDING

 N Saturday, 6th November, at St. John's Cathedral, Hongkong, a very pretty wedding between Miss Dora Humphreys, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Humphreys, and Mr. J. H. W. Armstrong, was witnessed by a large gathering of friends.

Included amongst the guests was His Excellency the Governor (to whom the bridegroom is honorary A.D.C.) and Sir Frederick Lugard was attended by Capt. Taylor, Mitchell, A.D.C., and Capt. Simson, A.D.C., in full uniform.

The officers and men of the Volunteer Corps also attended in full uniform and lent a brilliant aspect to the ceremony.

The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a dress of rich ivory satin, trimmed with silver and sprays of orange blossom, surmounted by an embroidered tulle veil fastened by the customary wreath of orange blossom, and carried a shower bouquet. Two little bridesmaids and two little pages attended the bride, and, being all attired in primrose, made a becoming foil to the all-white bride.



THE ARMSTRONG — HUMPHREYS WEDDING GROUP

The dresses of the little maids—Misses Joyce and Dorothy Holyoak—were of primrose satin, trimmed with chiffon and lace fichus, with which they wore little lace caps and carried shepherd's crooks, to which nosegays were tied with primrose and mauve ribbons.

Masters Ivor and Mervyn Jones Hughes filled the duties of pages and were dressed in suits of primrose corduroy and silk with lace collars and cuffs. They also carried staffs decorated with knots of primrose and mauve ribbons.

The bridegroom wore the dark blue and silver uniform of his rank as A.D.C. to His Excellency the Governor, and Capt. G. G. Wood, H.K.V.C., in scarlet tunic, supported him as best man. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Lauder, the Right Rev. Bishop of Victoria, who was assisted by the Rev. F. T. Johnson, M.A., and the Rev. A. B. Thornhill, M.A., while Mr. Denman Fuller presided at the organ.

During the signing of the register the officers and men of the Volunteer Corps lined the aisle and formed an arch of steel with swords and bayonets, under which the newly-married couple passed

out of the church to the strains of the wedding march.

A reception was then held at the Volunteers' Headquarters where the wedding presents were on view, and included gifts from the Taikoo Staff Officers of the H.K.V.C., the sergeants of the Corps, the members of No. 3 Company of Volunteer Artillery, the clergy, organist, and choir of St. John's Cathedral, and from His Excellency the Governor of Hongkong.

Standing under a huge floral bell the bride and bridegroom were the recipients of many good wishes, and after the bride had cut the wedding cake (which had been made by the famous Buzzard) with her husband's sword, the usual toast was proposed by Lt.-Colonel Chapman and drunk to the happy couple with honours. The bridegroom then thanked the guests in suitable terms, at the same time proposing the health of the little attendants, to which Capt. Wood, as best man, responded.

The bride wore a costume of blue silk cashmere and hat of silver Tegal surrounded by a wreath of wild flowers, for going away. The honeymoon was spent in North China via Hankow and Peking.



AMERICAN HUMOUR

HER SECOND CHOICE

NOBODY was more desirous of saying pleasant things than Mrs. Appleby, and she never realised what an uncomplimentary vision of themselves her listeners sometimes obtained through her agency.

Mr. Appleby often realised it, however, and he spent a good deal of time endeavouring to smooth troubled waters in the neighbourhood.

"I didn't get to the funeral over at Marshby, after all," said the good woman one night at the supper-table. "I felt sort of disappointed when I found the Larrabee carriage was all furs—three on the back seat, and no place for an extra one."

"Then I bethought me of poor Anne Willard that lives down that next street to the Larrabees. She's lame, you know, and pretty deaf, but I scream right into her ear, so she can always hear me."

"I went right down there and found her alone, as usual, and I said to her: 'Anne, I couldn't get over to Marshby to a funeral, so I did this next best thing, and came to see you.'

"You'd never have suspected from her face how gratified she was. She has these long features, and they seemed to be drawed out solemnner than usual, but, of course, I knew she was pleased, anybody that sees as few as she does, living out of the way and hived up in that little house."

Social Notes

WITH the advent of November, the Social Season has begun, and most of the events of the winter are sealed, signed and settled. Calling lists have been scanned and readjusted, so that after the Races "the daily round, the common task" of card dropping may be pursued without interruption.

Of course the Races may be looked upon as the opening ceremony, and this year they were dismal to a degree owing to the unseasonable spell of wet weather. However unpleasant things are best forgotten, so we pass on.

IN things theatrical we have been rich, counting two first-class and highly successful amateur productions during the month. "The Three Musketeers" played to full houses and delighted audiences, for five nights, and was one of the best spectacular pageants ever presented by A.D.C. which is saying much; but to "Hänsel and Gretel" we award the palm as being an all-round thoroughly satisfying performance. Charming music was translated by well-trained voices, and the acting showed a finish that reflected the highest credit upon Madame Thue's stage management. The excellent scenery in both these productions was a very noticeable feature, and too much praise cannot be showered upon Mr. Seigler and Mrs. Denham who were the respective artists.

Beyond the performance of "Hänsel and Gretel" we have nothing out of the ordinary to record in the way of musical entertainment, but even the ordinary in Shanghai at the present time is too good

to pass by unnoticed. The Chamber Music Society gave an excellent programme on November 18th, which included a Pianoforte Trio in E Flat Major, Op. 1 (No. 1) Beethoven, by Mr. O. M. Green, Miss Macleod and Dr. W. B. Billinghamhurst; Pianoforte Solo, Rhapsody in B Minor, Op. 79, Brahms, by Mr. O. M. Green, and a Quintett for Pianoforte and Strings in A Major, Op. 114, Schubert, by Mrs. Malpas, Messrs. H. Nichtenhauser, Max Gareis, B. Stange and M. Toledo, while the advent of the Sunday Concert season at the Town Hall has been enthusiastically welcomed. One has only to look upon the hundreds of people who frequent the Hall—many of whom can only find standing room—to vouch for the community's appreciation of these concerts, and the applause that follows upon the close of the various orchestral items, points the gratitude felt towards the Council for the arrangement, Mr. Buck for his particularly clever direction, and Mr. Corbett Smith for his comments upon the programme which help so considerably towards a full appreciation of the efforts of the performers.

ON November 10th, Mr. G. T. Nelson of the Asiatic Petroleum Co., and Miss E. H. Hamilton, late of the Victoria Nursing Home, were married at Holy Trinity Cathedral by the Rev. A. J. Walker, M.A. The bride, who wore a dress of white silk trimmed with chiffon and Siccawei lace and carried a shower bouquet, was given away by Mr. W. T. Saunders. Miss Hodge acted as bridesmaid, and

Mr. J. P. D. Griffin as best man. After the ceremony a large reception was given by Miss Bradford at the Municipal Hospital, where the numerous and beautiful presents were on view.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson spent their honeymoon up-country on a motor house-boat.



A PRETTY wedding took place at the Union Church on the 16th, the contracting parties being Mr. Curwen Barrett of Messrs. Butterfield & Swire's and Miss Daisy Clough. The interior of the church was prettily decorated with white chrysanthemums, and a large number of friends gathered to witness the ceremony.

The bride, who was given away by Mr. F. Ellis, wore a charming gown of white Liberty satin trimmed with pearl-studded lace, surmounted by a wreath and veil, and carried a shower bouquet composed of white chrysanthemums. Miss Muriel Clough, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, and wore a gown of white Indian silk with a white hat trimmed with pink daisies. Little Miss Dorothy and Master Sonny Ellis (niece and nephew of the bride) were also in attendance. The groom was attended by Mr. R. Paterson as best man, and Messrs. C. M. Bain and C. M. Watson undertook the duties of ushers.

The bride and bridegroom took up their position under two beautiful wedding bells, and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. C. E. Darwent.

After the ceremony a large reception was held at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. Ellis, where the usual toasts were proposed and honoured. Mr. and Mrs. Barrett left Shanghai by the P.M.S. *Mongolia*, to spend their honeymoon in Japan.



THE first of the "Fortnightly Series" held at the Cathedral Church School on November 16th was an absolute success, and the hall was crowded with an appreciative audience. The entertainment

took the form of a lecture upon "The Revival of English Folk Song" by Mr. Corbett-Smith, and folk-songs were sung by Miss Macleod, Rev. A. J. Walker and the Lecturer, by way of musical illustration. Needless to say, the subject was intensely interesting, and Mr. Corbett-Smith showed a wide knowledge of his subject, treating it in a manner that was most artistic and fascinating, moreover educating his audience on a subject about which very little is generally known.

By way of illustrating the origin of some of our old ballads, he sang "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington" in its commonly known form, and then the genuine old folk melody, and again "The Vicar of Bray" was traced back to an old country dance, the lecturer singing a few verses of the ballad and then giving a graceful illustration of the old country dance on the piano.

Miss Macleod showed a careful study and easy conception of her subject in her renderings, which were given in very unaffected style. Her voice has a quaint old fashioned ring in it that particularly suits this style of song. Mr. Walker's rendering of "The Golden Vanity" was excellent, and the song was admirably suited to him. Mr. Corbett-Smith sang all his melodies with an artistic finish that showed his heart-whole interest and careful study of the subject, and which entirely convinced his audience, not only of their beauty, but of the necessity of their preservation and national cultivation.

Throughout the lecture, Mr. Corbett-Smith gave an impression of self restraint which led one to believe that his knowledge of his subject was greater than time would permit him to transfer to his audience, so we hope that he has still enough left to give us a similar entertainment again.

At the close of the programme, Sir Havilland de Saussmarez, in a happy little speech, pointed the influence of these

old-fashioned airs, to remind us of national customs and sentiments, and so draw our hearts towards the old country, and concluded by thanking Mr. Corbett-Smith, Miss Macleod, and Mr. Walker for a very pleasant and instructive evening.



SHANGHAI said good-bye to Field-Marshal Lord Kitchener on November 23rd, when, accompanied by his aide-de-camp, Captain O. A. G. Fitz-Gerald, he left by the P. & O. steamer *Assaye* for Singapore, where he will transfer to a Dutch steamer and continue his way through the East Indies until he is met by H.M.S. *Encounter*, on which he will travel to Australia.



Photo

Rembrandt Photo Co.

LORD KITCHENER, COL.-BRUCE, AND
MR. BAHR, ON BOARD THE TENDER

Lord Kitchener and his party, which included Colonel C. D. Bruce and Mr. A. W. Bahr, were conveyed to Woosung

by the launch *Shunyuen* belonging to the Kochien Transportation & Tow Boat Co.

An interest in Chinese porcelain—of which Lord Kitchener is an ardent collector—was one of the chief reasons of the great Field-Marshal's visit to our shores, and while here, he viewed some important collections, besides purchasing some very fine specimens which he carried away with him.



Photo

Rembrandt Photo Co.

THE DEPARTURE OF LORD KITCHENER
AT THE CUSTOMS JETTY

A PLEASANT little ceremony took place at the Race Club at the end of the Off Day Races, when members of the Club assembled and presented Mr. H. W. G. Hayter with a silver bowl, in commemoration of his valuable connection with the Club. Mr. Hayter's sketches of China ponies are too well-known to need comment, for he has done more to depict the species than anyone in Shanghai.



QUITE A BLANK

SPRING POET: "I should like to write for your paper. You want the manuscript sheets blank on one side, don't you?"

EDITOR: "On both sides, if you please?"

OUR MONTHLY DIARY

NOVEMBER

Nov. 2nd.—1st Race Day. Autumn meeting.
,, 3rd.—2nd Race Day. Autumn meeting.
Presentation to Capt. Armstrong,
H. K. V. C.
,, 4th.—3rd Race Day. Autumn meeting.
State Funeral of Prince Ito.
,, 5th.—Death of Mr. H. G. Calthrop,
Hongkong.
,, 6th.—Off Day Races. Autumn meeting.
First Performance "The Three Musketeers" by A.D.C.
Dr. David T. Stuart accidentally shot
and killed himself at Soochow.
Marriage of Capt. J. H. W. Armstrong
and Miss D. Humphreys at
Hongkong.
,, 7th.—First Sunday Concert in Town Hall.
,, 8th.—Second Performance "The Three Musketeers."
"A" Company S.V.C. Smoker.
,, 9th.—Birthday of King Edward VII.
Lancastrians' 10th Annual Dinner.
Funeral of Late Empress-Dowager.
,, 10th.—Third Performance "The Three Musketeers."
Marriage of Mr. Nelson, Asiatic
Petroleum Co., and Miss E. H.
Hamilton.
Death of Mr. J. R. Baker at Hankow.
,, 11th.—Marriage of Lieut. A. N. Paxton and
Miss F. G. Dennys.
,, 13th.—Fourth Performance "The Three Musketeers."
,, 15th.—Presentation to Rev. T. Richard, D.D.
First Day of Hankow Race Meeting.
,, 16th.—First Fortnightly "Revival of English Folk Song."
Marriage at Hongkong of Mr. Walter
John Daniel and Miss Nena
Nithsdale Newall.
Fifth Performance "The Three Musketeers."
,, 18th.—Fair by Members of Ministering Children's League.
Marriage of Capt. G. B. Rea to Miss
Kate Inch.
Presentation at Hongkew Police Station
of marble clock and tantulus
to Det.-Sergeant Reeves on the
occasion of his marriage, by Ser-
geants and Constables.

Nov. 18th.—Shanghai Horticultural Society's
Annual Chrysanthemum Show.
,, 20th.—"Hansel and Gretel" First Perform-
ance.
Marriage of Detective-Sergeant F. W.
Reeves and Miss Jessie Angling.
The Annual Parade of the Shanghai
Fire Brigade.
,, 21st.—Alexander Maligan of Hankow while in
an unsound state of mind shot his
younger brother Nicolas at
Kuling.
Harvest Festival at Union Church.
Opening of Shanghai Branch of the
Nanyang Industrial Exhibition.
,, 22nd.—"Hansel and Gretel" Second Per-
formance.
,, 23rd.—Marriage at Hongkong of Mr. John
Cromarty of Shanghai and Miss
Evelyn Lea, formerly Matron of
Victoria Nursing Home.
Departure of Lord Kitchener from
Shanghai en route to Australia.
,, 24th.—"Hansel and Gretel" Third Per-
formance.
Marriage of Mr. George Deacon Coutts
to Mrs. Florence Evelyn Irvine.
,, 25th.—Thanksgiving Day.
Reception held by Sir Pelham Warren
at H.B.M. Consulate in honour
of King Edward the Seventh's
birthday.
Execution of a effigy "Cur Hardie"
on the Race Course.
,, 26th.—Third Interport Cricket Match played
at Hongkong between Shanghai
and Hongkong.
Fourth Performance of "Hansel and
Gretel" at the Lyceum Theatre.
,, 27th.—Interport Cricket Match at Hongkong,
Shanghai defeated by Singapore.
,, 28th.—News received of the death of Mr.
Harvey Billingham.
,, 29th.—Interport Cricket Match at Hongkong,
Match between Hongkong and
combined team drawn from Singa-
pore and Shanghai elevens,
resulting in a win for the com-
bination.
Sixth Performance of "Hansel and
Gretel."

The charge for announcements of Births, Marriages, and Deaths (which must be authenticated by the name and address of the sender) is \$1.00.

Birth

STEWART.—On November 25, 1909, at Dean Court, Dean Prior, South Devon, to Mr. and Mrs. C. J. L. Stewart, a son.



Marriages

FEATHERSTONHAUGH—BOYD.— On December 4, 1909, at Holy Trinity Cathedral, Shanghai, by the Rev. A. J. Walker, M.A., William Sime Featherstonhaugh to Mary Sydney, elder daughter of the late Thomas Boyd and of Mrs. David Campbell, of Shanghai.

WATSON—SAKER.—On December 7, 1909, at H.M. Consulate-General, Shanghai, by Sir Pelham Warren, K.C.M.G., Consul-General, and afterwards at Holy Trinity Cathedral, by the Rev. A. J. Walker, M.A., Kenneth, son of Stephen Watson, of Birkenhead, to Kate Alice, daughter of the late William Saker and Mrs. Saker of Southsea, Hants.

ROSS—BREWIS.—On Tuesday, December 21, 1909, at the British Consulate, before Sir Pelham Warren, K.C.M.G., and afterwards at the Holy Trinity Cathedral, by the Rev. A. J. Walker, M.A., Harry Ross to Hilda, only daughter of the late Robert Brewis, of Leeds, England.

Deaths

BRUCE.—On November 24, 1909, in London, suddenly, Alexander Montgomery Bruce, late of the Hongkong & Shanghai Banking Corporation, eldest son of the late Major-General A. A. Bruce.

GRAM.—On November 26, 1909, at Cheltenham, England, C. C. Gram, late of the I. M. Customs, Shanghai, aged 86 years.

BRACKSTON.—On December 2, 1909, at the General Hospital, Shanghai, H. F. Brackston, examiner, I. M. Customs, Nanking.

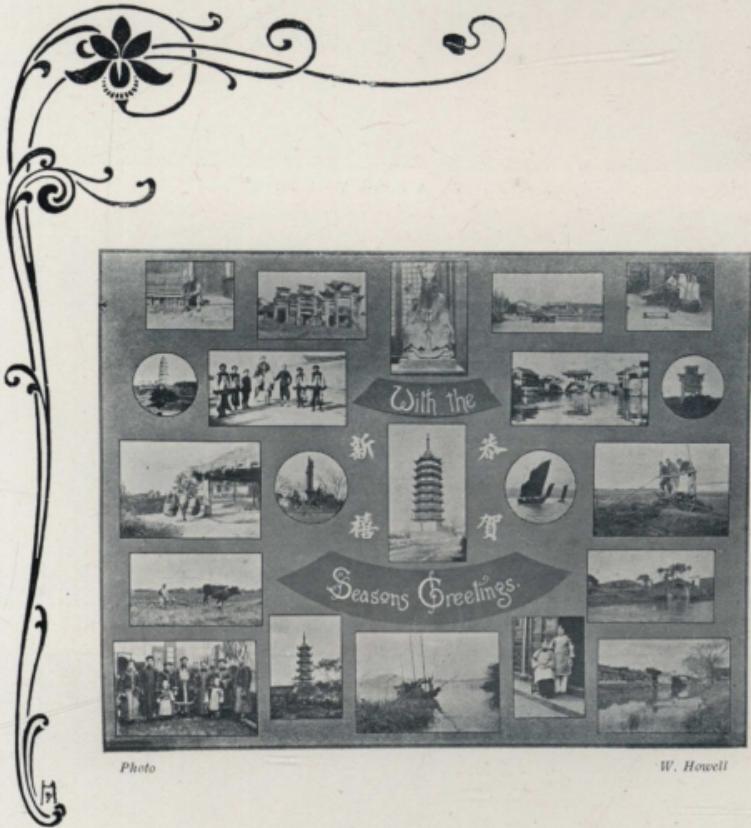
PATERSSON.—On December 4, 1909, at the General Hospital, Shanghai, Florence Eliza, beloved wife of Capt. Patersson (late I. M. Customs), 26 Range Road.

SYS.—On December 13, 1909, at the General Hospital, Shanghai, Esther Sys, widow of the late Peter Sys, aged 41 years.

KOEPPE.—On December 14, 1909, at the Municipal Hospital, Shanghai, Sophie Charlotte Koeppe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. E. Koeppe, aged three years, one month.

McGEACHIN.—On December 20, 1909, at the General Hospital, Shanghai, Hugh Cochrane McGeachin (Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China), aged 28 years.

SHARPLES.—On December 22, 1909, at Shanghai, Sarah, the dearly beloved wife of John Sharples, aged 67 years.

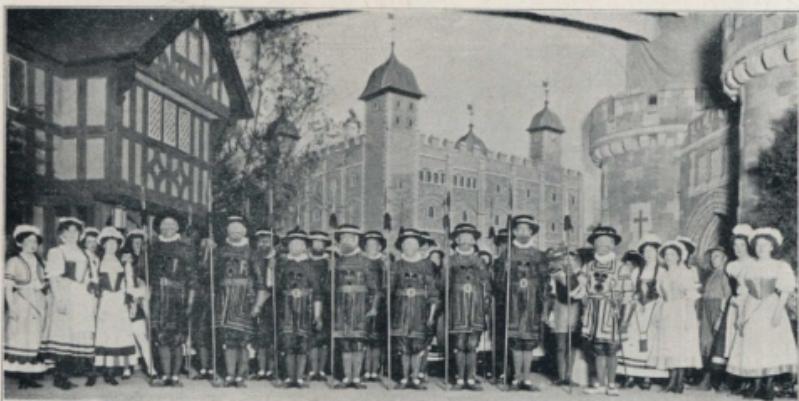




Photo

"I HAVE A SONG TO SING O"

Denniston & Sullivan



Photo

"TOWER WARDENS, UNDER ORDERS"

Denniston & Sullivan



Photo

FINAL TABLEAU

Denniston & Sullivan

A. D. C.

"THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD"

Photos taken by Messrs. Denniston & Sullivan

SINCE the somewhat disappointing presentation of Gilbert & Sullivan's opera "Iolanthe," by the Shanghai A.D.C. some seven years ago, musical plays have been relegated to the top shelf, and for several years we were obliged to depend upon what itinerant companies offered us by way of operatic amusement. However, last year saw the revival of an old favourite in the "Yeomen of the Guard," which had been played with marked success on the Lyceum stage some

management was in the able hands of Mr. G. R. Wingrove, who is identified with so many of the bygone successes scored by the A.D.C.



MR. C. H. P. HAY—WILFRED SHADBOLT

eleven years earlier, when the programme included the names of such old favourites as Mrs. Bland, Miss Willcockson, Mrs. Alford, Mrs. Valentine, Messrs. Wedemeyer, Clapp, Pitzipios, and George Lanning, who are still remembered by old residents with pleasure, while the stage



MISS WARN—PHŒBE MERYLL

Reminiscently we recall an amusing and clever solution to an awkward dilemma, practised during the run of this play in 1897, when Mr. Wedemeyer who was playing "Jack Point," suddenly took sick and dropped out at the last moment, thereby causing consternation to the management. However, Mr. Wingrove rose to the occasion by so contriving "Sergeant Meryll's" part, that the necessity

of his appearance on the stage identically with "Jack Point" was eliminated, and Mr. Pitzipios played the double rôle of "Jack Point" and "Sergeant Meryll," and played it very well too.



MR. MAURICE BECK—JACK POINT

For the reintroduction of the "Yeomen of the Guard" we are mainly indebted to the efforts of Mr. Pullen, who undertook its musical direction, also Mr. C. H. P. Hay and Mr. Hibberdine who acted jointly as stage managers, and much of the success which attended this production is due to the combined efforts of these gentlemen, while the beautiful scenery that so strongly enhanced its setting, was the clever work of the late Mr. Tarrant, whose death Shanghai greatly deplores,

For the principal characters in this play the following are responsible :—

Sir Richard Cholmondeley (Lieutenant of the Tower).....	Mr. H. R. H. THOMAS
Colonel Fairflax (under sentence of Death)	Mr. N. G. MAITLAND
Sergeant Meryll (of the Yeomen of the Guard)	Mr. W. J. LEWIS
Leonard Meryll (his son)	Mr. H. A. LAMMERT
Jack Point (A strolling player)...	Mr. MAURICE G. BECK
Wilfred Shadbolt (head jailor and assistant tormentor),.....	Mr. C. H. P. HAY
The Headsman.....	Mr. G. M. BILLINGS
Assistant Headsmen.....	Messrs. WESSELHORFT & JONAS
First Yeoman.....	Mr. H. E. RAILTON
Second , ,	Mr. J. T. TYACK
Third , ,	Mr. L. H. DRAKEFORD
Fourth , ,	Mr. E. E. GODFREY
First Citizen.....	Mr. E. C. CREASY
Second , ,	Mr. R. L. HIBBERDINE
Elsie Maynard (a strolling singer)	Miss LILIAN MOUTRIE
Phoebe Meryll (Sergeant Meryll's daughter)	Miss WINIFRED WARN
Dame Carruthers (housekeeper to the Tower)	Miss CLARA RICHARDS



MISS LILIAN MOUTRIE—ELSIE MAYNARD

Place aux dames!

This was the first appearance in Shanghai of Miss Lilian Moutrie on the operatic stage, and her clever acting combined with a particularly fresh and true voice, scored an immense success, and earned her a popularity that will not easily fade, and whatever glory may be hers in the future, as "Elsie Maynard," she will always have a warm corner in the hearts of those who had the pleasure of hearing her sing "I have a song to sing O."



MRS. MAITLAND—COLONEL FAIRFAX

Miss Winifred Warn suffered somewhat from inexperience, having been given the colossal part of "Phoebe" without any

previous preparation for stage appearance; but her dainty winsomeness and sweet voice made up for any evidence of nervousness and inexperience, and won her a full meed of enthusiastic admirers;



MR. H. R. H. THOMAS—SIR RICHARD CHOLMONDELEY

who will keep her memory green despite the fact that she has left Shanghai and is unlikely to appear on the Lyceum stage again.

Miss Clara Richards made a typical "Dame Carruthers" and her pretty voice was heard to great advantage.

Voilà les hommes.

To Mr. Beck as "Jack Point," the heaviest and perhaps the most difficult part was assigned, and he acquitted himself with honour and glory. Whether

he was impersonating the pseudo-light-hearted merry man or the "love-lorn loon" the little underlying strain of pathos was always there, and earned him the ready sympathy of his audience. His by-play and witticisms were always bright and amusing, yet singularly free from any taint of coarseness, which might so easily have evidenced itself in such a part, and his singing and dancing were admirable. We hope we may look forward to seeing



MISS RICHARDS—DAME CARRUTHERS

Mr. Beck in other similar parts in the future.

Mr. Maitland's personation of the part of "Leonard Fairfax" was excellent, and despite the fact that the songs were a little beyond his pitch, no sign of strain was evident in the delightfully natural rendering of his songs, especially in "Is Life a Boon?" by which he will be remembered best.



MR. BECK—JACK POINT
MR. THOMAS—SIR RICHARD CHOLMONDELAY

To Mr. Hay as "Wilfred Shadbolt," too much praise cannot be given. His ability as an actor had been already established, and the addition of a fine baritone voice made the impersonation of this character perfection. "Rather overacted" was the verdict of some: but therein lay the art of his perception, for "Wilfred Shadbolt" taken seriously, would have been the veriest bore, while Mr. Hay made him just the humorous caricature that is so typical of the Gilbert and Sullivan combination.

Mr. Lewis as "Sergeant Meryll" acquitted himself well, and his fine voice was heard to its best advantage, while Mr. Thomas made a dignified Lieutenant, as was Mr. Lammet who took over the part

of "Leonard Mervill" at the eleventh hour. A chorus of stalwart men with fine lusty voices, formed an imposing body of yeomen, and the bevy of maidens was conspicuous for pretty faces.

The great success of the whole production is a veritable proof, that, provided a thing is good, it will bear repeating even in Shanghai.

Opinions of the Press

From "The North-China Daily News"
of the 19th April, 1909.

There cannot well be two opinions as to the striking success of the Amateur Dramatic Club's 154th production. Throughout the whole evening the performance was marked by a finish and thoroughness that pointed to the most careful workmanship. The stage management was excellent, the positions admirably arranged, and although the crowd showed an occasional (perhaps inevitable) tendency to group itself a little too distinctly according to different voices, it was a well drilled and natural crowd, and from a spectacular standpoint one of the finest and most impressive that has ever been on the Lyceum stage. The choruses, particularly of the Yeomen alone, were quite beautiful; the light and shade well contrasted; the articulation of words



MR. LEWIS AS "SERGEANT MERVILL."

specially good. In his interpretation of the one item of the overture it may have seemed to some of the audience that Mr. Pullen was somewhat too academic, that



"HAIL THE VALIANT FELLOW WHO DID THIS DEED OF DARING DO!"



"NOW, IF THOU WILT SWEAR THAT THOU DIDST
SHOOT THIS FAIRFAX WHILE HE WAS
TRYING TO SWIM ACROSS THE RIVER"

the dramatic sense of the music might have been more fully expressed. But in the management of choral music Mr. Pullen yields to no one. The blending of orchestra and voices was finely managed, and there was a balance and proportion in all the massed effects that allowed no part, however small, to be obscured.

The story of "The Yeomen of the Guard" is too well known (it was first produced nearly twenty-one years ago) to need repetition. It is in reality a sad story, and what is more, in many respects a bitter one. The reasons for Gilbert's introducing so tragic a figure as that of Jack Point into a comic opera can only be guessed at. The irony of the jest goes a little too far for laughter. But as the play was written so it must be taken, and it may have been felt that the tragedy of Jack Point's final rejection by Elsie

was neither quite tragic enough in itself nor sufficiently derided by the rest of the party for the needs of the situation. In this respect alone exception might be taken to Miss Moutrie's otherwise perfect performance. Was she not, perhaps, a little too remorseful towards Jack at the finish? Ought not her retort to the "merry moping mum" (whose plaint strikes such a note of absolute anguish) to have been more mocking?

Apart from this point of doubt, such blemishes as may have been remarked were of the kind that are inseparable from a first performance. A certain amount of nervousness was visible; and since the second act went better as a whole than the first, it is probable that one or two of the soloists will do themselves more justice with greater confidence that will come of a second performance. But as has been said the whole production was so admirable, and reflects so much deserved credit on the entire company in general and in particular to Mr. Hay, as manager, Mr.



JACK POINT AND WILFRED

Hibberdine as assistant manager, and Mr. Pullen, that it seems hypercritical to look for points of objection.

To turn to the individual work of the chief characters of the caste, that of Miss Moutrie in the part of Elsie Maynard must naturally be taken first as the commanding feature of the evening. It is safe to say that a better performance, from every point of view, has seldom, if ever, been on a Shanghai stage, and the one point that we have mentioned above for possibility of adverse criticism is insignificant compared with merit of the whole interpretation. Her singing stood in a class by itself for its value and the extraordinary power and sureness of her voice. But her acting, her realization of the part, was, perhaps, of even higher merit. At the two supreme moments of the play (in the song "Tis done, I am a bride," and in her last appeal to Fairfax, before she recognizes him as the supposed Leonard) she absolutely



"A FEATHER'S PRESS WERE LEADEN HEAVINESS
TO MY CARESS."



PHOEBE: "AND TAKE MY BLESSING TO DEAR LEONARD"

held the house and no storm of applause as the one that followed, could have been better deserved. As Fairfax, Mr. Maitland showed a very true appreciation of the different aspects of the part. As the doomed prisoner, he put the right touch of sombreness into the assumed light-heartedness of the moment, while as the pretended Leonard he became the properly gallant lover. Although his voice is not quite large or high enough for the work, he sang with taste and feeling, and was rightly encored in "Is Life a Boon?" Of Mr. Hay's reading of Wilfred Shadbolt it would, perhaps, be difficult to speak too highly, especially when we remember what cares of management were on his shoulders. It was a thoroughly finished piece of work, and in particular the farcical expression that accompanied Phoebe's singing of "Were I thy bride" delighted the house. Phoebe (and here we have more tragedy) was most daintily presented by Miss Warn. It is a difficult part in all ways and was



MR. HAY—WILFRED SHADBOLT

MISS WARN—PHOEBE MERYLL



"AND THOU WILT QUALIFY ME AS A JESTER?"

played with real sympathy. Miss Warn's voice is small but of very pleasant quality, and her articulation was good. Jack Point one regards with mixed feelings. It is

the most difficult character in the play. Jack is never really happy except in pretence, and the actor had thus a double rôle to support. In the circumstances it



A GROUP OF PRINCIPALS

MISS LILIAN MOUTRIE—ELSIE MAYNARD
MR. MAURICE G. BECK—JACK POINT

must be agreed that Mr. Beck did very well. The note of tragedy at the end might have been more accentuated, though it was to some extent redeemed by a splendid stage fall. But Mr. Beck's singing and acting of his first duet with Elsie were admirable; his by-play was good, and he acted throughout with a good taste that is not always common to clowns. The Lieutenant of Mr. Thomas was appropriately dignified; and Mr. Lewis made a good Sergeant Meryll (with one excellent bit of emotion on his first meeting with Fairflax) while his singing was unusually good. Of Leonard-Meryll it would not be fair to speak, as the part, we understand, was taken up, to fill an unexpected blank, almost at the last moment. Miss Richards will do herself greater justice at the later performances. It could be seen that she was suffering from the natural nervousness of a newcomer. She might, however, with advantage, come nearer the footlights

when singing, in order to allow her voice, which is not large (though of pretty timbre) to be fully heard. Last, but by no means least, the headsman; in which part Mr. Billings was truly impressive, making a most impressive entry, a thing to shudder at through all the burlesque, an awesome figure alone on the stage in the violet light when the crowd had run away. It may here be mentioned that the two quartettes in the second act particularly the famous one between Meryll, Fairfax, Dame Carruthers, and Phoebe (in the absence of Kate) were artistically sung.

Both scenery and costumes, the former specially painted by the late Mr. Tarrant, and the latter made by Messrs. Hall & Holtz, were particularly beautiful. The various properties, in the charge, as usual, of Mr. Armstrong, were perfectly in keeping, particularly the axe and block, the latter of which was almost too much for the assistant headsman. The lighting, under the care of Mr. Aldridge was all that could be desired, perhaps a little more. At least



MISS CLARA RICHARDS—DAME CARRUTHERS
MR. W. J. LEWIS—SERGEANT MERYLL.

it seemed rather extravagant to leave so many lights burning in the White Tower after the sun was up.

To sum up, there was throughout the whole production a finish in all departments, a sense of solidity and sureness that must place "The Yeomen of the Guard" very high in the annals of the A.D.C., and it is safe to say that it might draw full houses for many more than the promised five nights.



"The Yeomen of the Guard"

Translated from "Der Ostasiatische Lloyd"

It is nearly ten years since the Amateur Dramatic Club ventured to stage an opera. On the 11th December, 1899, "Les Cloches de Corneville" was performed at the Lyceum Theatre. All attempts



MR. N. G. MAITLAND—COLONEL FAIRFAX

afterwards to give an opera of any importance (not counting smaller ones for charity purposes) have been unsuccessful, partly for want of a suitable conductor, and even more for want of the necessary orchestra. However, the successful attempt last year of the "Deutscher Theater Verein" (German A.D.C.) with "Der Fledermaus" (The Bat) proved that these obstacles had been overcome. The Amateur Dramatic

we wish to express unlimited appreciation of what has been accomplished, but on the other hand we regret that these exertions have been bestowed upon a matter which, from a German point of view, is of such an inferior character.

It is necessary to be a Britisher in order to have pleasure in Sullivan's music. Had this not been so, this opera, which is so



"IF EVER I COME TO LIFE THOU SHALT PAY FOR THIS, MASTER POINT"

Club was thus encouraged to make the attempt, and is to-day able to look back upon a brilliant success, perhaps the most brilliant it has ever had, as far as presentation is concerned. It may be mentioned here that the comic opera of Sullivan that has been chosen this time, viz., "The Yeomen of the Guard," has already been given once before by the same Club twelve years ago, viz., on January 15th, 1897.

It is no easy matter for us to speak about this performance. On the one hand

popular in England, would also have been known on the Continent, the same as the "Mikado" and Sidney Jones' "Geisha"; both of which have been adopted by Germany, and this not only on account of their Japanese character. It is true that the music of the "Yeomen of the Guard" is fully up to the usual standard of the composer, who knows his art to perfection. In a certain sense the music is melodious, instrumentally good, and intermingled with pleasing choruses; but it lacks soul and consistency.

In this opera which is supposed to be comic, Sullivan is swinging between oratoria and sing-song, or let us say the *cafe chantant*, particularly in the duets; and the parts which cannot be classified

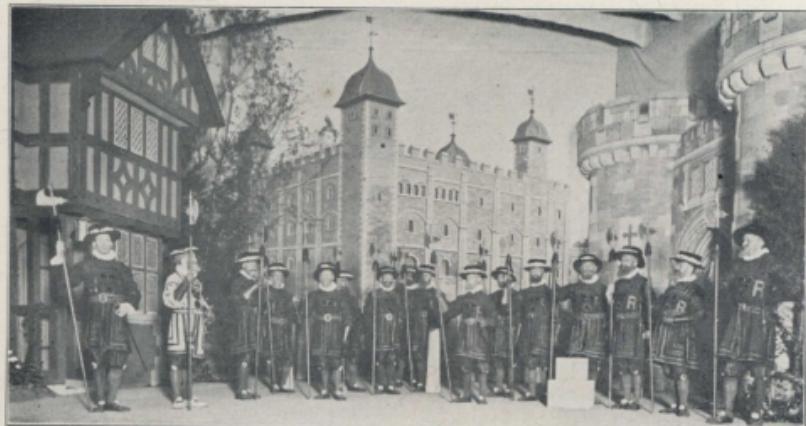
Speaking individually, it is necessary in the first place to mention Miss Lilian Moutrie, who in the part of "Elsie Maynard," proved herself to be a highly gifted singer and actress, and possessed of



THE EXECUTION SCENE

under either heading, are theatrical in the poor style of Meyerbeer. It is therefore not opera music, from an Italian, French, or German point of view. This sums up

a genuine talent for the stage. Her soprano voice masters all the difficulties of pitch; is thoroughly developed; of a pleasant timbre, and very expressive. The



THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD

the whole thing, also explains the feeling of dissatisfaction with which every non-Britisher must leave the theatre, in spite of the splendid performance.

manner in which Miss Moutrie acted, and sang her part, leads one to believe that she could maintain her position with honour in any good opera. Little wonder therefore

that her songs were constantly encored. It was no easy matter to fill the second place, and Miss Winifred Warn, despite her charms, was somewhat dilettante as "Phoebe Meryll," nevertheless her appearance was worthy of much praise, and fully deserved the ovations awarded her. This also may be applied to Miss Clara Richards (Dame Carruthers).

he could gain no laurels. Mr. W. J. Lewis was better off with his pleasant bass-baritone in the part of "Sergeant Meryll." He deserves all praise for the artistic manner in which he performed his rôle.

The many minor parts were more or less satisfactorily played, as could only be expected on an amateur stage. But stay, we must not forget to thank Mr. C. H. P.



"IT MAY DRAW YOU A TEAR OR A BOX ON THE EAR"

Among the gentlemen, Mr. Maurice G. Beck created a wonderful jester in the part of "Jack Point." A professional actor could have done no better. What fine rhythm, what a graceful elasticity enlivened his dancing steps; and how naturally he maintained the whole of his difficult part! Mr. N. G. Maitland in the part of "Colonel Fairfax" was possessed of a distinguished and knightly appearance as well as a pleasant voice. He deserves special praise because he had the courage to undertake this tenor part, and thus placed himself in a position in which, he, as a baritone, knew from the beginning,

Hay for having taken over the part of the unfortunate "Wilfred Shadbolt." This also was one of those wretched parts which called for resignation.

As already mentioned it is not easy, from a German point of view, to find praise for all the work done and for the results; we only regret that all this hard work has been spent on a problem, which, according to our taste, is of a rather inferior kind. We know that the Britishers enjoy this opera as art, and it is impossible to argue on a question of taste.

The musical management had been placed in the hands of Mr. R. C. W.



ELSIE IS LED OFF TO MARRY HER UNKNOWN GROOM

Pullen and he looked after it well. It may be noted that Mr. Pullen is not intense, and does not possess that artistic temperament required for the dramatic, but his solid kind of playing was in the

right place for this kind of music. The nice, smooth performance of the orchestra was such as could not be excelled at home in any theatre of the middle class.



FAIRFAX: "TUSH, MAN, THOU KNOWEST NOT HOW TO WOO . . . 'TIS DONE THUS"

Quite a special feature was that of stage management. Mr. Hay, who has long ago won his spurs, has in this instance achieved something that will make it difficult for anyone coming after him to surpass. The programme shows that he had more than 100 people under his management.

To do what has been done in this case, requires an extraordinary enthusiasm and an unselfish application. We must therefore in the same manner acknowledge the spirit which has imbued all the assistants. This creation shows that each individual has subjected himself to the will of the manager, to whom he has resigned his personal opinion. Only this spirit makes it possible to carry through such a performance with the smoothness that has been shown in this instance by the Amateur Dramatic Club. But in our opinion a regrettable mistake might have



MR. FITZPIOS AS JACK POINT

MRS. BLAND AS ELSIE MAYNARD IN 1897

been avoided: and in a case where we have bestowed so much praise, we ought also be permitted to express blame. It is unsavoury to let the headsman stand alone on the stage when the curtain rises again after the first act, and, furthermore, to throw coloured light upon him. This is a stage trick calculated in a certain manner to tickle the nerves; we feel sorry for this because, as this "wit" has nothing whatever to do with the play itself, it might show that the stage-manager is anxious to show merely exterior effects. It is impossible in the long run to trick any thinking public by such means, and that is what the stage-manager ought to do, if he wants to do justice to his work.

As regards the fitting-up of this performance, we have only words of unlimited praise to express. The late Mr. B. H. Tarrant has given a very nice picture of the court-yard of the old and venerable London Tower, where the scenes are laid, and also the designer of the costumes has worked with historic truth and a taste that does justice to a dainty sense of colour.



THE YEOMAN OF THE GUARD IN 1897

MRS. VALENTINE AS DAME CARRUTHERS

MR. FITZPIOS—SERGEANT MERYLL



Our Young Folks' Corner



Child Spangle-Frost

WHEN Rob jumped out of his warm bed in the morning, he peeped through the window and found the world all white and beautiful with hoar-frost. After he had eaten his porridge, his mother Elizabeth wrapped him in his little rough greatcoat and wound a scarlet comforter round his neck, and said : " You may go and slide with the boys in the village this morning"—for it was holiday time.

He could hear the boys shouting and laughing, so he ran along as fast as he could towards them. There were two glorious slides, one there and the other back again, but only the big boys were sliding on these ; the little boys had one or two small slides of their own, and on these Rob amused himself for a time, only falling down once or twice, and then not hard.

But soon he grew bolder, and determined to try his luck on the long slides, so he took a run and slid while the other little boys looked on amazed and somewhat displeased at his boldness.

Once, twice, thrice he went down the long slides in good style ; but alas ! at the fourth attempt Tim, the miller's boy tripped him up, and he fell on the back of his head so hard that he could not keep back the tears. Then the little boys laughed gleefully and wagged their fingers, and said " Cry, baby, cry " ; so Bob would not stay with them, but ran away.

He went along the little path through the coppice till he came to the river that was narrow and winding. Everything was bristling and wonderful with the hoar-frost, and the trees seemed like large tufts of

dazzling white feathers with black quills here and there. The sky was white, but not so white as the trees, and the thin ice on the river looked strange and black except where the trees were reflected.

Every now and then there were little crackles among the reeds and little thrills and quivers passed over the ice and shook the twigs and branches that were imbedded in it. Rob stood on the bank watching his breath that passed upwards like smoke. Then he picked up a round pebble, and pitched it in the ice. It went ringing through leaving a little hole through which the water came gurgling up.

He was just thinking : " It will be a long time before it bears," when he heard a rather curious sound. It was like a faint ring of steel as if someone were skating far down the river. It grew louder and nearer, until out of the mistiness and feathery trees at a bend of the stream there came a quaint little figure skating swiftly towards him.

It was a beautiful little girl, hardly taller than Rob. Her hair was like mist of sunbeams, and her dress like a shred of pale winter sky. Her arms and shoulders were bare ; she did not seem to mind the cold. Her face was pale and her eyes were very blue ; and she wore the sweetest little pair of skates in the world. When she saw Rob she stopped in the middle and looked at him and laughed gaily.

" You should not skate on such thin ice," he said. " It will break and you will be drowned."

But she only laughed again, and made a wonderful curve on one foot round the hole where the pebble had gone through,

gradually approaching it till all at once she bent down and drew her hand across it, when it immediately froze over. Then she looked at Rob and smiled, and glided up to the bank and sat down among the silver white reeds.

"Take off my skates, Rob," she said to him, and her voice was shrill and tinkling and sweet.

He knelt down, but his fingers were so numb he could not unbuckle the straps.

"Oh, how cold I am!" he said, shuddering and looking at her.

"Nonsense; I don't believe you," she said, suddenly putting her fingers down his warm neck, and laughing merrily when he shivered and gasped for her hand was as cold as ice.

"Pull off my boots," she said; "the skates won't come off alone, and I want to cool my feet."

So Rob unlaced her boots, and pulled them off along with the skates, and the maiden jumped on to a low branch over the water, and sat dangling her bare white feet. Then she struck the branch above her, and a shower of glittering hoar frost fell on her sky-blue gown and among her hair and on her bare arms and shoulders; it did not melt, but glistened about her like spangles.

"Ah! this is delightful!" she said. "Come and give me a kiss, Rob"; and she bent down towards him.

Rob hesitated, and said: "I don't like to; you are so cold."

"So I am; gloriously cold," she said gaily. "But give me one kiss, and I will make you a present."

So Rob kissed her, and her lips were colder than her fingers, and sent little shivers all over him.

"Now what would you like me to give you?" she asked.

He pondered a little, and then said: "I should like a pair of skates like yours."

"Ah! I have only one pair," she said. "But I will lend them to you for one day if you will promise to leave them outside your window to-night." "The ice won't bear to-day," he said dubiously, "and I have never learned to skate."

"Never mind that," she cried. "Go to the mill-pond and put on my skates, and I'll warrant you'll have little need for learning."

So Rob thanked her, and took the skates.



Our Portrait Gallery

GERMAINE LEMIERE

"But what shall I tell my mother," he asked, "When she says 'Where did you get them from?'"

"Say that Child Spangle-Frost lent them to you," said the maiden. "And do not forget to put them on your window-ledge to-night. Good-bye." As Rob left her, she commenced singing a quaint, tinkling song, the like of which he had never heard before; and when he looked back at a turn of the path she was still swinging gently on the branch over the water, with the hoar-frost falling mistily about her.

Rob walked along, proudly dangling the skates till he came to the place where the boys were still sliding.

"Here comes Rob, the blacksmith's little lad, with a pair of skates!" they cried, with much surprise and envy.

They cluster round him, asking where he got them from, and when he said: "Child Spangle-Frost has lent them to me," they thought he was making fun of them.

"Where are you going to skate?" said Tim the miller's boy.

"On the mill-pond," said Rob.

Tim sneered, and said the mill-pond wouldn't bear; but Rob merely said "Come and see."

So they all left the slides and accompanied him towards the mill-pond. They felt rather annoyed with him, because it seemed to them that Rob was not as humble as he ought to be on account of his size. They laughed much among themselves when they thought what good fun it would be seeing him learn to skate.

When they came to the pond, they found it covered with a thin sheet of ice with here and there a stone that Tim had thrown on in the morning. The miller came walking up and said: "You mustn't go on the pond yet a while; the ice is too thin."

But there was a small shallow part at one corner that was well frozen over, and after Tim had walked gingerly across it, the miller said that Rob might try his skates there. So he took off his own little boots and drew on Child Spangle-Frost's and laced them up tight; but when he tried to stand up his ankles would not keep straight, and he was obliged to lean on Tim before he could walk to the edge of the pond. The ice looked black and slippery and treacherous, and his feet and ankles felt so weak and awkward that he said: "I think I will try them to-morrow; the ice will be thicker then."

Then the boys began to laugh and jeer, and said: "I told you so"; and the miller gave a loud guffaw and turned away; but Tim would not lose his fun, so he lifted Rob in his arms and placed him on the ice, and gave him a little push.

Now directly the skates touched the ice a delicious feeling of skill and confidence came over Rob, and he was astonished to find how easy it was to skate. Without a moment's hesitation he struck out, wound a graceful and curious curve with his left foot, then with his right, twirled round like a top, and finally stood still in the centre of the shallow part, smiling happily.

The big boys were dumb with astonishment, and the little ones with envy and disappointment. The miller turned back and called out: "Bravo, Rob! Do another one."

Rob gave a little whoop of pleasure, and suddenly darted away across the board mill-pond to the very middle, where he wound and curved about in a most wonderful and bewildering manner, while his skates made the merriest of music.

"He'll be in"; cried the boys, for the ice was in places only a mere film.

"Come you off," cried the miller. But Rob took no notice of him. The water-wheel was frozen up, and there was little work doing at the mill; so one by one the miller's men came down to the pond to watch; and presently one of the boys ran to the village and said that little Rob was skating on half-inch ice on the mill-pond and would be drowned directly. So soon the villagers straggled up one after another; then the parson came with all his daughters, and the squire with several of his guests.

Still Rob skated on, sometimes sweeping swiftly well-nigh round the pond with one wide, beautiful curve; sometimes winding the quaintest maze of figures in the middle; and the ring of his skates seemed to revolve

itself into a strange rhythmical tune, like the song Child Spangle-Frost had sung to herself.

All this time young Tim had been looking on with an air of great unconcern, as though he thought Rob's skating of little account, and could himself, if need were, show the people how the thing ought to be done. But when all the gentlemen came to watch, he thought it would be nice to show off a little; so he stepped on to the shallow part of the pond and shuffled his feet about, making pretence to skate.

Nobody looked at him, however, till suddenly his legs flew out and he sat down and went splash through the ice. The miller gave a loud and bitter cry and hastened to help his son; but he only broke the ice worse, and Tim would perhaps have been drowned if the parson has not brought a ladder which he placed across the hole. The miller scrambled out, dragging Tim with him, and went off to the old red mill, Tim spluttering and howling all the way.

A pretty lady who was with the squire called Rob to the side, but he would not come; and she held out a silver shilling to entice him, but he only laughed merrily; and suddenly a new impulse seemed to seize him, for he gave a little wild shout and darted away to where the river ran out of the mill-pond. Down stream he scudded, and soon the little figure vanished in the mist among the feathery white trees at a bend of the river, and the ring of his skates died away.

Among the people on the bank, there had been a showman who had stayed the night in the village. When he saw Rob skating, he thought it a pity that so many people should witness so fine an exhibition for nothing. So he went to the forge and said to the blacksmith; "I will give you a good round sum of money for the loan

of that son of yours; he has a very fair talent for skating."

But the blacksmith thought he was chaffing him, and spoke gruffly to him and hustled him away. However, when other people came and complimented him on his son's skating, he thought there must be something in it, and went to the mill-pond. But by that time Rob had disappeared down the river and the blacksmith was fain to go home and tell his wife about it.

Rob did not come home to dinner; and it was not till dusk, when his father was just going in search of him, that there came a little tap at the door. His mother hastened to open it, and there stood Rob, looking rather guilty, and dangling the skates in his hand.

"Where have you been?" said the blacksmith sternly. "And where did you get those skates?"

Then he told them about Child Spangle-Frost, and when he had finished his father cried: "Lord save us, Elizabeth, the lad's been bewitched! Give me the skates, boy."

He took the skates and made up a big fire on the hearth, and put them into the middle of the blaze. Rob sat down on his little three-legged stool and watched them burning away, and wept. His mother prepared a nice supper for him, but he would not eat, and went upstairs to bed. In the middle of the night, when the half-moon was rising behind the church, there came a sharp tap at Rob's little window, and he awoke with a start. He sat up in bed and saw Child Spangle-Frost sitting outside on the window-ledge, and felt very sorrowful because he had not got the skates to give her.

A little moonshiny mist was round about her, and in a line about her hair were three glittering stars; but Rob afterwards found they were really in the sky, shining low down in the South.

When she saw him sitting up in bed she smiled and beckoned him; so he went and opened the window, and shivered, for it was cold.

"Quick, quick, Rob, my skates!" she said. "I must be going far away into the North."

"Oh, dear, I am so sorry," said Rob, "but I have not got them."

"You wicked boy, you have lost them!" she cried passionately, and twined her icy cold fingers about his wrist.

"Ah, no! Indeed I haven't," said Rob. "My father took them away and burned them in the fire."

"Alas! Alas!" she said very sorrowfully, "then I must die to-night, and I had hoped to live for at least a fortnight."

Rob felt so sorry for her that he wept a little, and a warm tear dropped on her hand; she shivered and shook it off like a little bead of ice.

"Listen," she cried. "Don't you hear her coming?"

Rob listened, and fancied he heard a faint—very faint—sound of something falling very softly.

"It is my sister, Child Snow-Feather," she said. "See, she comes."

And as she spoke Rob saw a great cloud creeping over the three stars in the South. "I will come into your room," said Child Spangle-Frost; "it is warm there, and I shall die more easily."

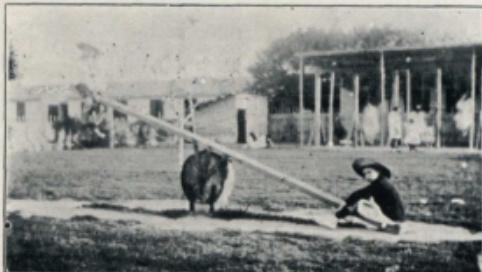
She came down from the window-ledge and shut the window.

She looked very white and shadowy, and her voice was languid and her hair was only moonshine and mist. Rob crept into bed, for it was so cold that it made his teeth chatter. By and by, when he was warmer and the room was dark, for the cloud had come over the moon, he heard Child Spangle-Frost speaking to him.

"Let me get into your bed," she said, "I want to die quickly."

So she lay down by his side, and made him put his arm around her, and lay his warm cheek against hers. Gradually he grew so numb that the cold made him drowsy and he fell asleep, and when he awoke the morning had come and Child Spangle-Frost had vanished, and he thought it was all a dream. But when he looked out of the window all the world was white with snow, and the sky was filled with feathery snowflakes.

Little trickles of water were falling from the snow on the roof, and all the frost on the window-pane had melted away. He put on his clothes and went downstairs, and his mother Elizabeth gave him the steels of the skates, which she had raked out of the ashes for him. He brightened them up and after breakfast managed to fasten them to two little pieces of wood: and at night he left them on the window-ledge.



CHILDREN PLAYING IN THE HONGKEW RECREATION GROUND

But in the morning they were there still, and the next morning also; but on the third night they disappeared; and he was glad, because he thought that Child Spangled Frost had taken them. But when the next day he saw Tim, the miller's boy swaggering about with them he felt very vexed. Tim said he had found the skates in the wood, but the miller made him give them up. After that Rob kept them for himself, and when next the ice bore he tried them again on the mill-pond; and though all the magic had left them, he soon became the best skater in the village.

The Half-Hour Clock

"Oh, dear, oh dear!" cried little Prue,
 "The old clock's banished for a new!
 "The old with frankness struck the hours,
 And never failed, for sun or showers.
 "But look, to-day, my lessons done,
 I heard it well: *the clock struck one!*
 "Twas half-past twelve, as I could see,
 The new clock told a lie to me!
 "Again I heard, my play begun,
 That single sound: *the clock struck one!*
 "Sir Clock," said I, "I'll not obey,
 No matter how much *one* you say."
 "I played and played, quite long I played,
 And wandered in the garden shade.
 "Then such a hungry feeling came,
 I knew 'twas half-past one. Ah, shame!
 "To cheat me of my broth and bun,
 Yet through the door that *clock struck one!*
 "A very saucy trick, you know,
 To strike three *ones* all in a row!"

The Real Robinson Crusoe

It is some 200 years since the real Robinson Crusoe that you have all read or heard about was found on an island. Think of it; he had lived there alone for over four years! Let me tell you how it happened.

Robinson Crusoe's real name was Alexander Selkirk, and he was a sailor. He quarrelled with his captain, and when the ship they were on arrived at the island of Juan Fernandez, which you can find on a map of the Pacific Ocean, this young sailor said he would like to stay there.

So the ship sailed away without him, and for four years he lived with only animals for company, in a little rough hut he built for himself. There were many wild goats on this island, and Crusoe, as I will call him now, learnt to run very fast indeed, and caught them whenever he needed meat to eat. There were also lots of wild cats on the island, and he was so lonely that he amused himself by taming some and teaching them to dance.

Once some Spaniards landed on the island for a few days, and they saw Crusoe and tried to get him. But he got into a wood and climbed a high tree, where they could not find him. Not long after that, to his great joy, Crusoe was seen and rescued by two English ships.

When he got back to London everybody was very curious and interested in his adventures, and one great author thought his story was so wonderful that he wrote a book called "Robinson Crusoe," which told all about the sailor and lots of other exciting adventures that he made up out of his own imagination.

And so you see that Robinson Crusoe really lived one time even if that wasn't his name. If you have forgotten about all the things that happened in that book, you had better read it again.

Quaint Sayings

QUID PRO QUO

A SUNDAY School teacher, it is said, remonstrated with one of the boys in her class, whom she had discovered in the act of taking the eggs from a bird's nest. "Think how the poor mother bird will feel!" she said. "Ho-ho!" laughed the boy, "You've got the mother-bird on your hat! I 'spect she wont feel very bad!"

SHE COULDN'T TELL

"OH, MOLLIE," exclaimed her mother, "why did you give your left hand to Mrs. Smith?"

"But, mother," answered Mollie, "how can I see which is my left and which is my right when I have my gloves on?"

A GOOD REASON

LITTLE WILLIE: "I wish I was you, Mr. Selfmade."

MR. SELFMADE (who has come to dinner): "And why, Willie?"

WILLIE: "'Cause you don't get your ears pulled for eating with your knife."



Garden Notes



JANUARY

When Planting Must Wait

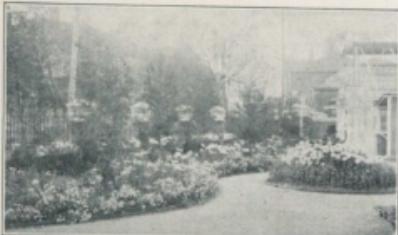
THE prevalence of severe frost or a wet soil often makes it unwise to plant trees and shrubs newly arrived from the nurseryman. Failures in planting may often be traced to the fact that trees which are not planted immediately on arrival are improperly treated in the interval. They should be at once unpacked, and their roots carefully placed in trenches in a sheltered position, and covered over with a good depth of soil. Thus situated they will not harm if left for several weeks. If received when the soil is too hard to be worked, they should be placed in a cool shed, and the roots covered with manure or damp matting. Dryness of the roots is what has principally to be guarded against when trees are out of the ground; the delicate fibrous roots perish very quickly, and the check to the tree is often a severe one. In bright weather, or when there is a dry wind, the roots must be protected with mats as much as possible while planting is going on; and the roots should be dipped in water immediately before they are put into the soil.



Peas and Pests

EARLY-SOWN peas are very much at the mercy of birds, mice, and slugs. They are evidently discovered by means of scent. Birds and mice follow a row from end to end without attempting to search. They must, therefore, be attracted by some odour from the buried seeds. That is, no doubt, the reason, why, when they

have been rolled in red lead before sowing, they are to some extent protected by it, for it is a deodorant; while paraffin, in which they are sometimes immersed for a moment or two, has such a strong and clinging smell that it must mask their more subtle odour. The odour seems to be strongest during germination—after the peas have begun to swell. It is then that birds and mice are most troublesome. As soot is a powerful deodoriser, frequent applications of it would probably be useful at that stage.



RESERVE GARDEN, SHOWING ALTERATIONS
LAID OUT, OCTOBER 1908

Hyacinth Notes

OF all bulb flowers these are probably the most popular, for many reasons. They are well worth any care expended on them; and neglect, even for a single day, is often disastrous. When purchasing, select round, heavy, firm bulbs, even if small in comparison with other bulbs of the same variety, for it is weight and solidarity which count. Fill the pots three-parts full with a compost of rich fibrous loam and leaf-mould in equal parts. Beneath each bulb place a small heap of silver sand, and fill in with the compost,

leaving just the apex of the bulb exposed. Give a thorough soaking, and stand the pots outdoors on a bed of ashes in a shaded position, afterwards covering the pots to a depth of four inches with half-decayed leaf-soil or cocoanut-fibre. When the bulbs have well rooted, which will be in from ten to twelve weeks, remove the covering material, when they should be found to have made about an inch of top growth. Remove them into a cold frame, and place a small pot over each bulb for a few days until the foliage assumes a healthy green, when the pots may be removed and placed on a shelf in the sunniest position in cool greenhouse or conservatory.

❖ Greenhouse Marguerites

AMONG the most welcome of winter flowers are the fair white blooms of Marguerites. These may be grown in satisfactory succession in any greenhouse or conservatory by attention to a few simple points in culture. The most common mistake made is over-feeding with water or liquid manure. This results in forcing the plants to make leaves at the expense of flowers. What the grower desires is to enjoy an abounding profusion of flowers in constant succession. To obtain this result, it is well for him to avoid liquid manure altogether, and to give water with great caution and nice judgment. Otherwise he will encourage his plants to make stems and leaves and neglect the work of flower production, which he chiefly has in view. The greatest number of blooms is obtained by maintaining the soil just on the dry side. The plants should be examined daily. As soon as one is seen to be dry, enough water should be given to moisten it down to the drainage, but not to make it sodden. No more water should then be given until the soil is again dry. At the same time there must be no neglect. If moisture is

withheld too long, and dryness carried too far, the plants will cast their leaves from their lower stems, and only on the younger growths will the foliage be retained.

❖ How to Make an Asparagus-Bed

THERE is no reason why asparagus should not be as common and reasonable in price as any other hardy vegetable. January is a good time to form the beds. These should be 7-ft. wide and of any length desired. If there are two or more beds side by side, the distance between them should be 3-ft. Dig the soil out of the beds to a depth of 1-ft., and place it in the space between them, as it will be wanted as a covering in the future. On the bottom of the bed should be placed, if available, any garden vegetable refuse, which it is often difficult to know what to do with, such as cabbage and bean stalks and potato haulms. This will make an excellent manural foundation, and will also act, more or less, for some years in draining it. Asparagus does not like very damp or too heavy or cold a soil. Where seaweed is available it makes an excellent substitute for forming the bottom of the bed, as the asparagus is a seaside plant. When neither of these materials is available, place a 6-in. layer of manure on the bottom, dig it in, and mix it with the bottom soil of the bed, after treading the dug ground gently with the feet, and when it is fairly dry. On the top of this place another layer of richer and more decayed manure—say, 4-in. thick—and over this 4-in. of the soil close at hand. Trench the whole down, and after raking it over it will be ready to receive the young roots. A bed of this size will hold five rows—one in the centre and two on each side, 18-in. apart, and 2-ft. between root and root in the rows. Two-year old plants are the best, and these may be procured from any good nurseryman at a cheap rate.

The end of March or the first week in April is the best time to plant. Lay the roots on the surface of the prepared beds at the distances apart given, and then cover each with a good spadeful of soil. This should be pressed firmly about the roots and covered with 3-in. of soil. Take care that the soft crown of the root is not injured by hand pressure. Add more soil to the surface of the beds from the side paths or alleys, and bring it to

the same level as the soil over the roots. A few heads of asparagus may be cut the second year after planting for about a fortnight while the crop is at its best, but none the first season. The third year will yield a good supply, and every year afterwards for a lifetime with little expense or trouble, provided the bed or beds are kept free from weeds in summer and a dressing of manure given each autumn after the ripe grass is cut off.



A RIDDLE

WHY is an elephant like an oyster?—Because neither can climb a tree.



FOOTBALL IN HANKOW



HANKOW FOOTBALL TEAM



HANKOW v. BOONE COLLEGE



HANKOW MASCOT



BOONE COLLEGE, WUCHANG, FOOTBALL ELEVEN



To the Dear Homeland

A MONTHLY LETTER

"In the dear Homeland far across the sea,
I wonder if they miss me, do they think of me?"

DEAR BARBARA,

Greetings: May the New Year bring all happiness and prosperity to the dear folks in the Homeland. This is my wish; and although the year will have cut its first teeth ere this reaches you, the good wishes have been yours since its birth. New Year dawned upon us cold and seasonable and everyone who would, could be out of doors during the holidays. Many went up-country in houseboats, others tried to imagine themselves at St. Andrews and golfed happily from morn to eve, while the riding community revelled in paper hunts, which reminds me that I have not yet told you about our Paper Hunt Club. Riding in Shanghai is a common sport, being cheap enough for most people to indulge in. For those who wish to hack, we have miles of excellent roads in the country, and when we tire of the broad roads, acres of ploughed land, interspersed with dry cuts and creeks, offer further diversity. For the benefit of those who enjoy a race across country, the Paper Hunt Club

provides fun for about three months during the winter, beginning at the end of November, and arranges for a paper hunt to take place every Saturday afternoon during that period—weather permitting, of course. These Saturday afternoon hunts provide amusement for many others besides the riders, for hundreds of people assemble to see the start and finish. Some drive out in motor-cars or carriages, while a



A GROUP OF MOUNTED SPECTATORS WAITING FOR THE
FINISH OF THE CHRISTMAS HUNT

number of others make it an opportunity for a ride, and many are the mounted spectators that await the finish of the hunt. We ladies are not permitted in the hunts, so there is always a goodly sprinkling of fair equestrians to be found amongst the spectators, while the Chinese mount all the points of vantage along the



Photo

WAITING FOR THE WORD "GO!"

Satow

route, and cheer, or jeer, as the hunt passes; for preference they jeer; nothing delights a Chinese audience more than to see a few horseless huntsmen sprawling in a muddy creek. Besides, the prospect of a cumshaw (tip) is theirs when they catch the riderless ponies, which, by the

ones and usually well accustomed to cross-country work. At the end of the hunting season, the Paper Hunt Club holds a race meeting for one afternoon, and as this usually takes place in the early spring, it is generally a very enjoyable function, and looked forward to with eager anticipation

by our large sporting community and others who like it "for the fun of the thing" and who know about as



THE START



Photo

THE FINISH

Satow

way, very often insist upon continuing the hunt by their lonesome. During the holidays extra hunts were arranged for the Mondays following Xmas and New Year's Days, and the weather being all that could be desired, a large number of both riders and spectators turned out. My illustrations show you the starts and finishes of some of the hunts that took place during the holiday season, and will, perhaps, serve to give you an idea of their popularity. For those possessed of a longer purse the Drag Hunt Club offers

much about a horse as the school boy who described it as "a noble animal with four legs, one at each corner."

After the Paper Hunt Club Races are over, riding is put on one side by many for other sports, such as tennis, cricket, etc., and ponies are either sold or turned out to grass; but enthusiasts play polo all through the summer months, while their lady friends who go to watch them, don



NEW YEAR'S DAY START



Photo

FINISH

Satow

a run with the hounds two or three times a week, and here the fair sex is given a cordial welcome and assured of good run; but for this the possession of a Waler becomes a desideratum, for the hounds go too fast and far for the average China pony, although there are some that ride ponies to the hounds and keep up very well. But of course these ponies are good

their freshest muslins and take consolation in watching others get hot. I am told it is as refreshing as the cooling "peg" which invariably follows a chukka—to be greeted by a row of cool and unruffled ladies after a hard game. But it is not everyone's point of view of course and such gallant speeches are worth recording by

NANCY.

Well-known Residents

MR. G. R. WINGROVE came to Shanghai in 1880, and is one of the old Shanghai set that is, alas, diminishing only too quickly. Although Mr. Wingrove has always occupied a prominent social position in Shanghai, he is perhaps best known in his close connection with the amateur stage, which extended over a period of twenty-six years, and it has been a matter of much regret to his many admirers, that for the past few years he has withdrawn his active interest in our amateur theatrical performances.

For some years Mr. Wingrove was President of the Shanghai Amateur Dramatic Club, and his valuable services—during the twenty-six years that he assisted the Club in various capacities—could not possibly be overestimated, for whether he undertook the stage management, a principal part, or a minor part, his interest and assistance extended far beyond the glare of the footlights and he spent many hours in the less romantic corners behind the stage, sometimes overhauling and designing costumes, at others in the painting room, designing and knocking scenery together, and directing the ubiquitous Ah Ping, in whose hands the practical part of the scenic productions lay.

Conspicuous amongst the spectacular productions for which Mr. Wingrove was responsible, was the pantomime "Cinderella," which ran for nine performances and was voted a colossal success. The last scene in "Mice and Men" will also be remembered as one of his masterpieces in scenic art. As an actor, Mr. Wingrove made his *début* as "Mrs. Bouncer" in "Box and Cox" in England

in 1870, and in 1877 we find him performing in Bombay as "Charles Beeswing" in "Taming a Tiger." In 1879, he made his first appearance on the stage in Hongkong, in "The School for Scandal" as "Crabtree," and it was during his sojourn there that he took the part of "Tilburina" in Sheridan's comedy "The Critic," a photo of which character we



MR. WINGROVE AS MR. KERSHAW IN "JANE"

reproduce in our pages. Mr. Wingrove was honorary secretary of the Hongkong A.D.C., and his name still appears in the list of honorary members of that Club.

Mr. Wingrove's initial appearance before the footlights in Shanghai was in 1880, in "She Stoops to Conquer," in which he doubled the parts of "Stingo" and "Sir Charles Marlowe," and since then he has assisted in something like ninety productions, and played about sixty parts, to



MR. WINGROVE AS TILBURINA IN "THE CRITIC
IN 1879

say nothing of the many minstrel and variety shows with which he has been identified, or an occasional appearance with the French or German A.D.C.

Mr. Wingrove's grand forte is ballet, and it is in the arrangement of these, that he has spent some of his happiest hours; but to those who know him only of recent years, he will be remembered best as "Captain Barley" in "Beauty and the Barge," a part which suited him admirably.

We hope that the Lyceum stage has by no means seen the last of such an old favourite as Mr. Wingrove, who has contributed so largely and generously towards the amusement of the community.



A SPECIMEN OF CHINESE WIT

DIVIDING THE PROFITS

ONCE upon a time there were two brothers who cultivated their farm in partnership. When the season had come to harvest their rice crops, the younger asked, "How shall we divide the crop between us?" Sao Da, the elder, answered, "I will take the upper half and you shall have the lower." "That wouldn't be fair," said the younger man. "If I take the top half this time and you take it next time, will that do?" the elder asked. His brother thought there could be no objection to this plan and contented himself with the roots and stalks, looking forward, meanwhile, to next year's harvest, when all the grain should be his, as it was Sao Da's this year. When seed time came round again the younger asked, "Shall we sow the rice, now?" "Oh," said the brother, "my idea is that we should plant potatoes this year." History does not narrate the sequel.



CHINESE ENTERPRISE

THERE was once a man who took it into his head that he would like to open a pawnshop, so he questioned an acquaintance with regard to the cost of such an undertaking. "To open a large pawnshop," replied the other, "would require perhaps hundreds of thousands of taels, but you might open a small one with some tens of thousands." "Would I need as much as all that?" exclaimed the aspirant, considerably taken aback. "Why, I only need a counter and a few pawn tickets." His one view of the case evidently satisfying him, he opened a shop with a counter and some pawn tickets as his stock in trade.

Obituaries

IT is with much regret we record the death of Mr. A. W. Harvey Bellingham which took place at his residence in Tientsin on Saturday, November 27, 1909.

The late Mr. Bellingham was almost as well known and popular in Shanghai as in Tientsin where he had resided for something like twenty years. Until 1890 he was employed by the Imperial

separated, Mr. Bellingham confined his energy solely to the engineering branch. On the retirement of Mr. Kinder in 1909 from the post of chief of the engineering staff of the Imperial Railways of North China, Mr. Bellingham was nominated by the Chinese Government as his successor, but the appointment has been left in abeyance ever since and was never verified. Mr. Bellingham was a genial host and a good friend, and during his many years residence in North China took a keen interest in all that pertained to the welfare of Tientsin, in fact there was nothing of any importance, either socially or publicly, in which he was not identified in some way. He was a man of many parts and his happy disposition and kindly nature endeared him to all who knew him.

To Mrs. Bellingham we extend our deepest sympathy.



MR. A. W. H. BELLINGHAM

Railways of North China, but then relinquished his appointment on the railway staff to take up the joint position of Secretary and Engineer to the British Municipality of Tientsin, a position he most successfully filled for a period of thirteen years. When the offices were

We much regret to record the death of Mrs. Florence E. Patersson, wife of Capt. Patersson (late I. M. Customs) which took place at the General Hospital on December 4th after a painful and tedious illness. The late Mrs. Patersson was gifted with a facile pen and many of her poems have been published from time to time in our magazine. We publish in this number a poem which was written by her on the New Year 1909 which was also the last year of her life. By those who knew Mrs. Patersson intimately, she was highly esteemed for her cheerful, unselfish and brave attitude in facing a life that was fraught with tragedy and pathos. She faced death as she had faced life—bravely and patiently.

OUR MONTHLY DIARY

DECEMBER

Dec. 1st.—Marriage of Lieut. Cottrill Dormer and Miss M. Molloy.

Marriage of the Rev. Ed. Rowlands and Miss F. M. Sherwood.

,, 2nd.—Fatal accident on the Huangpu. Death of Captain C. V. d'Haevel of the Franco-Dutch Dredger Co.'s tugboat *Jaan*, and two members of the Chinese crew.

,, 3rd.—Fortnightly Concert.
Farewell Banquet to M. Ratard, Consul-General for France.

,, 4th.—Fatal Tram accident—native woman killed in Sinza Road.

Marriage of Mr. W. S. Featherstonhaugh and Miss M. S. Boyd.

,, 7th.—S.V.C. Annual Prize Distribution.
Marriage of Mr. K. Watson and Miss K. A. Saker.

,, 10th.—Destructive fire at Pootung.
Third Annual Dance of the Shanghai Yacht Club.

,, 11th.—Marriage of Mr. A. R. Davies and Miss M. W. Gutierrez.

,, 12th.—Annual Rifle Meeting of the Reserve Co. of S.V.C.

,, 13th.—“The Three Musketeers.”

,, 14th.—Marriage of Dr. G. Hanwell and Miss D. Warren.
Fortnightly Lecture.
“The Three Musketeers.”

,, 15th.—“The Three Musketeers.”

,, 16th.—Opening of new Branch of Hongkong & Shanghai Bank, situated at the corner of Broadway and Seward Road.

Dec. 16th.—Shanghai Chamber of Music Society's Concert.

,, 17th.—Death of King Leopold of Belgium.
Marriage of Dr. Urbanek and Miss L. E. Shaw at Chinkiang.

,, 20th.—“The Merrymakers.”
Death of Mr. Hugh McGeachin of the Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China.

,, 21st.—American Woman's Club Social at Mrs. Thayer's.
“The Merrymakers.”

Marriage of Mr. H. Ross and Miss Brewis.

Marriage of Mr. F. O. Reynolds and Miss E. L. Darling.

Presentation to Archdeacon Thomson by the Chinese Members of the American Church Mission, Kiangsu.

,, 22nd.—“The Merrymakers.”

,, 23rd.—Requiem Mass at St. Joseph's Church for King Leopold II of Belgium.
Annual distribution of Prizes at Holy Trinity Cathedral School.

,, 25th.—Charity Football Match; Engineers v. Rest of Shanghai.
Marriage of Mr. A. W. Garwood and Miss G. A. Bailey.
Fire in Commercial Press Works.

,, 27th.—Annual Christmas Entertainment for Sailors at Hanbury Institute.

,, 28th.—Fortnightly Concert.

,, 29th—Christmas Entertainment, Union Church Sunday School.

,, 31st.—Club Concordia New Year Ball.

Cinderella's Younger Sister

By E. M. J.

FELICITY is *awfully* pretty," said Josie, sitting up excitedly in her chair; "in fact," looking at her vis-à-vis as if in defiance of contradiction, "some people think she's lovely."

The little lady in black smiled faintly, and glanced at a photograph which stood upon the bare little mantelpiece, in a shabby frame of brown leather.

From it she glanced at the little champion of Felicity's charms, and a tinge-of colour threw a glow over her pale, clear-cut face.

"She resembles you, perhaps, Josephine?"

"*Me?*" exclaimed Josie, in a horrified tone that revealed honesty in every vibration. "Why, she's ever so pretty. Nobody thinks me pretty; not that I know of, at least," she said wistfully.

The little lady patted her cheek.

"It is not improbable that somebody should," she said, rising and looking again at the photograph. "You are very, very like your father."

Josie's face cleared.

"He was *such* a darling," she said, blinking away a tear; "and though Felicity and I thought him the dearest, handsomest father that ever was, mother said that no one could by any possibility think him good-looking."

The little lady winced, and for a long moment her eyes were held by those of the man in the portrait, a man with stalwart shoulders and a pair of kind, dark eyes that could, she knew, plead as wistfully for love and praise as ever Josie's did.

"Your mother was a very beautiful woman," she said quietly. "I remember her a lovely girl. Felicity, perhaps, is like her."

"I don't quite remember," said Josie thoughtfully. "Felicity has *such* pretty hair—brown, you know—that's somehow quite like gold when the sun shines; and her eyes are as blue as blue can be—dark blue. She's pale, really; but when she's excited she gets such a pretty colour, a kind of pink I can't describe somehow." Josie paused for breath.

"She must be very like your mother," said the little lady in black.

"Was it long ago that you knew mother?" asked Josie.

"Years and years ago, long before you and Felicity had been heard of," replied her visitor.

"And father?" asked Josie.

"I knew your father years before that," said the little lady. "He and I were boy and girl together."

Her voice and face changed; and Josie looked into the fire.

"Somehow I can't imagine father a boy," she said, "but of course he must have been. He used sometimes to play with me, but he always looked tired. Felicity remembers him when he wasn't tired and his hair wasn't grey. We often talk of him, you see, Felicity and I, so that I don't know how much is Felicity's idea and how much is mine."

It was evident that the child's whole memory was devoted to her father; and when the listener remembered the shallow nature of the mother she did not feel the

surprise that an outsider might have experienced.

"And how do you and Felicity amuse yourselves all day?" asked the visitor.

"There isn't any amusement," said Josie, in a tone of mild expostulation, "except in the evenings when Felicity and I pretend we're going to parties and things, and plan what we'll wear. Of course it is all make-believe, but Felicity sometimes dresses up and pretends she's been to the ball, and tells me all about it. I ask her always if she was the belle, but she says that though she isn't exactly a wall—wall—what do you call it?—oh, yes, a wallflower—there were dozens of prettier girls. Of course, I never believe her. And then Felicity says that clothes mean a lot."

"Clothes? Oh, you mean a pretty frock and that? Well, so they do, dear, a great, great deal too much. But what do you do while Felicity is away? What is she away so long for?"

"She teaches music," said Josie with pride. "She sings beautifully, you know, and she comes home so tired. But she gets better when she's had some tea, and I've unlaced her boots. She works so hard, and I won't be able to help for ever so long. I wish I could, but, you see, I'm only ten."

Her listener glanced at the delicate, flushed face, at the thin hands. Josie was a leggy child, too tall for her years; but it was a lovable, delightful little face, with dark eyes that won affection for her wherever she went.

"Well, you may do your share some day," said the little lady, "or perhaps there will be no need."

Josie shook her head.

"There'll always be need," she said, in her most elderly manner; "but Felicity and I plan that we'll work extra hard, so that some day we'll have a dear little

cottage in the country, with a donkey and a dairy, and eggs and fowls and cabbages for our very own."

The listener smiled and rose.

"Now that I have found you, you must come and see me sometimes. Josie, do you think Felicity would like to come to a ball I am giving in a week or two?"

Josie's dark eyes danced.

"Like it? Why, she'd love it, of course. But I'm afraid she can't, thank you. She's nothing to go in, you see, not even an old dress, for she's never been to a ball in her life."

The little lady, moved by a swift impulse, stooped and kissed her.

"You are very like your father, Josephine. Perhaps the fairy godmother may send the frock. Who knows? We shall see."

She gathered her furs closely around her as Josie opened the hall-door and let in some of the fog-laden atmosphere.

"Run in, child, and take care of that cough. You seem to have a bad cold."

"I've had it for ever so long," said Josie cheerfully. "Is that your carriage? How nice it looks! Good-bye!"

The carriage-lamps flashed dimly through the mist, and then disappeared, just as a girl ran up the steps of the house. Josie flung herself upon her sister.

"Why, how early you are, Felicity! I do wish you'd come one minute earlier. The fairy godmother's just driven off."

"The *what?*?" asked Felicity, beginning to ascend the stairs with flagging steps—"the *what?*?"

But it was not until tea was made, and two muffins were toasted, that Josie related the afternoon's adventures.

"A ball," exclaimed Felicity, in longing tones—"a ball! Imagine, Josie! No make-believe this time; but a real ball, with perhaps a band and a well-waxed floor! Why, sometimes I wish old Madame

hadn't taught me to waltz, I long so much for a dance!"

She sat with hands clasped, and looked into the depth of the fire, as if she saw visions. Josie knelt on the rug beside her, with her head on Felicity's knee.

"Well, we're going to see what a real one's like," she said. "You'll go, won't you, if the fairy godmother *does* send the frock?"

"She won't; and I can't take it if she does," said Felicity. "You see, Cinderella was persuaded into it; and then her godmother was a real fairy, who could just wave her fairy wand instead of sending to a shop and paying by cheque. There's a difference, you know."

But Josie's face clouded over so darkly that she forbore to say more. Indeed, she found herself rashly promising to agree to any fairy-tale project, and thinking herself perfectly safe in so doing.

For several days Josie watched the post. There was nothing to indicate the existence of fairy sponsors, yet hope died hard. She quite imagined that the ball-dress might arrive during Felicity's absence.



One day, there was a great ringing and knocking at the shabby front door. Sometimes the landlady and the little maid were impervious to the noisiest knocks and rings. Josie's heart beat fast. She pushed her painting materials away and listened eagerly.

Yes; it was something out of the common, and, after a second rousing application of the knocker, the front door was opened, and presently Mrs. Wilkins herself came in, bearing a huge, white-cardboard box.

"It's for Miss Felicity," she said, "and a paper to sign." Josie signed the paper, looking as if big cardboard boxes were an ordinary occurrence, while Mrs. Wilkins looked quite the contrary. Later in the

day, a letter came for Felicity, a letter with a delicate perfume and a crest on the flap. Josie placed it in a prominent position on the mantelpiece, and sat with her eyes alternately fixed upon it, the clock, and the cardboard box. It seemed years before Felicity's arrival. Of course, she was later than usual. The bus had broken down, she said, and fresh horses had to be sent for. But it was Friday night, and a whole holiday stretched before them. No more work or separation until Monday dawned.

The letter was opened at once, and they read it together.

"The fairy godmother!" said Josie, in an awestruck voice, her face radiant with pleasure.

But Felicity looked very thoughtful, half annoyed. The letter was kindness itself, and begged that for old acquaintance' sake Felicity would accept the frock and come to the ball, just to give pleasure to her father's oldest friend.

Josie sat down on a little chair, and surveyed Felicity anxiously. Devoted as they were, they did not always think alike, and she greatly feared that Felicity would not go to this first real ball.

"I can't take the frock," said Felicity presently, knitting her brows perplexedly. "After all, she's a complete stranger to *me*, and she did not take the trouble to look us up when—when father was here."

"She said she'd only just been able to find us," said Josie; "and you know London is such a huge place."

Felicity nodded abstractedly. There was justice in the statement.



Josie could bear the doubt no longer.

"Aren't you going to look at the frock?" she asked. "Do let's peep, anyway."

There was a quiver in her voice which Felicity realised.

"Oh, we must just see what it's like," she said. "You shall cut the string, Josie."

The lid was soon off, and from amid a multiplicity of tissue-paper wrappings Felicity shook out a soft mass of white chiffon draperies, with here and there a mysterious touch of silver.

Josie clasped her hands; speech was beyond her. Then she dived into the box. Tucked away in one corner were two little pairs of white-satin shoes (one smaller than the other), a pair of silk stockings, a filmy underskirt of lace, and a gossamer handkerchief that Cinderella's fairy godmother could not have improved upon.

"Dress up! do dress up!" pleaded Josie. "I should so like to see someone in a real ball-dress. Go quickly."

"Would you rather help me, or have it all at once?" asked Felicity.

"All at once," said Josie.

Presently there was a little, soft movement beside her, and she opened her eyes.

This dazzling vision could surely never be Felicity! Yet Felicity it was, with a colour in her cheeks and a brightness in her eyes that had rarely been seen there before. Josie had always admired her sister, but, until now, she had never realised how lovely she was. The slim, girlish figure in the foamy chiffon gown was perfection—from the soft, piled-up hair down to the toe of the white-satin slipper.

"Well?" asked Felicity, craning her neck to look in the dusky little mirror over the mantelpiece.

Josie still sat with parted lips, hands tightly clasped together.

"Clothes do mean a lot," she said presently. "Oh, Felicity, *must* you take it off?"

"Well, I certainly cannot go to bed in it," said Felicity, with a little laugh. "I'm afraid to move in it, it's so lovely, much less sit down."

She stood in the middle of the dingy little lodging-house room like a being from another sphere. Then with uplifted skirts she waltzed a few steps.

"You'll go to the ball," said Josie—
"you must."

"I think I must," exclaimed Felicity
"Fairyland for one night, I think."

"But she wants you to stay a few days," said Josie: "that would be nicer still. You *must* go, Felicity, just to please me. You can go on Friday, you know, when the ball is, and come back on Monday night. You can manage about the lessons for one day."

She consulted the letter once more.

"Look, you're to dress there: the carriage is to come for you, and—"

Felicity stooped and kissed the eager, flushed face.

"And how about you?" she asked.
"Pray, how do you suppose that you can manage without me for so long?"

But Josie had planned it all out.

"Old Sarah can come and stay with me, she can; and I really rather like her. She's so good natured, and she just loves going to places. It's only a 'bus ride here for her."

"I wish you could come, too," said Felicity, surrendering to persuasion and the charms of the chiffon gown.

"Perhaps I shall when I'm grown up," said Josie. "And one day you said you'd take me to the pantomime. Do you think we can afford it?"

"It shall be done," said Felicity. "Why, it's our one dissipation. I wish the fairy godmother had thought of taking you to the pantomime instead of me to the ball. I shall not go unless your cold is better, and, of course, unless old Sarah can come."

But the following Friday saw old Sarah installed at the domestic hearth, and saw, too, the carriage drive off with Felicity and the cardboard box.

Josie watched the last flash of the lamps; and a lump came into her throat as she leaned her head against the window-pane. She had practised great self-denial for Felicity's sake, and she had said nothing about the oppression and sharp pain in her chest when she drew a long breath. Old Sarah meant well, and was kind; but Felicity was indescribably soothing when colds were about. She went slowly back to the fire, where Sarah contentedly clicked her knitting-needles.

"I think Felicity will be the belle," said Josie, leaning her chin on her hand, and looking into the fire.

"That I'm sure she will!" responded Sarah, with a heartiness at which no one could cavil. "And perhaps the prince will be there."

"The Prince! Why, I *quite* forgot the Prince!" exclaimed Josie. "Of course, there was a prince—wasn't there, Sarah?"



It was Monday afternoon. Felicity had lived for a few days in fairyland. And Sarah's surmise was right: the Prince had not failed to put in an appearance. The fairy godmother was charmed with Cinderella, who, in her dainty frock, had been the belle of the ball. She had danced every dance—had danced until the pretty white-satin slippers were frayed with much exercise.

One little note had come from Josie, saying that Sarah was kind and she was happy, and that Felicity was not to hasten home. And Felicity had written a little note, too, enclosing the dainty programme, which Josie had carefully studied all day and had kept under her pillow; for, truth to tell, Josie had been obliged to keep to her bed since Saturday. But she had hidden from Sarah that the pain was worse and worse, and that in the night she had cried for Felicity's gentle touch.

But the ball-programme, with its little pencil, was a great comfort under her pillow. She had tried to make out the initials, some of which occurred again and again, P. R. D.

"It's nearly all waltzes P. R. D. likes," said Josie in a hoarse little voice, which at last alarmed Sarah.

On Monday morning early she sent a telegram to Felicity, not knowing her address until the note had fallen from Josie's hot, clenched hand.

And by Monday afternoon Cinderella and the Prince were great friends.

Indeed, Cinderella began to wonder how she should go back to comparative rags and poverty that night. And then suddenly the Prince put his hand into his pocket and drew out a telegram.

"I'm so sorry, he said. "It came for you this morning, and I quite forgot to give it to you."

Felicity's face changed. She was not used to telegrams, and the orange envelope seemed to bode ill-tidings. She tore it open, and then sprang to her feet. All her pretty colour had faded away.

"Bad news?" asked the fairy godmother.

"Very, very bad," said Felicity, with trembling lips. "It is Josie. I ought to have gone back hours and hours ago! Oh"—turning on the grief-stricken Prince—"how could you? I must go now—this moment! She is very ill. Perhaps by now——"

The fairy godmother looked very distressed.

"She may be better, dear, not worse. Order the carriage, Phil."

"A cab would be quicker," said the Prince.

And in another moment he and Felicity were driving through the brightly lighted streets.

Felicity said nothing. She only sat with clasped hands, wondering dully what life would be like without Josie. She hardly

heard her companion's self-reproaches; and presently he lapsed into silence.

He handed poor Cinderella from the cab, then put up his hand to the bell. Felicity caught his hand.

"Don't," she said quickly. "I have a latchkey, and it might disturb her."

"I shall be back soon," said the Prince, "with our own doctor: he's a shining light."

But Cinderella, with a pale face and eyes heavy with anxiety, only shook her head. She could not forgive the delayed telegram. And though the Prince waited on the lower step, hoping for a backward glance, it never came. The door opened and shut. Cinderella had drifted from fairy land into the grim realities of the everyday world.

* * *

Josie was lying on the little couch in the sitting-room, amid a veritable bower of blossoms. Violets and lilies of the valley, daffodils, and even a handful or two of roses glorified the little room. A bright fire burned in the grate, one or two magazines and books lay about, a dainty cushion was placed behind Josie's head, and a gaily striped, silken coverlet lay across her feet. Josie loved pretty things, and she fingered it admiringly. Felicity sat in the easy-chair opposite, and feasted her eyes upon her treasured invalid. Josie was very thin and pale, but now it was only a question of change and feeding up. Felicity's heart filled with gratitude as she thought of the love and many kindnesses shown by the fairy godmother. Then at another memory she sighed, and tears came into her eyes.

She blinked them away, and stirred up the fire, but she could not deceive Josie, who had a wonderful faculty for putting two and two together.

"Aren't the flowers lovely?" she said, stretching out a thin little hand towards the violets; "and how kind everybody is! The fairy godmother's a dear."

"She is indeed," assented Felicity, tucking the coverlet cosily round Josie's toes.

"And I think I'd like to see the Prince next time he comes to know how I am," said Josie.

Felicity started, and the colour rushed over her face as she turned away.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"There he is now—quick, quick," said Josie, leaning upon her elbow as there came the light jingling of cab-bells and a knock and a ring at the door. "Felicity, don't let him go away. I do *so* want to see what he's like."

And Felicity disappeared. The next moment the Prince walked into the room alone. He was very gentle and cheerful with Josie, greeting her like an old friend, and sitting down beside her couch. He was very tall and broad, and had the kindest face imaginable, Josie thought, glancing from him to the portrait on the mantelpiece.

He broke off a little bunch of grapes for Josie, and gave them one by one into her weak little grasp, and before long they were talking away like old friends. But Cinderella never came to see the Prince.

"Are your initials P.R.D.?" asked Josie presently.

"Why, how did you know?" asked the Prince.

"It doesn't matter," replied Josie, "but I wanted to make quite sure. Where's Felicity?"

"She won't come back while I'm here," said the Prince. "She really might forgive me now that you're better."

"Why is she angry with you?" asked Josie. Then, for the first time, she heard about the delayed telegram.

"If I'd—you know—not got well," said Josie sagely, "there really would have been a reason, but now that I'm getting well she certainly *might* make friends again."

"That's what I think," agreed the Prince eagerly. "We were such friends before."

"You mustn't think, because of this, that Felicity's got a bad temper," said the child anxiously. "I dare say she can't make up her mind to say she's sorry."

"But I don't want her to say she's *sorry*," said the Prince, "but just to listen to me when I say *I am*."

"Won't she even do that?" asked Josie.

"Not even that; and it makes me very miserable."

"Of course it would!" said Josie.

And, for a moment, she was buried in thought. But still Felicity never came. And they could not possibly guess that she was ashamed of the many unkind reproaches she had heaped upon the Prince.

"Would you like to stay for tea?" asked Josie, when the visitor spoke of departure.

"Please, if Fel—if your sister wouldn't mind."

"Ring the bell," said the invalid—"very quickly."

And, as she had imagined, Felicity came running, fearing something was the matter.

Tea went off better than might have been expected; and when the Prince offered to come the following day Felicity raised no objection.

"He's dreadfully unhappy," said Josie, when the Prince had gone, and Felicity

had drawn up a little stool in order to put her face on the pillow beside Josie's.

"It's only what he deserves," said Felicity, with a heartlessness that bewildered her young sister.

With all her wisdom, she could not be expected to know that Felicity's heart was aching as sorely as the Prince's. Then suddenly Josie felt the soft cheek pressed against her own become wet with tears, and, after that, she guessed a little, and put another two and two together in her sage little mind.

She stroked Felicity's hair.

"Will you tell the Prince, to-morrow, that you've *quite* forgiven him?" she asked presently. "What's the use of keeping things up?"

"If he'll let me I will," said Felicity reluctantly.

It needed little wisdom next day to see how entirely the quarrel had been cancelled.

"You were quite right, you see, Sarah," said Josie, later in the day: "there really was a Prince. He says we're all going to live in fairyland, and that we shall very soon have the cottage and flowers, and a pony as well as a donkey, and heaps and heaps of cabbages, and sometimes even asparagus, Sarah. He says I needn't make the butter myself, but that I can if I like."



THE PHANTOM CAT

"DIDN'T I tell ye to feed that cat a pound of meat every day until ye had her fat?" demanded an Irish shopkeeper, nodding toward a sickly, emaciated cat that was slinking through the store.

"Ye did that," replied his assistant; "an' I've just been after feedin' her a pound of meat this very minute."

"Faith an' I don't believe ye. Bring me the scales."

The poor cat was lifted into the scales. They balanced at exactly one pound.

"There!" exclaimed the assistant triumphantly. "Didn't I tell ye she'd had her pound of meat?"

"That's right," admitted the boss, scratching his head. "That's yer pound of meat all right; but"—suddenly looking up—"where the divvil is the cat?"

OUR CANINE FRIENDS

UR picture illustrates an interesting family of dogs, the property of Mr. Pereira Marques, a well-known resident of Macao who is a keen sportsman and the owner of a fine pack of pointers. The progenitor of this family was Café, so



MR. FRANCISCO PEREIRA MARQUES

named on account of his colour, and his indefatigable zeal in the field inspired terror amongst partridges and woodcock. He was incomparable in searching, also for quickness and firmness in securing his prey.

Café was born in July 1897, and during his time was undoubtedly the best sporting dog in the district. He died on September 25th, 1909.

The son of Café by Diana was Joe, who, despite his excessive weight, was known to be the fastest dog in Macao, while in the



CAFÉ, SON OF LYRA AND POPPY

field he was ever diligent and indefatigable, directing attention to game in a most skilful manner. He was born in Macao in February 1900 and his death, which occurred on November 13th, 1904, during an excursion trip to Lappa, was somewhat



JOE, SON OF CAFÉ AND DIANA

tragic, for he was bitten by a poisonous snake which punctured four small wounds, two above and two below the jaw at equal distances.

Tory, Joe's twin, was one of the handsomest and best pointers of his day, in Macao. He died on June 17th, 1908.

Castor and Pollux are also twin brothers, and were born on May 6th, 1903. Castor still lives, but Pollux died on October 8th, 1909, after an illness of several days.



CASTOR AND POLLUX, TWIN SONS OF TORY



CAFITO



TORY

BILLY AND I

They say they are going to shoot you, Old Billy, but don't you fret ;
For the fellow who dares to meddle with you must reckon with me, you bet :
You're a poor old horse, Old Billy, and you aren't worth much, it is true ;
But you've been a faithful friend to me, and I'll see you safely through.

Shoot Old Billy ? I guess not, though you may be old and grey,
By the self-same stretch of mercy they'll be shooting me some day ;
I haven't much love for the fellows who follow the shooting plan ;
If they had more pity for horses and dogs, they'd have more love for man.

That's right, Old Bill, I like it—your muzzle against my face ;
We've had rattling times together, and once we won the race—
Do you remember it, Billy, the dude that we downed that day ?
And the way he swore, that an old farmhorse should show his trotter the way ?

Well, Billy, we're both great sinners, for we've both grown old, you know ;
And we've only a little further adown the road to go ;
So we'll fare along together till the Master calls us home,
To the happy Home-Land stables, and our feet forget to roam.

They tell us that horses have no souls, and they all declare it true ;
That shows how little they know, Old Boy, and it proves they don't know you ;
Well, well, 'tis a mighty question, and quite beyond my ken—
But the more I know of horses like you, the less I brag about men.

You've been a good horse, Old Fellow, steady and brave and true ;
You have given us faithful service—done all that a horse could do ;
You have earned your keep ; you shall have it ; so live long as you can—
For justice is justice, and right is right, whether it's a horse or man.

“Further Memoirs of Chubblock Holes”

BY H. F. LAWSON.

Author of ‘The Hoshow Mystery,’ ‘The Strange Case of the Wei Kwan,’ etc., etc.

I. The Bangkok Affair

“**M**Y dear Whichdaughter, I fear you don’t understand the subtle distinction between inference and deduction.”

My friend—Chubblock Holes—and I were sitting on the deck of the *Petchaburi* on the point of leaving Bangkok, lazily watching the crowd on the landing stage.

“You know my methods, Whichdaughter” continued he. “They are based mainly on deduction, following upon keen observation, and inference takes quite a secondary place. For instance, you remember how in ‘The Mystery of the Hunan Hieroglyphics’ I unearthed a hideous conspiracy, and in the case of the great Kalee Robbery I succeeded in restoring the stolen Bhuddha to Prince Kiukiang. I once wrote a brochure on ‘The Comparative Length of Cat’s Whiskers and their Relation to Criminal Imbecility,’ which would well repay your careful perusal.”

The whistle sounds, and just as we are starting I notice a short clean-shaven man hurry through the crowd and clamber on the deck, followed by a coolie carrying three bags. We are off at last!

The deck is clear and the man passes behind us, when I am surprised to hear my friend Holes say: “Good afternoon, Mr. Topham.”

He starts! “Ah! you know me, then.” “On the contrary, I have never seen you before.” “Then, pray, how do you know my name?” “That is my affair,” says Holes. “Then perhaps” sardonically “as you are so clever, you can also tell

my business?” “Certainly. You are a traveller in medicines for Messrs. Cureall of London. You arrived from Singapore last Tuesday by the *Stirling Castle* and stayed at the Oriental Hotel. To-day after tiffin, at which you had some curry, you went to the Egyptian hall and had a glass of whisky and a game of billiards and during the course of the game, your opponent knocked a ball off the table on to your foot. You have purchased a bag at Kaw Long’s and some embroidery work at Hai Sing’s, to send home, probably to your sweetheart. In running to catch the boat a dog attacked you in Foochow Road and you kicked him out of the way. You are now going to Manila via Hongkong.” The man dropped into a chair, bewildered. “How can you tell all this” cried he. “My methods are simplicity itself” Holes replied, “and explanation makes them appear absurdly elementary.”

“I know you are a traveller for medicines because I see one of Messrs. Cureall’s price lists sticking out of your pocket, and several evident sample bottles. I saw in Wednesday’s newspaper your name as an arrival in the hotel lists, the same initials as are on your bags, and as the *Stirling Castle* is the only boat which came in on Tuesday, you must have been on it.

“When I was booking my passage I observed your name and destination on the list, and as I know the only two other passengers, it follows that it must be you. The curry you had for tiffin is evidenced by the stain on your shirt front. There being chalk between your left thumb and

finger you have played billiards, and as the Egyptian Hall is the only place in Bangkok where green chalk is used, you must have been there.

"The whisky I can smell and there is an unmistakeable indentation on your shoe of a billiard ball having fallen on it. As regards the new bag and embroidery, I recognize Kaw Long's goods and as all your bags are apparently full you must have wanted the extra bag for purchases."

"No traveller buys anything at Bangkok except native embroidery work and you have evidently bought this. As you have no indication of baldness I take it that you are not married, so the present is doubtless for some girl with whom you are in love. This last is, I may say, pure inference, and may be incorrect. The previous points are, however, absolute deduction and therefore incontestable."

"There is the mark of a dog's wet paw on your trouser leg and some dog's hair on your boot, which can quite explain the kicking incident. They have just started watering the streets, commencing at Foochow Road so it must have been there."

"Wonderful! I must admit" said he; "but of course any thinking person could have guessed all that." "My dear, Sir, I never guess!" "Well, granted that these facts are correct, they are mere banal trivialities, and of no moment." "I agree" said Holes "but if one can deduce trivial points he can often deduce important matters." "Name?"

"Well, for instance, the umbrella you brought on board is not yours, but was stolen! Then again, last week you murdered a man in a drunken bout at

Singapore!" "Sir!" shouted the man, jumping up, his face livid with rage and fear. "Yes" said Holes "that is so. In coming along the landing stage you so anxiously hid the handle of the umbrella that unlawful possession was obvious."

"I read in the newspaper an account of a murder in Singapore the night before you left there. The fact of your going to Hongkong by this boat instead of the better route by going back to Singapore confirms my deduction. Your present attitude convinces me, and the description in the Singapore paper gives final certainty, that you are the man. Although you have shaved and disguised yourself cleverly enough to elude the Singapore and Bangkok Police, you cannot deceive me, Chubblock Holes, the greatest detective that ever lived!" Whilst saying this, Holes had quietly put his right hand in his pocket. A black look appeared on the man's ashen white face, and hastily looking round, he significantly moved his hand to his trouser pocket. Springing at him like a tiger, Holes drew an open penknife from his pocket, placed it at the man's neck and cried out "Hands up, or I'll cut your throat." He complied and Holes abstracted the revolver from his pocket. Sinking into a chair, he groaned hoarsely. "For Heaven's sake don't give me away." "I am not connected with the Police" said Holes; "there are two other passengers on board, and we have a nine days' voyage before us."

"If you can make a fourth at bridge I will say nothing until we reach Hongkong. Now put your collar straight and come to the smoke-room, and have a drink."



DECEMBER

If cold December gave you birth,
The month of snow and ice and mirth,
Place on your hand a turquoise blue—
Success will bless you if you do.

The Russian Soldiers' Monument

DURING the Russo-Japanese War in 1904-5 and directly after it, whilst one portion of the Russian Army was transported home via Suez, Shanghai played the part of a great halting-place. A large number of soldiers and sailors suffering from wounds and disease had to stay over here for prolonged treatment. Several failed to recover, passed away, and were buried in the Bubbling Well Cemetery.

The Russian Government, to perpetuate the memory of those of its unfortunate sons who found their last resting-place so far away from home, gave orders to erect a monument over their graves. In compliance with this order, new ground was purchased in the same cemetery and twenty-four bodies, which lay in different places, were reinterred together in a common soldiers' grave and a large monument was erected thereon.

This monument, which is reproduced on our pages, is made of a pale pink stone, Tsingtao granite. The main part represents a portico, with two steps leading to it, and in the back of which is a large Russian Ikon—Christ's Resurrection—with a lamp burning day and night before it. Over the porch a great salient eight-pointed cross stands out on the upper part of the monument. The porch and the cross are of a dark green syenite. The sides of the monument are occupied by six white marble plates on which the names of the dead are engraved.

Under the Ikon is a marble plate with the following inscription in the Russian and English languages: "This is the

Common Grave of the officers and men of the Russian Army and Fleet, who participated in the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-5 and who died in Shanghai from wounds and disease."



MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE RUSSIAN SOLDIERS
AND SAILORS WHO DIED IN SHANGHAI
1904-1905

There is one more marble plate on the back of the tomb bearing this inscription also in Russian and English: "To her sons who died far from home.—Erected by the Russian Government."

The monument is over 17-ft. high; its length is about 12-ft. and its breadth 6-ft.

The work was executed by the firm of Stoltz & Kind (41a Seward Road, Shanghai) and is a real masterpiece. Shanghai residents may admire it just at the entrance gate of the Bubbling Well Cemetery on the right-hand side along the main pathway.

On the 22nd of October the monument was unveiled in the presence of the Russian Consul-General, C. V. Kleimenow, and other members of the Russian Colony in Shanghai. A simple but a solemn ceremony.

It was about 5 o'clock in the afternoon and as the dusk of the evening was spreading over the cemetery the lamp before the sacred image of the Resurrection gradually permeated the darkness more and more and threw its light on the Son of Man—the guardian of the weak, the consoler of the distressed.

The sad voice of the Russian priest, the sorrowful hymns sung by a Chinese choir of the Russian church, their touching words "*Rest quiet with the Saints,*" "*The sobbing over the grave that createth the song*" and the finale "*Blessed memory for ever,*"

sounded mournfully amidst the growing darkness and the stillness of the evening, and went to the depths of the souls of the by-standers.

The solemn Mass finished, the little crowd melted away and gradually left the cemetery. Nobody remained at the grave-side. Only the Saviour looked down from the Ikon with His sweet and quiet gaze, through the mysterious haze of the yellow light.

Alone, left quite alone. Neither a widow, nor a parent, nor a friend will come to this tomb to drop a tear over those who failed to reach their distant homes and their nearest, and who are now resting beneath the damp earth.

Is there still something to console them, and also to comfort those living, who may expect the same fate? Yes, there is. Alone but not forgotten—"Erected by the Russian Government to its sons who died far from home." And then, still more, the comforting words of a fulfilled duty, inscribed round the Saviour's head of the sacred image:

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." (St. John xv. 13.)



EACH FOR HIMSELF

Each for himself must tread life's devious way.

No yearning mother-love one step has spared
The child's uncertain feet; but day by day
His toilsome journey he has pressed unshared.

Each for himself must face death's deepening night—

Leap from the brink and pass beyond recall.
Lo! then, the sudden crossing into light—
Each for himself shall find the God of all.

A. F. M.

The Quiet Hour

New Year 1910

M. R. H.

THE cycle of moons has passed away, and Old Father Time has again turned his hour-glass on another year. The old year has gone ! with all its happenings and mistakes ! And what would we not give to retrieve these ; and memory takes advantage of the occasion to bring back recollections we would fain forget. The old year has passed ; it has been an eventful one in Shanghai in many ways, and much anxiety has been added to the strenuous life of the business men of the community ; while socially, many partings of old friends have taken place, and many old residents have left us to spend their remaining years in rest and ease in the "dear Homeland." And, alas ! many familiar faces have passed away into the great unknown, and only the memory of the hearty hand-shake, and the cheery words of New Year greetings are left to us. If all those we love have been spared to us, no break in the home circle, then there ought to be a thanksgiving in the home. For what is any disappointment in business, or failure in ambition, or any worldly trouble compared to the loss of a dearly-loved husband, wife, or child ? Into many a home the Angel of Death has come, the light of one life has been lowered, and a glory has vanished from our earth ; but even in these homes there is reason for thanksgiving, and the sorrow should not be that of those who sorrow without hope, for the promise of

eternal life is ours, and the expectation of a joyful reunion.

The old year is past ! and if sorrow more than joy has been our portion, let us thank God for that also, and say with George Eliot, "it would not be well for us to overleap one grade of joy or suffering ; our life would lose its completeness and beauty."

The old year has passed away ! Are we any wiser or better than we were a year ago ? Are our hopes still high ? Is our dear home circle unbroken ? If so, then let our hearts ring out in joyful attune, with the New Year chimes, and the grand old hymn,

"Now thank we all our God,
With hands, and hearts, and voices."

A new year has begun ! and with it let us determine to be "strong and of a good courage," "to keep our window open to the East," to have love in our hearts, and kindly words of good cheer, and a helping hand for those who stumble by the way. Let us go bravely forward in this New Year, receiving the blessings and joys of life with grateful hearts, bearing the sorrows and trials with resignation, and giving thanks unto God for all things.

"Wilt shape a noble life ? Then cast
No backward glances to the past,
And what if something still be lost?
Act as new-born in all thou dost,
What each day wills, that shalt thou ask ;
Each day will tell its proper task ;
What others do, that shalt thou prize,
In thine own word the guerdon lies,
This above all; hate none. The rest—
Leave it to God. He knoweth best."

*Huxley. On the birth of his first child
New Year's Day 1857.*

TAOTAI JÈME TIEN-YOW

In connection with the recent opening of the Imperial Peking-Kalgan Railway, a very prominent place will have to be given to the engineer-in-chief of the first railway in China that was constructed by Chinese without any foreign advice or assistance.

The engineer-in-chief of the Imperial Peking-Kalgan Railway, Taotai Jème Tien-yow, PH.B. (Yale), A.M.I.C.E. (London), whose portrait we publish, has enjoyed a very active and varied career. Born in Canton, Kuangtung Province, in 1861, at the age of eleven he was sent to the United States of America by the Chinese Government, being one of the first detachment of thirty students of the Chinese Education Mission. Similar detachments followed during the next three years. In 1881 he graduated from the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College, having taken the prize in mathematics in his Freshman's year. The same year he returned to China, and entered the Naval School in Foochow Arsenal, and graduated in July 1882.

During 1882 and 1883 he served as a midshipman on board a training ship in the Chinese Navy, and the following year he became teacher in the Naval School in the Foochow Arsenal. From 1884 to 1888 he was a teacher in the Whampoa Government School, Kuangtung Province, and during the next six years he was assistant engineer of the Chinese Railway Co., Tientsin. In 1894 he was elected Associate Member of the Institute of Civil Engineers (A.M.I.C.E.), London, England. From 1896 to 1901 he served the Imperial Railways of North China, first as assistant

and later as resident engineer. In 1902 he became engineer of the Ping Hsiang Railway in Chianghsien Province. For some time Jème Tien-yow was chief engineer, Imperial Hsi Ling Railway, and later on he was appointed consulting engineer of the Imperial Chinese Railway Administration, Shanghai.



TAOTAI JÈME TIEN-YOW

In May 1905, he was appointed chief engineer and co-director of the Peking-Kalgan Railway, and in the following year he was appointed assistant examiner to the graduates from abroad. During the next two years he successfully filled the positions as director of the Peking-Kalgan Railway, consulting engineer to the Tientsin-Pukow Railway, and adviser to the Board of Posts and Communications (Yuchuanpu).

Early in 1909 Jême Tien-yow was appointed chief engineer and co-director of the Iwan section of the Szechuen-Chuenhan Railway Co. From Expectant Taotai he has been recently promoted to Expectant Deputy Vice-President to the Yuchuanpu, on account of his services to the Peking-Kalgan Railway Co.

During the years that Jême Tien-yow

has worked so assiduously for his country, he has fairly earned a title to fame in having taken so large a part in building up the modern railways in North China, and in his attainment of a unique position of distinction.

Quite recently Mr. Jême Tien-yow has been awarded the degree of Chin Shih or Doctor of Engineering.



LINES ON THE OLD YEAR

GOOD-BYE, old year, good-bye ! I leave thee with regret,
But I am urged by Time along, though fain I'd linger yet ;
I've known thee now for many a day, and still would know thee more,
But thou remain'st in peace behind, whilst I fly on before.

Good-bye, old year, good-bye ! quenched is thy torch's flame ;
Yet for the hours with thee I've spent, all honour to thy name ;
My life has glided smoothly on, thy peaceful reign throughout,
Undimmed by scenes of strife and trial, or hideous war-fiend's shout.

Good-bye, old year, good-bye ! My heart is sad to part;
Thy tranquil days, and peaceful hours, must for me now depart,
Another page of life turned o'er, God knows what it may bring,
To all the old, and well-known days, my heart still fondly clings.

Good-bye, old year, good-bye ! since thou may'st not remain ;
Into the earth thou soon wilt sink like drops of summer rain ;
And with thee many happy days—let that not cloud thy cheer,—
But I must leave thee now old friend, to greet another year.

FLORENCE E. PATERSSON,
SHANGHAI.

Social Notes

THE month of December has not been marked by any very large social function, but the number of private or semi-private functions has saved it from being classed as dull. A fair quota of weddings took place, and a good many semi-private dances; while the theatre-going public has been well regaled with a full share of merriment by the A.D.C. in their burlesque "The Three Musketeers," and by a travelling Vaudeville Company. In the musical sphere we have had our usual Sunday concerts at the Town Hall, and an excellent Chamber Concert.



THE most important and popular wedding of the season was that of Miss Dolly Warren, youngest daughter of Sir Pelham Warren, and Dr. Hanwell, which took place in Holy Trinity Cathedral on Tuesday, December 14th. The church was beautifully decorated with festoons of evergreens, which also entwined the pillars along each side of the nave, whilst trails of ivy were used to encircle the lamps and supports. At the end of every pew was a floral arrangement of white chrysanthemums and scarlet poinsettias mingled with foliage and grasses. The chancel rails were screened with a profusion of white flowers and evergreens, while a tall pointed archway in which poinsettias and chrysanthemums figured largely, made a picturesque background for the wedding group.

A crowded congregation eagerly awaited the arrival of the bride who was escorted up the aisle on the arm of her father, and preceded by the choir singing "The King of Love my Shepherd is." She wore a charming gown of ivory Liberty satin,

which had been sent from Home. This was fashioned in princess style with sash panels of Chantilly lace edged with pearl embroidery, and finished with pearl fringe, and the long sleeves and yoke were of the same lace inset with diamond-shaped pieces of tucked chiffon, outlined with a piping of satin. The bodice was draped crosswise with folds of satin, and was trimmed with bands of lace plentifully embroidered with pearls, and the Court train which hung from the left shoulder was of satin, veiled with Chantilly piece lace and chiffon. Sprays of myrtle and orange blossom decorated the bodice and also held the bridal veil, which was of embroidered tulle, while the bouquet was composed of white carnations, white heather and asparagus fern.

Miss Warren, the bride's sister, was the only bridesmaid, she wore a lovely gown of silk poplin, trimmed with bands of net embroidered with floss silk, and a silver fringed sash. The pretty net sleeves were covered with a lattice work of narrow pipings of the same material as the gown. Her hat was of white satin lined with panne velvet and trimmed with ostrich plumes and Russian sable, and her bouquet was composed of dark red carnations. She wore a quaint diamond and sapphire pendant which was the gift of the bridegroom.

Master James Barton and Miss Jean Jackson performed the duties of train bearers, and looked very quaint in their white satin and silver costumes of the Stuart period. The bridegroom's gifts to them were a watch for the boy, and a jade pendant and chain for the girl.

The bridegroom was attended by Mr. Loftus Jones as best man, and the ushers were Messrs. Bord, Brand, Fearon, E. D. Jackson, L. King, McMichael, Morris, Souter, and Walker. The service which was fully choral, was conducted by the Rev. A. J. Walker, assisted by the Rev. R. G. Winning.

After the ceremony a very large reception was held at the British Consulate by Sir Pelham Warren, and the newly-married couple stood under a pretty floral canopy arranged in the bay window of the drawing-

The presents occupied one room, and a great variety of useful and ornamental articles besides some valuable pieces of jewellery, were included amongst them. Later in the afternoon Dr. and Mrs. Hanwell left for Japan for their honeymoon, when the bride wore a gown of Alice blue facecloth braided with self-coloured soutache, and relieved with touches of delicate pink passementerie, surmounted by a large hat of mauve trimmed with ostrich plumes. Many lovely frocks were worn by the guests.



Photo

HANWELL—WARREN WEDDING GROUP

Burr Photo Co.

room where the guests gathered to tender their good wishes to Dr. and Mrs. Hanwell. Mr. H. P. Wilkinson in a happy speech proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom, to which Dr. Hanwell replied, and at the same time toasted the bridesmaid and trainbearers, and Mr. Loftus Jones responded.

A VERY pretty wedding was that of Mr. William Sime Featherstonhaugh and Miss Mary Sidney Boyd which was held in the Holy Trinity Cathedral on Saturday, December 4th. The church was tastefully decorated with arches of bamboo and white chrysanthemums and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. A. J. Walker.

The bride, who was given away by her step-father Mr. David Campbell, wore a gown of white satin cashmere, while her sister, who served in the capacity of bridesmaid, wore a costume of vieux rose with hat to match. Mr. C. R. Graham filled the duties of best man and the ushers were Messrs. R. W. Davis, George Mayne, A. C. Newcomb, and D. Campbell, jr.

After the ceremony, a largely attended reception was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell where numerous and valuable wedding presents were displayed.



ON December 23rd Mr. H. Ross of the Public Works Department and Miss Hilda Brewis were very quietly married at the Holy Trinity Cathedral.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. A. J. Walker. The bride, who had only recently arrived from home, wore a travelling dress of the new Aeroplane blue cloth with facings and buttons of black satin, and a stole and muff of pointed fox. To the muff was pinned a bouquet of tea roses and violets. Her large picturesque hat was of black moiré trimmed with a band of dull metallic embroidery fastening a large white feather mount. Mr. C. H. Godfrey gave the bride away and Mr. C. Needham filled the duties of best man. Mr. R. C. Young presided at the organ.

After the ceremony a few intimate friends and colleagues of the bridegroom gathered at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey



Photo

Rembrandt Photo Co.

MR. AND MRS. C. ROSS

and the happy couple were the recipients of many hearty good wishes. Later in the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Ross left for their honeymoon by houseboat for Hangchow.



FEATHERSTONHAUGH—BOYD WEDDING GROUP

AN hour later on the same day the wedding of Mr. F. Oswald Reynolds, Superintendent Engineer of the Asiatic Petroleum Company for North China, and Miss Darling, daughter of Mr. D. A. Darling, took place. The church had been tastefully decorated with arches of bamboo marking the aisle and clusters of white flowers marked the ends of the pews. The chancel rails were screened by evergreens and white flowers.

undertaken by Miss Daniels, who was daintily attired in a gown of white satin, draped with white chiffon on which a design in mauve violets was printed, while her ermine hat was trimmed with violets. She wore a gold character brooch the gift of the bridegroom. The two small bridesmaids, Misses Marion and Rosalind Liddell, wore long high-waisted frocks of white satin with fichus of violet printed chiffon similar to that which trimmed Miss



Photo

REYNOLDS—DARLING WEDDING GROUP

Burr Photo Co.

The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a charming though simply fashioned princess gown of white Liberty satin, the bodice of which was draped with Carrickmacross lace, held in place by two large silver buttons, and carried a shower bouquet of white carnations. She also wore a pendant of pearls and aquamarine and a gold bracelet, which were wedding presents.

In the absence of Miss Wingrove, whose illness, unfortunately, prevented her from attending, the duties of bridesmaid were

Daniels' dress, and bonnets trimmed with ermine and posies of violets. These two small maids carried baskets of flowers, and daintily strewed blossoms in the path of the happy couple as they left the church. The bride's mother, who had recently arrived from England in order to be present at her daughter's wedding, wore a gown of dark violet crêpe with hat to match and carried a bouquet of tea roses. Mr. J. P. D. Griffin acted as best man, and the marriage service was performed by the Rev. A. J. Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds drove from the church in a closed-motor brougham—which had been kindly lent for the occasion by Mrs. McBain—to the Chartered Bank House, where a largely attended reception was held, and the newly-married couple were the recipients of many felicitations. The wedding cake was from the famous firm of Buzzard. Many beautiful presents were sent, and particularly attractive was a full tea and coffee service in silver deposit ware, presented by the members of the Asiatic Petroleum Co. Another noticeable gift was that of the native staff of the Engineering Department of the bridegroom's firm, which took the form of a handsome silver shield on which an address was inscribed, and which was mounted on a blackwood stand.

Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds spent their honeymoon in Kioto, and the bride's going away dress was of dark green velvet with which she wore a hat of silk trimmed with velvet roses of the same shade.



THE first of the series of Centipede Cinderella Dances was held in the Kaisersal of the Club Concordia on January 8th and greatly enjoyed by all who were fortunate enough to be included amongst the guests. The comfortable surroundings of the German Club makes it an ideal place in which to hold a private dance, and the Kaisersal in its compact proportions, adapts itself to sociability. There was no crowding, plenty of comfortable sitting-out room, an excellent floor and good music, while charming women in pretty gowns found plenty of charming partners to guide them through the mazy waltz and attend to their creature comforts generally, and everything that could be, was done to make this dance what it was—a huge success. Mr. G. W.

Charlton and those who were responsible for the arrangement of this happy little function are to be much congratulated.



ON the evening of December 7th the S.V.C. Annual Prize Distribution took place in the Town Hall and was very largely attended. Mr. David Landale presided and was supported by Lieut.-Col. A. S. Barnes, Lieut.-Col. Bruce, Mrs. Barnes, Major Brodie A. Clarke, Major T. E. Trueman, Messrs. W. A. C. Platt, and W. D. Little.

Mr. Landale opened the proceedings with a congratulatory address, pointing out the shooting merit of the various companies and drawing attention to the fact that the Africa Cup had been won for the third time by the Maxim Company, and had this year, become their own undisputed trophy.

Mrs. Barnes then gracefully distributed the prizes, also the Africa Cup to Lieut. Gaskin of the Maxim Company, after which Lieut.-Col. Barnes in a happy speech thanked Mr. Landale for attending as their Civil Commandant, also Mrs. Barnes on behalf of the Corps for presenting the prizes, and the S.V.C. for attending. He also mentioned that he did not consider the Rifle Meeting as popular as it should be and suggested improvements which were calculated to increase its popularity. Finally he called upon the ladies to support the corps by their patronage and favour, reminding them that a member of the Volunteer Corps took the same chance as Regulars did in war, and rendered their services without any pecuniary reward. The Commandant then handed Mrs. Barnes a lovely basket of flowers on behalf of the S.V.C. and brought to a close the business part of the proceeding. The floor was then cleared and dancing began to the strains of the Town Band while refreshments were served in a buffet by Messrs. Gerrard & Co.

THE British and American sailors in port were not forgotten during the 'Xmas festivities for on Monday, December 27th, the British seamen were entertained at the Hanbury Institute. Tea was served at six o'clock and was followed by music and games at night.

To the American sailors the American ladies of Shanghai extended their hospitality by entertaining them to lunch at the Town Hall on Tuesday, December 28th.



THE latest innovation by way of amusement—to say nothing of the exercise included—is rink skating, and the Bijou Skating Rink which opened this year, has attracted large crowds of people from morning till night. In the morning session ladies are to be seen practising, while the five to seven session is particularly popular to the working members of the community, who find it a pleasant way to get exercise and fill in the before-dinner interval. So popular is this recreation becoming, that one hears of proposed skating rinks on all sides and soon it will be as unfashionable not to skate as not to dance. "Vogue" says "A craze for this sport has taken possession of Paris," so Shanghai is moving with the times.



AN impressive ceremony was the funeral service held at St. Joseph's Church on December 23rd for his late Majesty, Leopold King of the Belgians. The church was profusely hung with black and silver banners and black shields, on which were inscribed prayers of the Roman Catholic Church. In the transept stood the catafalque draped in black and silver and surrounded by countless silver candelabra holding tapers, which were lighted during the ceremony, and behind the catafalque the altar was also hung with similar draperies, while two crossed Belgian flags were conspicuous.

The chief mourners were Mr. D. Siffert and the officials of the Belgian Consulate; and among the large number of officials present were Sir Pelham Warren, Dr. von Buri, MM. Dejean de la Batie, Kliemnow, Mr. Th. Hansen, Dr. Bernauer, Messrs. S. Barton, A. Marte, Ariyosha, Matsuoka, H. Schampeter, de Lafocade, Schirmer, Lindsay Smith, V. Meyer, Roderick Dorsey, Lt.-Col. Bruce, Lt.-Col. Barnes, Capitaine P. Mallet, the Shanghai Taotai, and the Yam n Staff.

The ordinary mass of requiem was very effectively sung, and during the intervals in the singing of the mass the Town Band, under the direction of Herr Buck, played Mendelssohn's Funeral March, "Le Jour des Morts," the Pilgrims' song from Tannhäuser and Gounod's "Ave Maria."

Père von Dosselkere of the Belgian branch of the Church, was chief officiating priest.



A SOCIAL concert held by Mrs. Green and local amateurs at the Moutrie Hall on December 11th, drew an appreciative and enthusiastic audience.

The programme presented was of a decidedly varied type, and included a mandoline trio by Messrs. Greenwood, Mellows and Due, an agreeable and very commendable performance. A violin solo was rendered with much feeling by Mr. Heron and earned great appreciation; while a piano duet by Mrs. Green and Mr. Mellows was followed by enthusiastic applause. Mr. Drakeford's songs were also much welcomed and Mr. Stormes and Mr. Sherman in their comic impersonations were greeted with the usual storm of applause.

The second part of the programme introduced Mr. Cole and his clever juggling tricks, which are always so interesting and well received.

Despite the very unfavourable weather which prevailed, the entertainment was well attended and much enjoyed.

The charge for announcements of Births, Marriages, and Deaths (which must be authenticated by the name and address of the sender) is \$1.00.

Births

HEAD.—On December 31, 1909, at 5 Chusan Road, Shanghai, to Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Head, a daughter (Stillborn.)

MAMMEN.—On January 1, 1910, at 17 Quinsau Gardens, Shanghai, Mrs. T. F. W. Mammen, of a son.



Marriages

REYNOLDS—DARLING.—On Tuesday, December 21, 1909, at H.B.M.'s Consulate-General, Shanghai, before Sir Pelham Warren, K.C.M.G., and afterwards at the Holy Trinity Cathedral, by the Rev. A. J. Walker, M.A., Frank Oswald Reynolds, eldest son of the late F. W. Reynolds of Lancaster Gate, London, W., to Edith Lilian, second daughter of Daniel Addison Darling, of Shanghai.

GARWOOD—BAILEY.—On Christmas Day, 1909, at the Holy Trinity Cathedral, Shanghai, by the Rev. A. J. Walker, M.A., Walter Henry, elder son of Arthur W. Garwood, Esq., of Norwich, to Gertrude Alice, younger daughter of Elijah Thomas Bailey, Esq., of Norwich, England.

LEWIS—WAHLSTRÖM.—On January 17, 1910, at H.B.M.'s Consulate, before Sir Pelham Warren, K.C.M.G., and afterwards at the Church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus by the Rev. Father Moison, S.J., David Lewis, F.C.S., M.P.S., son of the late Thomas Lewis, of Llandilo, South Wales, to Jessie Wahlström, daughter of the late Major J. C. Watson, of Ningpo.

Deaths

FAWCETT.—At the General Hospital, Shanghai, George Read Fawcett, late member of Hongkew Company, Shanghai Volunteer Fire Brigade.

BELLINGHAM.—On November 27, 1909, at Tientsin, A. W. Harvey Bellingham, late Secretary and Engineer to the Tientsin Municipal Council.

PATERSSON.—On December 4, 1909, at the General Hospital, Shanghai, Florence Eliza, beloved wife of Capt. Patersson (late I. M. Customs), 26 Range Road.

CRIGHTON.—On Friday, December 24, 1909, at Manchester, William Arthur Crighton, in his 39th year. (By Mail.)

ECKFORD.—On January 9, 1910, in London, Andrew Miller Eckford, late of Chefoo.

HENDERSON.—On Sunday, January 9, 1910, at the Shanghai Hospital, Vincent Carlisle, late of the 19th Hussars, Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs (Amoy), son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Fred Henderson.

CAIN.—On January 12, 1910, at Obama, Japan, in his 73rd year, Rowland J. Cain, for many years Master in the China Navigation Co.'s employ. (By telegram.)

JOVINO.—On January 14, 1910, at the General Hospital, Shanghai, Francisco Paulo Jovino, aged 66.

TURNER.—On January 14, 1910, at Shanghai, Mrs. Thomas Turner, aged 65 years.

Editorial Notes and Comments

A HAPPY NEW YEAR to all our readers in China and the Homeland. As usual *Social Shanghai* is somewhat behind the times, in spite of the vigorous efforts made to bring it up to date, at the end of the year 1909.

However, our good wishes have lost nothing by being kept, and are hearty and sincere. An old proverb assures that "it is never too late to mend," so we take heart, and trust that another issue will bring the magazine up to date, and at the same time we make a New Year resolution that it shall go ahead, and nevermore be permitted to slip back.

We take this opportunity of thanking our supporters, and hope for their further patronage and assistance in the year 1910.

We thank Messrs. Denniston & Sullivan for the excellent photos of the "Yeomen of the Guard" which we publish in this number; also Mr. W. Howell to whom we are indebted for the artistic frontispiece, which he designed from a series of snapshots made by himself during various tours about the outlying districts.

IT often happens that photographs are sent to us without name or descriptive matter. We are always very grateful for photographs but a certain amount of descriptive matter is a necessity. If the name of the photographer is known to us it is always published, unless accompanied by a special request that the photographs shall be published anonymously.

WE regret that a mistake was made in our last issue in naming one of the illustrations. The name of Mr. Albers was printed instead of Mr. Elvers. We tender our apologies to both gentlemen.

WE often hear disappointment and regret expressed because we have failed to notice some of the social functions that have taken place in Shanghai, but it is quite impossible for us to know all that is going on unless invitations are sent to us to file. We have many engagements and it is sometimes difficult for us to arrange for reports to be made of even the most important ones, but we make it a point of taking note of invitations on our list, and always endeavour to have representatives of *Social Shanghai* or *China Weekly* present, to report any functions for which invitations have been sent.

HAVING once launched out into A.D.C. matters we find the subject has assumed unexpected dimensions and that our space will allow of only a portion of the interesting matter we have collected, being published in one number. We consequently hold over "Hänsel and Gretel," "The Three Musketeers," and "The Musketeers" for future publication.

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